

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

APRIL, 1831.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ESQ.

THERE sits John Gibson Lockhart in his Parisian morning gown, busily smoking his semipiternal cigar. Whatever may be thought of his critical severities, it is indisputable that there is no literary man in all the great republic of letters who is more constantly occupied with puffing. It would take several volumes to explain what may be the effects of smoking upon a reviewer: we have the authority of Lord Byron, that sublime tobacco—

"From east to west,

Sooths the tar's labours, and the Turkman's rest."

But as a reviewer is neither a tar nor a Turkman, we are not in the least degree advanced towards the proper elucidation of the subject. Far less are we prepared to enter in this desultory and autoschediastic, off-hand, and extemporaneous article, as Sir Charles Wetherell would call it, to discuss what should be the form or vehicle in which the tobacco should be exhibited under the particular circumstances—whether as cigar, meerschaum, cheroot, perquito, dudeen, hookah, yard of clay—or whether the material should be oriental, or occidental, Havana or Turkey, Virginian or Chinese. This would open too wide a field, and we decline entering into a subject which has already called forth so much acrimonious controversy, marked by that personality which is the disgrace of the literature of the present day. We shall show in our plate of Campbell, that the *New Monthly* and the *Quarterly* take different sides on the question—the former patronizing a pipe, the latter a cigar.

His keen eyes are fixed on a book held at arm's length, but what the matter of the book is, or wherefore it is surveyed by that scrutinizing glance, is beyond our power to conjecture; one thing is evident, and he will agree with us in thinking, that, as exhibited by our *Museum*.—VOL. XVIII.

engraver, it has a decided advantage over most modern works—or, indeed, ancient—for it is here depicted *blank*, and therefore escapes the fate of containing sixteen pages of nonsense per octavo sheet, which is the usual proportion. By its folio shape, we may perhaps conjecture it to be a Romancero, some ballad of which he is intently turning into those sounding fourteen syllable verses which his example has deluded various innocent damsels into considering as the original metre of Spanish ballad-mongers. We are tolerably certain it cannot be an article for the *Quarterly*; for we take it for granted that he is a gentleman of too much sense and acuteness not to fall into the regular editorial habit of never reading any such rubbish as the papers sent by contributors; it is quite enough to publish them.

As he is at present engaged in what Hazlitt would call an autobiography of himself, which we may expect in the next publishing season, (the fall of the leaves, as Bentley pleasantly says,) we shall not intrude upon his province any further, than to say, that he was born in the city of St. Mungo, the punch of which he has duly celebrated and immortalized; that he is a man of Oxford, of which also he hath celebrated the piety and politics:

["Unfading in lustre, unbroken in years,
The great mother of churchmen and Tories
appears;"]

that having studied in the bowers of Balioi, whilom King of Scotland—that he has hewn down various Philistines in divers quarters, fighting for ever, we need not say most thanklessly, the battles of church and king; and that now he sits in the seat of Gifford, in the workshop of Murray. Long may he there wield his critical baton, but we must recommend with more truculence! He looks on too patiently, while literary atrocities of the most deplorable nature are daily committed: this should be amended; and, as a parting hint, we earnestly entreat him to turn off Barrow; it will be felt as a compliment by a grateful public.

No. 106—2 B

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

HISTOIRE DE LA CONQUETE DE L'ANGLETERRE PAR LES NORMANDS.

Par M. Augustin Thierry. *Troisième édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1830.*

THE Norman Conquest of England, whether we contemplate it in its causes or its consequences, is perhaps one of the most remarkable events which have happened in the history of the world. To an Englishman, especially, it is connected with subjects of so deep an interest, whether he looks to the progress of his liberty, to the theory of his language, or to the study of manners, that it seems extraordinary that so long a period should have passed without its having found among ourselves any historian worthy of the subject. It has been discussed by most of our celebrated writers with a brevity and superficiality little worthy of so great a theme, and it has been reserved to an author of another country to produce a *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, which, whether we consider the philosophical spirit in which it is written, or the learning and research which it exhibits, is entitled to a high rank in the historical literature of the age. They only who are in some degree familiar with the complicated difficulties which are to be overcome in a work of this nature, who are aware how incompatible, in the generality of minds, are habits of deep and patient research with the faculty of taking a broad and comprehensive view of any great subject in its origin, and of weighing its effects upon the future history of the world, will be able to appreciate the full merit of the work of Mr. Thierry; but even the more popular and superficial reader will be amused by its variety of striking and romantic incident, by its glowing pictures of ancient manners, and by the lucid order and exact keeping preserved in the subjects which are successively and skilfully brought under the eye.

We by no means say, however, that the history of Mr. Thierry is without faults. In a work of which the object is not only to give an account of the Norman Conquest, but to trace at great length the consequences of that event, not merely in England, but in Ireland and in Scotland, it was almost impossible for a foreign writer to have escaped some errors: to have saved him from such, there was requisite a familiarity with the history, the language and the manners of these countries, which none but a native could be expected to possess.—It is accordingly impossible not to smile at the mixture of temerity and complacency with which Mr. Thierry sometimes rushes into discussions, for which he is altogether unfitted, owing evidently to the want of materials upon which he can form his judgment or arrive at a just conclusion. But these errors, which prevail principally in the concluding volume of the history, are of a nature so apparent, that every reader of this country will be able to detect them for himself, whilst they are more than

redeemed by the excellence of the greater portion of his work.

The early portion of Mr. Thierry's history, embraces a dissertation, or rather a series of speculations, on the first inhabitants of Britain; and we cannot say that it is either very inviting or very conclusive. It is, in truth, exceedingly difficult to render discussions upon the aborigines of any nation interesting to the general reader, or even useful to the more laborious student. The extreme remoteness of the era to which such investigations relate, united to the disheartening circumstances, that the evidence upon which they are built is of that vague and traditionary character which can never satisfy the mind, renders even the best information which can be conveyed at once dry, desultory, and uncertain. It were worth while to grope our way through the cold mists and shadows which brood thickly over the ancient Scandinavian continent, at the risk of breaking our head upon some colossal fragment of Thor, or headless trunk of Odin, were we cheered with any hope of finding the bright form of historic truth sitting in some Druid cave, or shedding her clear and useful light over the gloom; but unfortunately, after our most laborious efforts, we find that the data upon which we presumed to fix our foot are crumbling beneath it; the clue derived from a similarity of language, or the investigations of etymology, snaps or disappears; the light proceeding from parallel superstitions or kindred manners is suddenly extinguished, and the unhappy antiquary is left in Cimmerian gloom, or at best in a state of chiaro-obsuro, which is little preferable to it. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Were it possible, with regard to these remote ages, to ascertain any part of their history with precision, or to discover any documents which brought before us their manners, their laws, or their migrations, with the certainty which belongs to contemporary evidence, then the very remoteness of the era would render these discoveries more interesting and curious, than the investigations regarding a later period. But so long as all is vague, contradictory and uncertain, so long as every new adventurer who affects to penetrate the mists of ancient time, brings with him, from this "womb of chaos and old night" a story essentially different to that told by his predecessors, and most of all, so long as there are no authentic contemporary muniments or documents upon which we can firmly found our conclusions, it is very evident that we lose our pains in the search, and at best throw away the hours, or the years, which should have been given to the discovery of truth, in the idle and barren display of our ingenuity. It is for this reason that we consider the first book of Mr. Thierry's work, embracing the period from what he calls the establishment of the Bretons or Britons, to the ninth century, as by far the least interesting portion of the history. It would have been easy to have justified our

opinion by a brief analysis of this introductory portion, but unwilling to inflict upon our readers the same tedium and impatience which beset ourselves, and contemplating a more fitting opportunity for the discussion of our aboriginal friends, we shall make no apology for stepping over a few centuries, and proceeding to the second book, which embraces the period from about the conclusion of the eighth to the middle of the eleventh century (787 to 1048.) It commences with the first apparition of the Danish corsairs upon the coast of England, which is strikingly and picturesquely given.

"For more than a century and a half," says Mr. Thierry, "Southern Britain had borne the name of England; and, in the language of its Saxon conquerors, the name of a Briton or a Welshman was used to signify a slave or tributary bondman, when three vessels, manned by an unknown crew, disembarked in one of the harbours of the western coast. Before he understood whence they came, or what they desired, the Saxon magistrate of the place met them on the shore, the strangers permitted him to approach them, surrounded him, and instantly put him to death, murdering at the same time those who were with him; after which, they plundered the neighbouring houses, and suddenly set sail. Such was the first appearance in England of the pirates of the north, named Danes, or Northmen, because they came from the islands of the Baltic Sea, or from the mountainous coast of Norway. They descended from the same primitive race as the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, they even spoke a language which could be understood by both these nations, but these signs of ancient fraternity did not preserve from their incursions either Saxon Britain or Frankish Gaul, or the territory beyond the Rhine, anciently the patrimony of the Franks, and still inhabited by men of the Saxon race and language. The conversion of the Teutonic races of the south to the Christian faith had broken every species of tie between them and the northern Teutones. These Northmen still, in the eighth century, gloried in the title of sons of Odin, and considering them as bastards and renegades, confounded them with the very nations whom they had subdued. Franks or Gauls, Longobards or Latins—all were equally odious to the men who remained faithful to the ancient divinities of Germany. A species too of pagan fanaticism, a misguided love for the dark rites of idolatry, united itself in the soul of the Scandinavians with the unbridled ferocity of their character, and their insatiable thirst for plunder. The blood of priests was shed by them with peculiar delight, churches were the favorite objects of their pillage, and they stabled their horses in the chapels then often attached to the royal palaces. With a fair wind from the east, three days' voyage brought the fleets of the Danes and Norwegians upon the southern coast of Britain. The soldiers of each fleet were commanded by a single chief, whose ship was distinguished from the rest by some particular ornament. It was the same chief too whose orders they obeyed, when, after having disembarked, they arranged themselves into battalions, and advanced

into the country either on horseback or on foot. They were accustomed to salute him by the German title, Kong or Konung, which the languages of the south have mistranslated into King, for it is evident that he was only a king upon the sea, or in battle. When they feasted, the whole troop seated themselves in a circle, and the horn filled with beer passed from hand to hand without any attention to rank or precedence. The Sea-king or Battle-king, *Sew-kong*, *Wig-kong*, was faithfully followed and readily obeyed, because he had earned the reputation of being the bravest amongst the brave; because, to use the words of one of their ancient historians, he had never slept under a wooden roof, or quaffed the cup beside a domestic hearth."—vol. i. p. 110.

There seems to be something very unaccountable in the rapidity with which these Northmen reduced England, and the almost uniform success that attended every attack made by them upon the Saxons. It would almost tempt us to lay down the principle, that the seafaring and piratic life, when embraced by a race or nation originally of great strength and stature, is that which produces invariably the most unconquerable warriors. That the Saxons were a brave and powerful people there is no doubt, yet they made but a feeble defence against these sons of Odin. They themselves, in the days of Hengist, when still pirates and pagans, overwhelmed with the same facility the British people; and the great Rolf or Rollo who had not yet been banished from Norway, when he and his corsairs attacked the Franks in Neustria, a people sprung from the same stock, but who had become domesticated in France, found as little difficulty in overwhelming all opposition and establishing an independent kingdom in the heart of a hostile country. And in truth, if we consider the necessary effects of such a life as that which was led by these children of the ocean, we shall find that it was admirably calculated to produce firm hearts and strong bodies. Exposed from their infancy to every inclemency of a cold and rugged climate; trained early to the use of arms, to fight on sea or on land; from the perils of the winds and the waves by which they were perpetually surrounded, having a constant necessity for presence of mind, prompt courage, and unwearied exertion; nursed in the bosom of a gloomy and sanguinary superstition, which measured its future rewards by the sum of courage which they had shown, and of blood which they had shed; believers in the powers of magic and sorcery, yet also believing that human boldness if exerted to its utmost, could controul even such supernatural agency, it is difficult to conceive that a whole nation nursed up in such a faith, and under such circumstances, should not have been a tremendous and almost invincible enemy. It is impossible for any one to read the original historians of this extraordinary people (and it is a remarkable fact that these have been collected with a religious care, and published with a learning and fidelity which has never

been surpassed in similar undertakings) without being struck with much that corroborates this opinion as to the overwhelming energy and valour of the Northmen. There is a joyousness in their descriptions of the most perilous enterprises, a high, wrapt enthusiasm and physical delight in the midst of danger, a kindliness and kindred feeling in the epithets applied to the winds and the waves, which not only convinces us, in the fine phrase of Campbell, that they were "nurslings of the storm," but that they positively preferred such a life and education to every other, and would rather have been rocked by the billows of a winter sea, than lulled to contemptible repose by the sweetest zephyrs that ever stole their odours from the gardens of the south. Let the reader but peruse the song of Regner Lodbrog, or dip into any of the Sagas, or if he is desirous for information in a more popular form, consult the admirable chapter of Turner in his *History of Anglo-Saxons* upon the Sea-kings of the north, and he will be convinced of the truth of these remarks. The whole Scandinavian continent indeed, embracing Norway, Sweden and Denmark, was little else than a nursery of men brave by necessity. The interior of these countries was almost one vast solitude, covered with thick and interminable forests, and given up by man to the undisturbed possession of the bears and wolves. The sea-coast alone was peopled, and divided amongst a variety of petty chiefs or little kings, whose summer occupation was piracy, and whose winter months were employed in war and the chase, not to mention a very deep devotion to the "horn," which, whether in peace or in war, was the inseparable companion of the Norsemen. But in addition to such chiefs or princes as held that small portion of land in the country which had been cleared of wood, the seas around the Scandinavian continent swarmed with the Viking or pirate kings, whose sole property consisted in their fleets and their plunder, and who possessed not a foot of land. This body of fierce and enterprising adventurers was constantly recruited from the younger sons of the land kings, driven out like the young eagles by the parent birds, to seek their livelihood, first in little predatory excursions against some rival chief, whose territories lay near their home, and afterwards in those more important and more terrific expeditions which carried fire and sword to every coast in Europe, and sometimes even as far as Constantinople itself.

"Mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
Nunc in reluctantes dræcones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae."

It was in the year 835, that the first army of Danish corsairs disembarked upon the coast of Cornwall.

"The first great army of Danish and Norman corsairs," says our author, "which directed its efforts against England, disembarked upon the coast of Cornwall, and the Cornish Britons, the

ancient inhabitants of the country who had been reduced by the English to the miserable condition of slaves, immediately joined the enemies of their conquerors, either from the desire of satisfying their national revenge, or from a lingering hope of recovering their liberty. The Northmen, however, were repulsed, and the Britons of Cornwall relapsed under the yoke of the Saxons; but shortly after this, other fleets appeared in the west, and brought with them such an overwhelming force of Danes that nothing could prevent them from penetrating into the heart of England. It was their practice to sail up the great rivers till they found a commodious station; they then left their ships, and after dragging them up on dry land, and securing them by entrenchments, spread themselves over the face of the country, seized the oxen and horses, and from sailors soon changed themselves into cavalry, to use the expressions of the contemporary chronicles. In their first expeditions they were contented with plundering the country, after which they retired to their ships, leaving behind them some entrenched camps or military stations for the purpose of protecting them on their next visit to the same coast; but very soon they changed their mode of procedure, and established themselves permanently in the land as masters of the soil and of the inhabitants, driving back the Saxon population from the north-east to the south-east, as the Saxons themselves had driven back the ancient British race from the sea of Gaul to the opposite ocean."—vol. 1. pp. 111, 112.

In this quotation, we think the author has accidentally fallen into an error, where he speaks of the military stations or entrenched camps being thrown up to protect them upon their return. Instead of being the last thing done, we believe that the construction of a camp or entrenched fortification was invariably the first labour performed by the northern pirates when they landed from their ships. Its object was quite apparent: It served as a safe receptacle to which they carried the plunder, and drove the captives, with the herds and flocks which they had seized in the interior. Within this camp, before their embarkation on their return, they held the feast, and the entrenchments were so placed in relation to the station where they had left their ships, that in case of attack or pursuit, it could protect their retreat and cover their embarkation.

We cannot follow our author in tracing the fiery progress of this destroying people in England, in listening to the groans of the Saxons, or in dwelling with enthusiasm upon the actions and character of the great Alfred, who amid the gloom and smoke of war with which he is surrounded, starts from the historic canvas the model of a patriot king, a warrior, a legislator, and a man of letters. As to any effect indeed upon the national constitution, the manners, or the language, the period during which the Danes obtained possession of England is of little importance. Their descents upon the coast, their desolating progress into the interior, and even their permanent conquest and settlement were too short-lived and evanescent

to have any lasting effects. It was a storm or tornado which tore up, seamed or scathed the superficies, but did not alter the great features of the country. It is enough for our purpose to know that after the death of Alfred (A. D. 901) and the subsequent reduction of England into one kingdom, the Danes recommenced their invasions; that the country was once more conquered by Swein King of Denmark, at the conclusion of the tenth century, and that the throne for upwards of fifty years was possessed by a succession of Danish sovereigns, till the great revolt of the Saxons under Earl Godwin, who restored the English line in the year 1040, by placing the crown on the head of Edward the Confessor, the son of Ethelred the Saxon king, who had been deposed by Swein, and compelled to seek an asylum at the court of Robert Duke of Normandy.

It is to the rise of this small but extraordinary state, that we must now turn our eyes. Lightly as it was then regarded by such mighty sovereigns as Swein or Canute, from it, as is well known, proceeded that conqueror, who, whilst their thrones were ephemeral, was destined to establish a dominion in England of wonderful strength and duration. Let us attend then, for a few moments, to the first settlement of Normandy, standing as it were beside the cradle of this infant people, visiting the sources of that proud and swelling river which was afterwards to hold its course so irresistibly through Europe. There cannot be the least doubt that the Normans were originally Norwegians. In the history of the Norwegian kings, which was written by Snorro the son of Sturlas, in the middle of the thirteenth century, known by the name of "*Heimskringla*, Edr Noregs Konunga-Sogor,"* and which has been received as perfectly authentic by the greatest northern scholars, the exile of Rollo, and the settlement of Normandy are thus succinctly related.

"One of King Harold's dearest friends, (the historian is speaking of Harold Haafager, or Harold with the fair locks, who reigned in Norway from the year 855 to 936) whom he chiefly honoured, was Jarl Rognvald, who took to wife Hilda the daughter of Rolf, surnamed Refla, (in plain English Rolf with the large nose.) Their children were Rolf and Thorer. Rolf was an illustrious pirate, and of such tall stature that no horse was able to bear his weight, so that being forced to march always a-foot, he became known wherever he went by the name of Footman Rolf, (the ancient Norse is Gaungo Rolf.) He frequently committed his piracies in the Baltic, and it so happened that on a certain summer season when he had returned from his expedition, and landed at Vikia, he slew the hogs which were feeding on the shore, and distributed them among his men. Now Harold the king was at this moment dwelling in Vikia, and being grievously offended with such conduct, since he had passed a law that no one, under the severest penalties, should dare to

plunder within his own country, he instantly in the public assembly banished the offender from Norway. After this, Rolf sailed over the Western Sea to the Hebrides, and from thence to Vallandia, or France, where he far and wide extended his piracies, and obtaining a permanent dominion as a Jarl, caused that province to be thickly peopled by Northmen, which was afterwards named Normandy. Footman Rolf's son was William, who was the father of Richard, who begat Richard the second, who was the father of Robert Langespade, whose son was William the Bastard, from whom all the kings of England are descended."†

Such, as it is given by Snorro, is the brief, yet, from its extreme simplicity, very interesting account of the banishment of this celebrated pirate from his paternal seats. But there are other more minute, in some respects more romantic, incidents connected with the event, which seem to rest on perfectly genuine authority.

Footman Rolf, with his squadron of hardy adventures, first sailed, as we see, to the Western Isles, which he probably plundered, although we find no account of his expedition in the Scottish historians. From these he steered to England, then under the dominion of the great Alfred; and having effected a descent upon the English coast, he, as usual, commenced his piratical operations by throwing up entrenchments, from which he marched to attack the country. Although successful, however, in collecting a large booty, the admirable dispositions made by Alfred rendered the enterprise every day more difficult and precarious; the sea prince retreated within his encampment, and became pensive as to his future destinies. In this situation, after having retired to rest, careful as we may suppose, and with a mind full of thick-coming fancies, an extraordinary dream visited his pillow. "He found himself suddenly in France, sitting on a high hill and looking upon a noble river. Upon the sides and at the foot of the mountain were seen various kinds of aquatic birds, which, after having washed and dipt their wings in the stream, began to feed upon the banks, and soon after to build their nests in the trees, and bring forth their young." The pirate chief was much impressed with the dream, which having puzzled his own magicians, was read by one of the English Christian captives whom he had taken, in the way most suited to their own wishes; and the result was, that Rolf determined to conquer for himself a permanent settlement in France, and entered into a strict league of amity with Alfred. The reader will look in vain for this singular dream in the pages of our author Thierry, and other modern historians. But it is mentioned in authentic northern chronicles, and we consider its being expunged as one of those mistaken improvements which a too enlightened and philosophic spirit is often introducing into history—stripping it sometimes of its most delightful and attractive attri-

* See the learned preface of Gerard Schoningh to the *Heimskringla*, published at Copenhagen, 1787.

† *Heimskringla*, vol. 1. p. 101.

butes, and striking out the characteristic touches which give individuality and interest to the narrative. At the time of Rolf's arrival in England, in the conclusion of the ninth century (895,) it must be recollected that he and his companions were Pagans; that one of the strongest features in the national character of the Norwegians was a belief in dreams and visions; that their imagination was cultivated to the highest degree by a love of the marvellous; and that in the circumstances in which the adventurer was placed, nothing could be more likely than that he should dream of invading France.

Rolf accordingly commanded his ships to be unmoored, and after a friendly parting with Alfred, who was so pleased to see him turn his back upon England that he furnished him with twelve transports laden with grain, the Norsemen set sail, and were soon overtaken by a storm of thunder and lightning which would have terrified any ordinary mariners, but which to these children of the sea only gave an opportunity of exhibiting their skill and intrepidity.

In their voyage they first made a descent upon Frisia, and totally routed the forces brought against them by a duke of that country, the object probably being to reprovise their ships, and strike terror into the coasts connected with France. From this they at once steered for the Seine, and entering the river, already well known to the Danish corsairs, sailed up to Rouen, surveying the best stations or harbours as they proceeded, occasionally landing at the different religious houses on the banks of the river, and showing by the pacific and methodical conduct which they pursued, that their object was not, as usual, to plunder and leave the coast, but something very different. The miserable condition of France at this period, and the dreadful panic of the people, were seen by the mode of Rolf's reception at Rouen. He was met, not by an armed force, but by a deputation of the clergy, and the interview was followed by his quietly taking possession of a city which could make no resistance. On entering it the marks of the havoc of his countrymen, the Vikings, were the first objects which arrested his attention. "*Vidit disiecta mœnia, ruinas ædificiorum, regionem satis feracem, sed cultoribus exhaustam.*"

From Rouen the chief continued his voyage up the river, and the French monarch in deep dismay despatched a messenger who knew the language of the strangers, to question them as to their future intentions. The interview which took place, and which has been somewhat injudiciously diluted and abridged by Thierry was admirably characteristic.

"'Who are you,' said the envoy, 'and from whence do ye come?' 'We are Northmen,' was the reply, 'and we come from our ships. Look at their ornaments (the vessels of the Viking

were generally richly carved and gilded) and at our dress, and if thou hast ever been in Denmark you will recognise both.' 'What is your design?' 'To settle in your kingdom, and if we are opposed, to fight our way.' 'Are you ready to submit to the King of the Franks, and to obey his orders?' 'It is not our fashion to submit to any one. To command, or at least to be equals in all things, is what we are accustomed to.' 'Who is your chief or prince?' 'We acknowledge no one as such—we are all equal.'

Such were the principles of stern independence professed by the men who founded the kingdom of Normandy.

Nothing can be more interesting than the future history of Rolf, or as he now began to be called in the language of the Franks, Raoul, or Rollo. His conquest of Normandy; his acquisition of the rich country of Bretagne; his conversion to the Christian faith, and marriage with Ghisela, the king's daughter; his change from the fierce and indomitable sea prince, with the stamp of piracy and paganism fresh upon him, to the wise and enlightened legislator, whose acts are still the ground-work of the *Coutumes de Normandie*—these are all incidents which, unless they were founded on unquestionable evidence, might be pronounced too romantic to be believed. Not the least of these marvels wrought by Rollo was the transformation which he seems to have effected upon his squadron of northern corsairs, from their accustomed existence of perpetual variety and unlicensed plunder at sea, to a life of settled habits upon land. This probably was one of the most difficult tasks which he had to perform; and we can easily believe that it was long before his followers were thoroughly reconciled to their new habits of life—that the old corsairs, as they gazed from the pacific fields, which they were compelled to cultivate, upon their native element, often wished to be once more upon the waters—and that for a long time they found themselves in the condition of the inconstant lovers in the old song of "Sigh no more Ladies,"

"One foot on sea—another on shore."

At the time that Duke Rollo and his descendants, all of them men cast in the same mould of genius and enterprize, were working these wonders in their new kingdom, the English crown, as we have seen, had been restored to the Saxon line, and placed on the head of Edward the Confessor, who had been bred up at the Norman court. This monarch, unacquainted with the prejudices of his own subjects, had imbibed the strongest partiality for the Norman character and manners; and on his accession to the throne, the nobles of the country which had given him an asylum, encouraged by the invitations of the king, flocked in such numbers to his court, that England began to look more like a Norman than a Saxon kingdom. This is powerfully described by our historian.

† Krantz, *Chronicon Regnorum Aquilonarium*, p. 650.

† Krantz, p. 659.

"Crowds," says he, "of those Normans, who pretended some relationship with Edward, passed the Straits, sure of a kind reception. Every suitor, provided he could speak in Norman French, might reckon with certainty on a favourable answer. This language banished from the palace the national tongue, which became an object of ridicule to the foreign courtiers, and every Englishman, who endeavoured to please his sovereign, found himself under the necessity of babbling his flatteries in this favourite idiom. The men of rank, of ambition and of intrigue, studied and spoke it in their castles as the only dialect worthy a personage of birth: the large Saxon mantle was thrown aside for the short Norman cloak; even the letters of their writing were changed into the long-shaped Norman characters, and instead of signing their names at the foot of their deeds, as before, they suspended to them seals of wax, in the Norman fashion. In a word, whatever remained of ancient national usages, even in matters the most indifferent, was abandoned in disdain to the lower classes. But the people who had shed their blood for the liberty of England were, it may be believed, little struck with the beauty of short cloaks and long letters, and gloomily began to think that the dominion of a foreign power was beginning to be introduced under an affectation of national improvement.

"Earl Godwin, although the first amongst the Saxon nobles, and next to the king, did not disdain to recall to mind his plebeian origin, and joined the popular party against the Norman favourites. The son of Ulfnoth, and his four sons, all of them excellent soldiers, and favourites of the people, set themselves in opposition to the Norman influence as boldly as they had drawn their swords against the Danish conquerors. In the palace, where his daughter and their sister was queen, they retorted injury for injury to the parasites and courtiers of Gaul; they derided their exotic manners, and blamed the weakness of the king, who made such persons the repositories of the fortune of the country, and the confidence of the throne.

"The Normans received these reproaches carelessly. * * * * They represented to Edward that Godwin and his sons insulted him with an arrogance which knew no bounds, and that it was not difficult to detect in them the design of betraying him, and of reigning in his stead. But while these accusations were made in the palace of the king, very different were the judgments formed of the character and conduct of the Saxon chief and his sons, which were passed in the popular assemblies. 'Is it astonishing,' said the people, 'that the man who placed the crown on Edward's head, and keeps it there, should be indignant to see a set of foreign upstarts elevated above him? And yet how nobly does he restrain himself from uttering a single reproach against the man whom he has himself made king.' The Norman favourites were stigmatised in these meetings of the people as infamous slanderers, as workers of discord and trouble in the nation; whilst to Godwin, a hero whom they pronounced invincible both by sea and land, were breathed out fervent prayers for length of days and of honour. They cursed the fatal marriage of Ethelred, the father of Edward the Confessor, with a Norman

woman—a union entered into to save the country from a foreign invasion, but which had drawn after it a new invasion and a new conquest, more dangerous because it was carried on under the masque of peace and friendship."

Mr. Thierry's second book closes with this striking passage. The third, which opens with the insurrection of the English against Edward's Norman favourites, concludes with the famous battle of Hastings, and is infinitely more interesting than the two preceding. The author, unembarrassed by the dry details and antiquarian discussions through which he had to wade his way before getting to his main subject, at once brings it before us with great boldness of pencil and felicity of expression, qualities which seem in him to be the result of a warm imagination, a familiarity with the ancient writers, and a consequent clearness and definiteness in his conceptions, which communicate themselves to his style, and pervade the arrangement of the various historical groups which occupy the picture.

The rebellion, of which the reader, from the last passage extracted, must have anticipated the occurrence, concluded in the destruction of the anti-Norman party of Earl Godwin, and his sons, in their banishment from the country, and the complete ascendancy of the Normans. The weak monarch, more than ever under the influence of these favourites, even went so far as to shut up his queen, the daughter of Earl Godwin, in a convent, and to spoil her of her jewels and her lands.

"The days which followed these transactions," says Thierry, "were days of joyance to the foreign favourites, and Normandy continued more than ever to furnish governors to England; so that by degrees the Normans came to hold the same supremacy in that country which the Danes had conquered by their swords. A monk of Jumieges, named Robert, became Archbishop of Canterbury; another Norman monk filled the see of London; Saxon prelates and abbots were deposed to make way for Frenchmen, who pretended to be connected with the king through his mother; the governments of Earl Godwin and his sons were divided amongst foreigners; a Norman of the name of Eudes became chief of the four provinces of Devon, Somerset, Dorset and Cornwall; and Ralph, the son of Walter of Mantes, was placed over the province of Hereford, and had the command of the defensive stations established against the Welsh."

Amongst these Norman visitors to the court of Edward, came one illustrious guest, afterwards too fatally known to the Saxons. This was no other than the Conqueror himself, then simply William, Duke of Normandy, and the fifth in descent from Rollo. There is a strong presumption, we think, that the first idea of becoming master of England had already arisen in his mind; and if such was the case, the condition in which he found that country must have been particularly encouraging.

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 214—217.

• Ib., vol. i. pp. 223, 229.

"In riding through the land," says Thierry, "the Duke of Normandy might have easily persuaded himself that he had not quitted his own dominions. The captains of the English fleet which received him at Dover were Normans; they were Norman soldiers who formed the garrison of the castle on the neighbouring cliffs; crowds of governors and dignified clergy who came to pay him their respects were Normans; Edward's Norman favourites respectfully ranged themselves round their feudal chief; so that William appeared in England almost more a king than Edward himself; nor was his ambitious spirit slow to conceive the hope of becoming so, when the monarch who had made himself the slave of the Norman influence should be called away by death."

The duke, however, was far too prudent to make any open mention of his ultimate designs, and returned to Normandy with the conviction that the proper season for their execution was not yet fully arrived. The events which followed are of a very interesting description, and a train of circumstances which at first sight appeared the most inimical to the designs of the Conqueror, actually co-operated to hurry on the catastrophe which seated him on the English throne. These, however, we can only glance at, but the reader will find them clearly detailed by Mr. Thierry. Earl Godwin, infinitely the most powerful noble amongst the Saxons, who, as we have already seen, had been banished from England, invaded that country, assisted by his sons, of whom Harold was the bravest and most popular; and such was the success of the enterprise, and the powerful hold which they maintained over the affections of the people, that Edward was compelled to submit to their terms, and to consent to the re-establishment of Saxon influence, and the banishment of the Normans from the court. These foreign favourites, however, did not wait for any such slow process as an act of banishment but fled in the utmost precipitation to Normandy.

"The Normans," says Mr. Thierry, "Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Bishop of London, hurried through the western gate, followed by a troop of their own soldiers who massacred several English in their flight, and after gaining the coast, threw themselves into some fishermen's boats, the archbishop in his terror and confusion having left the pall which he had just received from Rome as the emblem of his dignity, and along with it the most precious of his effects."

Whether Edward the Confessor was perfectly sincere in his reconciliation with Earl Godwin, and cordially acquiesced in the violent revolution which for a season was a death-blow to all Norman influence, is not very easily discovered. It is certain that Harold, the son of Godwin, became a great favourite of the king, was entrusted with an authority, and wielded an influence superior to that of any other offi-

cer under the crown, and if we may believe the ancient historian of Norway, was treated by the monarch like his own son. An event, however, was at hand, of which the Duke of Normandy availed himself to facilitate his designs against England. At the reconciliation between Godwin and the Confessor, the Saxon chief had been obliged to deliver his youngest son, Ulfnoth, and another noble Saxon youth, to the king as hostages for his fidelity, and he in his turn committed them to the keeping of the Duke of Normandy. After they had remained for ten years beyond seas in a species of honourable captivity, Harold requested permission of the king to visit Normandy, and to reclaim them in person. To this request Edward made a remarkable reply.

"I cannot refuse you my permission," said he; "but if you will set out, it must be against my advice; for certain I am that your voyage to Normandy will bring some misfortune upon yourself and your country. I know Duke William and his crafty spirit: he assured he hates you; nor will he accede to your wishes without being certain that it is attended with advantage to himself. The best way to get back the hostages is not to go yourself, but to send another."—vol. i. p. 257.

It is easy to discern in this speech, we think, that feeling of awe and terror which Duke William's intercourse with Edward had produced upon the feeble mind of the Confessor, the dread, in short, which a superior intellect leaves upon an inferior mind, which, although it has ability to discern the craft and ambition under which it quails, fears to encounter them, and finds a timid security in keeping at a distance.

Harold, however, whose character was bold and unsuspicious, adhered to his original purpose of visiting the court of Normandy in person, and the result evinced how truly the Confessor had depicted the designs of the duke, and how prophetic was his anticipation of evil. He was at first received with the utmost distinction, and William openly congratulated himself on becoming the host of the bravest, the noblest and the most popular man in England. These were not words of empty compliment. They were true. William felt them to be so, and he knew that in the event of the death of the King of England, there was none more worthy or more likely to succeed to the throne than the stranger who was then his guest. But he had already resolved that this crown should be his own, and his object therefore was to trammel Harold with such engagements, that he should either be compelled to lend him his assistance, or should be reduced into such a situation as to render any opposition he might make fruitless and unpopular.

The mode in which he accomplished this was a masterpiece of policy. His first step was to disarm all suspicion in the bosom of his guest. Harold and the small suite which attended him were treated with the most marked

* Thierry, vol. i. p. 433.

† Ibid. p. 238.

distinction. The hostages, he declared, were free upon his simple request, and he was at liberty instantly to return with them to England; but he trusted he would remain with him for some time to enjoy the pleasures of his court, and to accompany him in a tour through his dominions. Harold consented. The journey from town to town was one continued fete; the Saxon Prince and his companions were knighted after the Norman fashion; and such was the unsuspicious enthusiasm with which they regarded their noble host, that they accompanied him in an expedition against his revolted subjects of Brittany, and shared in the perils and plunder of the campaign.

It was on their return from this service, in which William had treated Harold with such friendly confidence as to share with him his tent, and eat at the same table, that the crafty Norman threw his meshes over the Saxon Prince. They were riding together, side by side, when the Duke of Normandy managed to lead the conversation in a careless manner to his early ties with King Edward. We shall give the rest in Mr. Thierry's own words.

"When Edward and I," said the Duke, "lived like twin brothers in the same tent, he made me a promise, that if ever he became King of England, he would nominate me heir to the crown. Harold," he continued, "I should like well that you would give me your assistance to make this promise good; and rest satisfied, that if, by your aid, I obtain the kingdom, I shall very readily grant you all that you demand." Harold, completely taken by surprise at this unexpected fit of confidence, could only reply to it by expressions of vague acquiescence, when William thus proceeded: "Since my friend is thus willing to assist me, I must be so bold as to point out what I expect of him. The castle of Dover must be given up to my soldiers, a well must be sunk in it, and it must be strengthened in its fortifications, and the ties between us must be drawn more strongly together by your bestowing the hand of your sister on one of my chiefs, and yourself consenting to marry my daughter Adela; moreover, I expect that previous to your departure you will leave with me one of the two hostages whom you came to reclaim, and whom I shall bring into England when I arrive there to claim the crown." At these words Harold became awake, not only to all the perils of his own situation, but to the danger of which he had unexpectedly exposed his young relations. The only way to relieve himself from his embarrassment was to give a verbal consent to the demands of the Duke of Normandy, and he who had already twice unsheathed his sword to expel all foreigners from his native land was compelled to promise that he would deliver the principal fortress of the country into the hands of a foreigner. It was his pusillanimous object to purchase a momentary safety and repose by a falsehood, reserving to himself the power of breaking his engagement at a future period. But he was severely punished for the subterfuge.

"William, for the present, forbore to press his guest; but he did not suffer him to remain long at peace. In the town of Avranches or of

Bayeux, for writers are not agreed as to the locality, the Duke of Normandy convoked a Grand Council, composed of his richest and noblest barons. On the evening of the day preceding that whereon they were to meet, he caused the bones and relics of the Saints that were preserved in the convents and religious houses of the neighbourhood to be secretly collected and put into a large hamper or hollow vessel, which he covered with a cloth of gold, and placed in the middle of the Hall of Council. When the Duke had seated himself in his chair of state, holding in his hand a rich sword ornamented with a chaplet of flowers of gold, and having around him his Norman barons, and the Saxon Prince, he commanded a missal to be brought, and placed upon the covered vessel which held the concealed relics. He then rose up, and thus addressed him, with a loud voice — "Harold, I here require of thee, in presence of this noble assembly, to confirm by thine oath the promises which thou hast made me: to assist me to obtain the throne of England after the death of Edward; to espouse my daughter Adela, and to send over thy sister to Normandy, that she may be united to one of my barons." The Saxon, who, from his open nature, had once more allowed himself to be taken by surprise, did not dare to deny his promise, and approaching the missal with a troubled air, extended his right hand upon its leaves, and swore to fulfil his engagements to the Duke, if life was spared to him, and God but granted him his assistance. "May God assist him!" shouted the assembled multitude; and while Harold still stood upon the spot, the Duke gave the signal, the sacred book was removed, the cloth of gold which covered the relics was lifted up, and the dry bones and skeletons, which filled the vessel to the brim, were exposed to view, upon which, in utter ignorance, the son of Godwin had taken an oath of tremendous sanctity. It is said by the Norman writers, that Harold, on casting his eyes upon the relics, started back and shuddered at the sight; but recovering himself, he soon afterwards took his departure from Normandy, carrying with him his nephew, and leaving behind him his younger brother in the power of the Duke. William accompanied him to the shore, loaded him with presents, and returned to his court, rejoiced at having thus fraudulently extorted from the man who in all England was the best able to have thwarted his ambitious designs, a public and solemn oath that he would forward and assist them."—vol. i. pp. 261—263.

On his return to England, Harold informed the King of all that had taken place. "Did I not warn thee," said the feeble monarch, whose mortal disease was then fast undermining his frame, "that I knew Duke William's character, and that your visit would bring great perils upon yourself and the nation? God grant that I myself may not live to behold them!" These words, and the grief of the King," says Mr. Thierry, "give us some ground to believe that Edward, in his days of thoughtlessness and youth, had actually made to a foreign prince the foolish promise of a dignity which it belonged solely to the English people to bestow. We cannot tell whether, after his accession to

the throne, any further engagement or intercourse had been entered into which could fan the ambitious hopes of the Norman Duke; but in the absence of any express stipulation, it was perfectly natural for William to conclude, from the constant friendship with which he was treated by Edward, that he secretly favoured his wishes, and virtually made himself an accomplice in his ambitious designs."—vol. i. p. 264.

If such thoughts were then passing in his mind, he could not fail to perceive the great advantage which Duke William had already gained, and the immense additional strength which the oath he had extorted from Harold gave to a promise originally little heeded. And this is exactly one of those points in history in which, in order to judge of it fairly, we must transport ourselves into the times, of which we speak, and view it through the medium of the superstition and the bigotry of the age. The Court of Rome was at this moment discontented, and in a fume at the part which had been adopted by Edward and Harold in expelling the Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, and installing in the archiepiscopal chair a Saxon stranger, who, before he had obtained the sanction of the Holy See, had the audacity to wear the pall of the extruded prelate.—vol. i. p. 240. This feeling of animosity had been artfully encouraged by the Duke of Normandy, and the oath which had been pronounced by Harold upon the relics of the saints, and in circumstances of awful solemnity, enabled him, in the event of its being broken, to represent him as a perjured traitor, an outcast, and a rebel to the church; and rendered it certain that the court of Rome, already inimical, would become doubly inveterate, would co-operate in the designs of his ambition, and throw into the scale against Harold the all-powerful sanction of its authority and approval. The result showed how truly William had judged. Edward the Confessor died soon after, and in his last moments, amid speeches full of terror and superstition, and which seemed darkly prophetic of the miseries which were approaching, declared that the man most worthy to succeed to the vacant throne was Harold the son of Godwin.* The day after the funeral of the Confessor, Harold was crowned and anointed, and with the royal ensigns, the golden crown and sceptre, there was presented to him, according to an ancient Saxon practice, a large battle-axe, the symbol of the sons of Odin. If we may believe Roger Hoveden, the new monarch (according to the estimation of these times) was every way worthy of the throne.

"So soon as he assumed the reins of government, he abrogated all unjust laws, and enacted others which were just and equitable; he showed himself the patron of the churches and monasteries, and exhibited the utmost piety and veneration for all bishops, abbots, monks, and clerics; he was humble, pious, and affable; a

* Roger de Hoveden, p. 256.

terror to evil doers, and a friend to the good. His governors, lieutenants, and civil officers, received strict orders from him to seize all thieves, vagabonds, and disturbers of the public peace; whilst he himself spared no pains, but laboured in the sweat of his brow for the defence of his kingdom both by sea and land."

It required indeed the utmost talent and exertion upon the part of the new monarch to make head against the complicated dangers which threatened to overwhelm him. Tostig, his elder brother, had been banished from England for misgovernment, and he now entered into an alliance with Harold, King of Norway, who issued a decree to collect the half of the vessels and of the soldiers of his dominions, and determined to invade England in the spring.

"This Norwegian monarch," says Mr. Thierry, "was the last Scandinavian prince, who, deserving the appellation of King of the Sea, had in his piracies visited the rich western nations. His vessels had passed the straits of Gibraltar and cruised in the seas of Sicily; he had sacked Constantinople, and carried off a youthful daughter of the imperial house. Like most of the northern corsairs, he was a poet, and during his distant voyages, when the winds had fallen and the vessel lay becalmed, amused himself by turning into verse the successes which had crowned their efforts, or the hopes which animated their ambition."

But although, as was afterwards shown, this royal pirate proved a most formidable enemy, Harold's darkest anticipations turned towards Normandy, and there was something in the very moderation and calmness of the first steps taken by William, which was fitted to excite deep alarm.

The Duke was in his park at Rouen, indulging in the amusement of archery, of which he was passionately fond, when the news of the death of Edward and the election of Harold was suddenly brought to him. It threw him instantly into a deep reverie. He mechanically gave his bow and arrows to one of his attendants, passed the Seine, and, entering the long gallery of his palace, paced it in deep thought, and betrayed marks of great agitation. After some time one of his most intimate counsellors ventured to approach him. "My lord," said he, "the report goes that the King of England is dead, and that Harold, false to the oath he made you, has seized the throne." "It is too true," said William, starting up from the seat into which he had thrown himself; "my chagrin proceeds from the death of Edward, and the wrong which Harold has done me." "And why distress yourself," replied the counsellor, "at that which can be amended? For the death of Edward indeed there is no remedy; but for the wrongs of Harold, have you not brave soldiers, and the right on your side? Essay it hardily then. A work well begun is half accomplished." The counsel was no doubt poured

* Roger de Hoveden, p. 256.

† Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 149.

into a willing and ready ear; but it was the habit of William's mind to unite caution with resolution. He had weighed the magnitude of the enterprize, the difficulties which surrounded it, and the dangers which attended an ill digested and precipitate attempt. He determined therefore to remonstrate with Harold, whilst he secretly forwarded his preparations, and resolved on contesting the crown to the last extremity. All things, however, were managed with that decorum which in those days usually preceded a mortal defiance. A messenger was despatched from the court of Normandy, who upbraided the Saxon King with his breach of a solemn oath sworn upon the holy relics. If we may trust the historians of the time, Harold admitted the engagement, but pleaded that it had been extorted from him when he was under bodily fear, and added that he had been compelled to renounce that royal dignity, which was not then his own to bestow, but belonged to the people of England, without whose consent he could not espouse a foreign princess. A second remonstrance produced no more satisfactory explanation, and William then judged himself at liberty to declare that, within the year, he would exact the debt which was due to him with his sword, and that upon the spot where Harold believed himself most safe.

"So," says William of Malmesbury, "the messengers returned without accomplishing their object; but the Duke spent the whole of the subsequent year in providing the necessities for war; his own soldier's were armed and kept in discipline at a great expense; foreign troops were invited into his service; his different squadrons and battalions were so carefully formed that they were made up of the tallest and strongest soldiers; whilst he took care that the chief captains and officers, besides having a perfect knowledge of the military art, should be men of mature age and experience: to have seen them either at the head of their soldiers, or alone, you would have thought them kings, not officers."^{*}

The names of the noblest of these kingly chiefs have been preserved to us by William of Poitiers, the faithful contemporary biographer of the Conqueror. They were "Robert, Count of Mortain; Robert, Count of Eu; Richard, Count of Evreux; Roger de Beaumont, Roger de Mont-Gomeri, William Fitz-Osbern, and Hugo, the Viscount."[†] The same author informs us that there came to the assistance of the Duke a great many foreign knights, attracted partly by his well known generosity, and above all by the assurance which they had of the justice of his cause. To keep up this character of justice, to render the expedition popular, and to accustom his soldiers to habits of strict discipline, William, during the time

that the army was encamped, waiting for a fair wind, forbade all plunder.

"Such was his prudence and moderation," says William of Poitiers, "that he supported, at his own expense, during a whole month, fifty thousand men at arms, whilst adverse winds detained them at the mouth of the river. The expenses of the knights, foreign as well as Norman, were cheerfully paid; but he would permit no one, however high his rank, to seize any thing at his own hands. The flocks and herds fed in the fields as securely as if they had been shut up in some sacred place. The crops ripened for the sickle of the labourer without being cut down by foraging parties, or trod under foot by the haughty carelessness of the knights, and the weak and unarmed husbandman travelled where he chose, singing on his horse, and gazing without fear on the troops of warlike men who crossed his path."[‡]

This striking and beautiful picture, comes from a contemporary, who in all probability was on the spot. William of Poitiers, however, has concealed the opposition which the Duke met with in his great designs from some part of his subjects, which is strikingly described by Mr. Thierry, who uses the words of the Chronicle of Normandy.

"The Duke," says he, "then convoked a great assembly of the states of Normandy, the richest and most considerable men of war, besides churchmen and merchants. To them he explained his project and solicited their assistance; after which the assembly retired to deliberate at freedom, and secluded from all influence. In the debate which then took place the opinions appeared various. There were some who were anxious to assist the Duke with ships, ammunition, and money; others refused to contribute anything, saying that they had already more demands upon them than they could pay. This discussion was not carried on without tumult; and the members of the assembly, scattered in groupes, spoke and gesticulated with great eagerness. In the midst of this confusion, William Fitzosbern, senechal of Normandy, raising his voice, exclaimed, 'What mean these disputes amongst yourselves? Is he not your lord? Hath he not need of your assistance? Is it not your duty to make him your offers before waiting for his request? If he accomplish his purpose without your assistance, by heaven he will not forget this. Shew then that you love him, and do it with a good grace.' — 'Without doubt,' said they, 'he is our lord; but it is enough for us that we pay his rents. We owe him no aid for any expedition beyond seas. His wars have already weighed too heavily upon us. If he fails in his new enterprise, our country will be ruined.'

After much discourse of this nature, it was resolved that Fitzosbern, who knew the means and fortunes of each of them, should be the bearer of a message to the Duke to excuse the assembly for the smallness of their contributions. The members, however, insisted on accompanying him into the presence of William, and a very extraordinary scene followed, which

^{*} William of Malmesbury, p. 36.

[†] Guillaume de Poitiers, Vie de Guillaume le Conquerant, p. 387. We quote from the beautiful edition published by Mr. Guizot, Professor of Modern History in the University of Paris.

[‡] Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 39.

is well described by Mr. Thierry, or rather by the Chronicle of Normandy.

"The Normans," says the author, "then returned to the Duke; and Fitzosbern thus addressed him: 'I believe,' said he, 'that there are not any more zealous men in the world than those now before you. You know the aids which they have already furnished; the burdens which they have already sustained. Would you believe it, my lord; they are anxious to do more; they are as anxious to serve you beyond sea as on this side of it. Proceed, then, in your designs, and spare for nothing. He who as yet hath only furnished two mounted soldiers, is ready to double his contribution.' 'No, no!' exclaimed the assemble with one consent. 'We never commissioned you to speak thus. We never promised any such thing, nor shall such ever be the case. Let the Duke stay in his own land, and we shall pay him the services which are his due. We are not bound to assist him in the conquest of a kingdom which belongs to another. Besides this, if for once we consented to this double service, and followed him beyond seas, it would become a right and a custom for the future. He would become a hard master to our children. This shall never be. No; this shall never be.' Upon this the multitude, as before, began to form into different groupes, by tens, twenties, and thirties; the tumult became general, and the assembly separated.

"William, although surprised and angry beyond measure," continues Mr. Thierry, "was compelled to dissemble, and betook himself to an artifice which has seldom failed in the hands of men of power, who are anxious to overcome any popular resistance. He appealed individually to the various members of the assembly whom he had consulted in a body; beginning with the richest and the most influential, he entreated them out of pure love and favour to assist him; he assured them that nothing could be farther from his intention than to employ their liberality as a handle to wrong them by any future exactions; and he offered to engross a promise to this effect in a deed under his great seal. Not one, as he expected, had the hardihood to pronounce a refusal in a solitary interview with his liege lord. Their consent was instantly taken down in writing, and the example of the first brought over those who followed them. One subscribed to furnish ships, another to fit out soldiers, others declared themselves ready to march in person; the clergy contributed their money, the merchants gave their stuffs, and the peasants brought their provisions."—vol. i. pp. 281—285.

This general feeling was greatly increased by the arrival of the Bull from Rome, authorising, under the sanction of the papal authority, the invasion of England. The inimical disposition of the court of Rome to the cause of Harold has been already explained, and the Duke of Normandy found no difficulty in availing himself of this feeling. The violated oath of Harold became the basis of an alliance between him and the Apostolic See. The Church adjudged England to belong by hereditary right to the Duke of Normandy, and he in his turn engaged to the Church that England should

be replaced under the maternal care of Rome, and that the annual tribute to St. Peter, formerly levied by Canute the Dane, should be again raised in England.—*Thierry*, vol. i. p. 277.

In addition to this Bull, the Pope sent to the Duke a consecrated banner, and a ring which was said to contain, set under a brilliant diamond, one of the hairs of St. Peter; and fortified by the superstitious sanctity which these presents added to his enterprize, William, having completed his preparations, gave orders for the fleet to rendezvous at the mouth of the river Dive. There they waited an entire month for a fair wind. At last a breeze carried them as far as St. Valery, near Dieppe; but here again the wind changed, it blew a gale, and some of the transports being wrecked, the soldiers were again disembarked, and the sight of the dead bodies of their companions cast on the shore made them murmur, and look gloomily.

"It was then," says William of Poitiers, "that he subdued adversity by prudence, and, concealing as far as he could the death of those who had perished in the waves, gave orders to bury them with secrecy, and in the meantime comforted his men by daily increasing their rations. Then it was that by various remonstrances he consoled the drooping and reanimated the feeble; and arming himself with holy prayers that it would please heaven to change the adverse winds into favourable breezes, he caused the body of St. Valery, the beloved of God, to be carried out of the church, followed in procession of all whose duty it was to assist in this act of Christian humility. At length the favourable wind so long wished for arose; every voice and every hand was raised in gratitude to heaven, and all began to embark with the utmost haste. The Duke in his ardour and impatience was not slow to reprimand those who showed the slightest inclination to loiter."*

Four hundred large vessels in full sail, and more than a thousand smaller transports, weighed anchor and stood out to sea at the same signal, the vessel of the Duke in person leading the way. The banner sent by the Pope was fixed to his topmast, and on his tent was worked a cross. The sails were of divers colours, and in different places bore emblazoned upon them the three lions, the ensigns of Normandy, whilst the prow was ornamented by a carving of a child with a drawn bow, and an arrow ready on the string. This vessel being a better sailer than the rest of the fleet outstripped them during the day, and in the course of the night left them far behind. In the morning the Duke commanded a seaman to go ahead and look out for the rest of his ships, who reported that he saw nothing but the ocean and the sky, upon which they came to an anchor. The Duke assumed a cheerful air; and afraid lest anxiety and fearfulness should infect his followers, made them serve upon deck a sumptuous collation "in which there was no want of wines strongly spiced."†

* Thierry, vol. i. p. 292.

† Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 392.

"The singer of Mantua," says William of Poitiers, in a burst of monkish enthusiasm, "who, for his eulogies upon the Trojan Eneas, the father and the glory of ancient Rome, well deserves the title of the Prince of Poets, would have found no unworthy theme in commemorating the gentle courtesy and the tranquillity which presided at this repast. Meanwhile the rower mounted the mast again, and gave warning that four ships were in sight; and soon after, going a-head for the third time, he cried out that he beheld a forest of masts which covered the sea."

On being joined by his fleet, William again weighed anchor and continued his voyage; but it is here necessary to look for a moment to England, where Harold, although surrounded by difficulties, showed himself in every way worthy of the throne. It was, indeed, a fearful crisis for any monarch to be exposed to. Whilst the Duke of Normandy waited for a fair wind, the breezes, which were adverse to one invader, blew fair for the navy of the Norsemen; so that King Harold Hardrada had sailed for England in the month of August with a fleet of 200 ships. This fated country, therefore, found itself at the same moment exposed to the invasion of two different armaments, which proposed to make a simultaneous descent on different sides of the island; and with these odds against him, Harold had also to struggle against the superstitious terrors which began to agitate and enfeeble the minds of his subjects. Various prophecies which had been current at the time of the decease of Edward the Confessor were still fresh in the minds of the people. It was said that such misfortunes as had not happened since the days of Hengist were about to overtake the Saxons; that it had been long predicted that people of a strange speech were to subdue England; and whilst men brooded over such dark anticipations of evil, a meteor or comet flung its dreadful glare athwart the heavens, and riveted the attention of the people, who universally believed it to be a precursor of some dreadful event.

But these ominous appearances were belied by the total defeat of Earl Tostig and the King of Norway, of which Mr. Thierry has given us an admirable description. If we may believe old Snorro, the Norsemen were supernaturally warned of the terrible slaughter which awaited them. It is stated in the "*Heimskringla*," that "whilst the royal fleet was at anchor, one of the soldiers in the king's ship saw in his dream a gigantic female standing upon an island, holding in her hand a crooked sword; whilst there alighted upon the stern of every vessel a crowd of eagles and ravens, whom she congratulated upon the feast which was preparing for them, promising that she would accompany them to the field." To another of these gifted corsairs, "there arose in his vision of the night a fleet, which he knew to be that of his master Harold. It steered for England, disembarked the freight of warriors, and on the

shore the sleeper recognised another hostile army, clothed in glittering steel, and with clouds of pennons waving in the sun. Suddenly a shape was seen before the ranks, bearing the form of a tall and terrible woman, riding upon a wolf, and holding in her teeth a human head dripping with blood."* In these females who visited the slumbers of the children of Odin, the poetical reader will immediately recognise the three Destinies of the noble ode of Gray.—But to return to Harold. He had anticipated the expected descent of the Normans, with his army upon the southern coast, and began to think that the approach of winter would prevent the enterprize of the Duke, when he received intelligence that the King of Norway and his brother Tostig had made good their landing, and after having burnt Scarborough, had doubled the point of Holderness and sailed up the river Humber. He learned soon after that Morcar and Edwin, two Saxon earls, to whom the government of these parts had been committed, had assembled the force of the country, but were defeated, and compelled to shut themselves up in the city of York, to which the Norwegians had laid siege whilst their fleet lay at anchor in the Ouse.† The crisis was one of infinite danger and difficulty, but it was met by the Saxon king with promptitude and courage. He instantly put himself at the head of his best troops, and by forced marches reached the city at the moment the townsmen had resolved to capitulate. This was at nightfall, and the Norsemen, who, according to the terms of the agreement, were to enter the town in the morning, had deserted the lines, and were asleep in their encampment. We shall give the rest in the words of Mr. Thierry.

"The unexpected arrival of the Saxon king, who had marched so as to avoid the enemy's outposts, and had been fortunate in not meeting any traitor to advertise them of his approach, at once changed all these dispositions. The citizens resumed their arms, and the gates of the town were shut and strictly guarded, so that no intelligence could be sent to the Norwegian camp. On the following morning the sun broke out with that intense heat which sometimes distinguishes an autumnal day, and that division of the Norwegian force which left the camp upon the Humber to accompany their king to York, believing that they had no enemy to deal with, put off their mail shirts on account of the great heat, and marched with no other defensive arms than their helmets and bucklers. On coming within a short distance of the town, they suddenly perceived a great cloud of dust, through which, as it approached, they could discern the quick glancing of steel against the rays of the sun. 'Who,' said the king to Tostig, 'are these men who come to meet us?' 'It can be none other,' replied the Saxon earl, 'than the English, whose errand is to sue for pardon, and to supplicate your friendship.' Before this was well said, however, the mass advanced, extending itself every moment till it

* Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 394.

* Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 150, 151. † Ib. p. 154

became an army arrayed for battle. 'The enemy! the enemy!' cried the Norwegians, and instantly dispatched three horsemen to carry the intelligence to the rest of the army in the camp and the fleet, and to hasten their arrival. Meanwhile the king unfurled his standard, known by the name of the 'Landeyda' (devastator of the world,) and drew up his men in a long line of no great depth, and whose horns or extremities were bent back almost to touch each other; so that the array was in the form of a huge circle of equal depth, in which shield touched shield both in the first and second rank, whilst the king and his officers were within the circle, where also was fixed the standard. Earl Tostig occupied another position, surrounded by his own men, and having his own standard. The king had ordered this disposition of his troops, because he knew it was the common custom for horsemen to attack in squadrons and suddenly retreat; for which reason he commanded, not only that his army should be drawn up in this manner, but that a reinforcement of archers should be added where they were most needed. Those in the first line received orders to fix their lances in the earth in such a position that the points of them should be opposed to the breasts of the horsemen, whilst the second rank had orders to level the points of their lances against the breasts of the horses."^{*}

Before the armies engaged, twenty Saxon horsemen, clad both men and horse in steel, rode to the Norwegian lines; one of whom, in a loud voice, exclaimed,

"Where is Tostig, the son of Godwin?' 'He is here,' cried Tostig himself. 'If thou art he,' continued the Saxon, 'thy brother bids me salute thee—he offers thee peace, friendship, and a restoration to thine ancient honours.' 'These are fair terms,' was the reply, 'and very different, it must be allowed, from the injuries with which for the last year he has loaded me. But should I accept his offers, what remains for Harold, the son of Sigurd, my noble ally?' 'He shall have,' said the messenger, 'seven foot of English earth, or a trifle more, for his height exceeds the common run of men.' 'Go back then to my brother,' said Tostig, 'and bid him prepare for battle: it shall never be said that the son of Godwin has betrayed the son of Sigurd.' Upon this the battle began, and almost at the first shock of the two armies the Norwegian king received an arrow in his throat, which slew him on the spot. Tostig immediately took the command of the troops, and his brother Harold a second time sent to offer him and his Norwegian allies life and pardon; but all exclaimed they would rather die than be under any obligation to the Saxons. It was at this moment that the soldiers, who had been aboard the fleet, came up in full armour, but worn out with their march under a burning sun. Although strong in numbers, they could not sustain the shock of the English, who had already broken the first line, and seized the royal standard. Tostig was slain, and along with him most of the Norwegian chiefs; whilst, for the third time, Harold offered peace to the vanquished, which was now accepted. Prince Olaf, son of the monarch who had fallen, along with the Bi-

shop of Orkney, retired with twenty-three ships, after having sworn friendship to England. The island was thus delivered from a new conquest by the Norsemen."^{**}

We have taken the liberty to substitute in this extract the account of the mode in which the Norse king drew up his army, as described in the strong clear language of Snorro,† instead of that given by Mr. Thierry, which conveys but a very vague and imperfect idea of the peculiar dispositions of Harold Hardrada and Tostig. The circular form of drawing up a body of spearmen was, if we mistake not, when the enemy consisted of cavalry, a favourite piece of ancient military tactics. It was employed by Wallace in the battle of Falkirk,‡ and it is evident that the mode of arranging the lances in oblique and horizontal lines must have presented on all sides a very formidable front against cavalry. We accordingly learn from Snorro, that so long as the Norsemen kept their ranks, shield touching shield, Saxon cavalry made no impression, and it was only when they became assailants in their turn, and thus weakened their ranks, that the English charges began to make an impression. The death of the King of Norway at this crisis, who could alone have restored order and inspired confidence, probably decided the fate of the day, and Tostig being soon afterwards slain, the defeat became total.

In the striking account given of this battle by Snorro,§ the old chronicler has added one or two little circumstances, omitted, we regret to say, by Mr. Thierry, but which are strongly illustrative of manners, and give individuality and distinctness to the narrative. As the English king's army approached, the Norwegian monarch rode along his line, carefully inspecting its formation. He was mounted on a black horse with a white star in its forehead, a blue surcoat or tunic was thrown over his armour, and his helmet was splendidly ornamented. It will be recollected that Harold Hardrada, who is thus described, had carried his piratic excursions as far as Constantinople, and his armour as well as his ornaments were probably of eastern manufacture. In galloping round his circular phalanx the horse fell, and the king was thrown on the earth; but he instantly started on his feet, and observed to those around him that a fall was a good omen (fall er farar-heill). "lapsus itineris feliciter processuri est omen."¶ The English Harold observed this accident, and enquired of the officer next him, if he knew who that tall man was who had just then been thrown from his horse; and hearing that it was the King of Norway, he remarked that he was indeed a noble and an august looking personage, but that he was about to be deserted by his fortune. In the interview before the battle, between Earl Tostig and the messenger from the English army, we learn from Snor-

* Thierry, vol. i. p. 299, 301.

† Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 159.

‡ Hemmingford, Historia Edwardi I. p. 163.

§ Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 139.

* Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 139.

ro the romantic circumstance, that this messenger was his own brother, King Harold. Tostig, however, concealed the circumstance, and addressed him as if he was ignorant of his rank. When the interview terminated, the Norse king inquired of the Saxon Earl who the envoy was who had spoken so eloquently.

"It was my brother, King Harold," said Tostig. "You did well to conceal it," was the answer, "for he came so close to our lines, that had I known him, he at least never should have returned the messenger of our defeat." "He behaved rashly for so great a prince," replied Tostig; "for there was a chance that what you say might have happened; but I knew that he came to offer me peace and an ample territory, and in such circumstances I should have preferred to be slain by him, rather than that he should have fallen by my hand." "He is a little man, but he stood firmly in his stirrups," was the indifferent reply of the Norwegian king.*

This anecdote shows that Tostig, though a bitter, was yet a generous, enemy.—But we must turn now to Duke William and his fleet, whom we left steering with a fair wind for England.

They had cleared the port of St. Valeri on the 29th of September, and arrived next day, the 30th September, 1066, at Pevensey in Sussex, near the town of Hastings. The first circumstance which was eminently favourable to the enterprize of the Duke, was his finding the coast at Pevensey totally defenceless; so that from his great armament, consisting, according to Wace in the *Roman de Rou*, of upwards of a thousand vessels, including boats and shallops,† were disembarked the soldiers, the horses, the provisions, and the palisades for defence of the entrenched camp, without the smallest disturbance or difficulty. This appears extraordinary, and difficult to be accounted for without the suspicion of treachery; for although Harold, with the flower of his army, had marched against his brother and the King of Norway, it is impossible to believe him guilty of such utter negligence as to have left the coast, which he had himself watched during the summer with the utmost vigilance, totally defenceless and exposed. Such, however, William found it, and the disembarkation proceeded with as much quietness and regularity as if it had been a pacific naval show, instead of a hostile invasion. It has been described by our author in a few brief but expressive lines. We shall make no apology, however, for becoming a little more gossiping and particular, as we believe there are few English readers who will not consider the details connected with this memorable invasion as amongst the most interesting in the range of our history. It is fortunate too, that of few other events has there come down to us

a more minute account. The *Roman de Rou* of Wace, an almost contemporary chronicler, since he received his information from his father, who was alive at the time, and the celebrated Tapestry of Bayeux, undoubtedly coeval with the events it describes, are both of them accessible; and in studying their minute and graphic details, we behold the entire scene of the disembarkation and the battle acted before our eyes. Indeed, if a couple of Saxon old ladies had seated themselves on the rocks above Pevensey, and afterwards honoured us with the result of their observations, we scarcely believe that we could have derived from them a more amusing narrative.

After the fleet had anchored in the port of Pevensey, the Duke gave orders that the archers should be the first to disembark, and they accordingly landed; "each," says Wace, "having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side; all of them clothed in short close garments, and having their hair cropped and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage."‡ Immediately after the landing of the archers came the knights in full armour, clothed in their habergeons, with their shields at their neck and their helmets braced. They were mounted on their war horses, and they at once leapt upon the sand, where with their swords girt round them and their lances raised, they took possession of the plain. The barons had gonfanons, the knights, their pennons, and with these they drew themselves up next the archers. After this came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them and discharged from the boats the whole materials of three wooden forts or little castles, of which the different beams and planks had been prepared in Normandy. The Duke himself came last, and in leaping, all armed as he was, from the boat, his foot sunk and slipped on the wet sand, and he fell his whole length upon the beach. A cry rose amongst the soldiers that it was a bad omen. "Nay, by the splendour of God," cried William, employing his usual oath, and springing on his feet, "it is not so: see you not that I have taken possession of the land without challenge—it will all be mine, as you shall soon see."† Upon this one of the soldiers ran to a little hamlet hard by, from the soil round which he took two handfulls of earth, and, coming to the Duke, he knelt down and said, "my lord, I here give you seisin of this kingdom—it is yours." To which William replied, "I accept it and may God keep it to me."‡ Orders were then given to construct a fortified camp, and to put together the wooden castles, which were defended by palisades and ditches, within which the army could protect itself in the event of any sudden attack. This, it may be remembered, was ex-

* Heimskringla, vol. iii. p. 59.

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 145. The Chronicle of Normandy states the fleet at 907 great ships, besides smaller vessels. "Neuf cent sept grandes sefs, sans li menou vaissellin."

* *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 143

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 152.

‡ Ibid.

actly the same step which was taken by William's great ancestor, Rollo, when, 170 years before this, he landed in Normandy. And we have already observed, that it was the general practice of the Viking, or sea kings, in their piratic expeditions.

After their labours the Duke and his officers, with the rest of the army, took their dinner—an event which is strikingly depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry. In this curious relic we see the slaying of the sheep and oxen, the preparations of the cooks, the smoking of the pots and goblets, the laying the tables, the blessing the repast by the bishop of Bayeux, and the arrangements of the guests at the ducal table, very lively depicted: whilst the inscriptions above, "*Hic coquitur Caro, hic ministraverunt ministri, hic fecerunt prandium*," inform us of the subject in rude but very intelligible latinity. Next morning part of the army advanced to Hastings, the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flying before them in crowds, and the Normans being permitted, without a check, to make a second entrenched camp near this town, and to despatch parties to explore the country and bring in provisions." The Duke himself conducted one of these parties along with William Fitzosbern and twenty-five knights or men at arms; but the fatigue they endured was extreme, owing to the rugged and impassable nature of the roads, and the heat of the season. Most of the party were dreadfully worn out, and Fitzosbern, although a strong man, became unable to sustain the weight of his armour; upon which the Duke bade him cast off his habergeon and helmet, and throwing them upon his shoulder, marched forward, the wearied knight following in his leather doublet, to the great delight of his soldiers.† We may remark, that this anecdote corroborates William of Malmesbury, where he informs us that such was the great strength of the Conqueror, that none of his subjects could bend his bow.

King Harold lay at York wounded, and reposing himself after his victory, when word was brought him by a messenger who had been witness to the disembarkation, that the Duke of Normandy had landed his army and entrenched himself near Hastings. He received the news as was to be expected with an exclamation of deep regret that he had not been on the spot. "Better to have surrendered," said he, "all that Tostig demanded, than not to have been at the port when William came to anchor, I would have engaged my life that they should have been driven into the sea. But such was the will of God," he added, "and it was impossible for me to be every where at once."

Maix issi ploud el Rei eclestre
Lo ne poia mie par tut estre.

* Harleian Miscell. reprinted in Moss's History of Hastings, p. 40.

† Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 396.

‡ Roman de Ron, vol. ii. p. 157.

Wounded as he was, however, he resolved, with the characteristic promptitude and courage which distinguished him, instantly to march against the invader and give him battle.

"He began his march towards the South," says Mr. Thierry, "with his victorious army, giving orders as he advanced to all the chiefs of the provinces to arm their levies, and conduct them to London. The soldiers of the West came without delay, those of the North were retarded by the distance; yet still there was good ground to believe that the King of England would soon find himself surrounded by the forces of the whole country. One of those Normans who had escaped the operation of that act of exile which had been passed against them, and who now acted the part of a spy or secret agent of the invader, sent word to the Duke to be on his guard, adding, that in four days the son of Godwin would be at the head of a 100,000 men; but Harold was too rapid in his movements to await the four days; nor could he overcome his desire instantly to attack the foreigners, especially when he learnt the indiscriminate ravage and havoc which they had committed round their encampment. The hope of sparing to his subjects the evils of a protracted war, and not unlikely the idea of repeating, by a bold and unexpected assault, the same manœuvre which had already procured him victory, determined him to march to Hastings, although with an army four times smaller than that of the Duke of Normandy. But the camp of William was carefully guarded against a surprise, and its outposts extended to a great distance; troops of cavalry, who fell back upon the entrenchments, brought instant and early notice of the approach of the Saxon king, who came on with the fierceness and celerity of a madman; so that, thwarted in his purpose of carrying the camp by a surprise, he was compelled to moderate his speed, and to halt within seven miles of the Norman position. Here he immediately changed his line of operations from the offensive to the defensive, and entrenched himself, apparently with the design of awaiting the attack of the enemy behind his fosse and palisades."

When the two armies were thus encamped, the leaders soon became informed, by the spies who passed from one host to another, of their mutual positions and strength. One circumstance here mentioned by the *Roman de Rou*, and corroborated by the Bayeux Tapestry, is illustrative of manners. The Saxon spies, probably peasants of the neighbourhood, and little acquainted with the Norman fashion of shaving the beard and upper lip, and cropping close the higher part of the head, came back with the intelligence that the Norman camp had in it more priests than soldiers. Upon which Harold smiled, and remarked that these were valiant knights and brave soldiers, as they would soon discover, although they had neither beards nor mustachios like the Saxons.†

* Thierry, vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

† Roman de Rou, vol. ii. pp. 174, 175.

In the Tapestry of Bayeux accordingly the English soldiers are invariably represented with long hair and great mustachios, whilst the Normans, not excepting the Conqueror himself, appear with not only the upper lip, but nearly the whole of their head shaven, excepting a portion of hair left in front.*

At this time the Duke of Normandy despatched an eloquent monk named Hugh de Margot, to demand an interview with Harold, and to propose certain terms by which a general battle might still be avoided; but every proposition was treated with scorn. "I will neither demit my royal dignity in favour of William," said the Saxon monarch, "nor submit to the arbitration of the Pope, nor meet the Duke in single combat." A second message conveyed to him the offer of the whole of his kingdom beyond the Humber, and to his brother Gurth the immense possessions of Earl Godwin; but it was treated with equal derision and indignity.† "Then hear, Harold," exclaimed Hugh de Margot, in a loud and solemn voice, "my master's last message. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured and lying man; that thou and all that support thy quarrel are excommunicated by the Pope, and that he is himself in possession of the Bull."

If we may believe the Norman historians, the Saxon leaders and their men at arms who stood round them trembled, and looked troubled at the mention of this dreaded word of excommunication; and it required all the arguments of Gurth, the younger brother of Harold, to re-establish their confidence. Nor was this all that the King owed to this brave youth, who afterwards fell in the battle. Gurth earnestly intreated him to fall back upon London and collect new reinforcements, whilst he and his brother Leofwin sustained the attack of the Normans; but Harold replied that it would ill become him to remain at a distance whilst others hazarded their lives, and, full of his usual courage and confidence of victory, proceeded to make his dispositions for the battle.

We shall give the account of this memorable day in the words of our author, as we consider his description a fine specimen of historical writing; the facts and the manners being first drawn fresh from the well of contemporary writers, and then thrown together with that felicitous grouping, and that warm glow of imagination, which distinguish the higher historian from the mere chronicler or analyst.

"Upon that ground, which ever since has been known by a name borrowed from the Battle, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a chain of little hills, fortified on all sides by a rampart of strong wooden piles and twisted branches. On the night of the 13th of October William announced to his army, that on the day following he had determined to fight. Upon this the priests and monks, who with the hopes of plunder

had changed their cassocks for steel coats, and followed the army in great numbers, resumed their religious duties, and whilst the knights and soldiers were preparing their arms and their horses, offered up prayers and sang litanies for the safety of the host. The little portion of time which remained was employed by the soldiers in the confession of their sins and receiving Sacrament. In the other army the night passed in a very different manner, the Saxons abandoning themselves to great revelry, shouting and singing their ancient national ballads, crowding round their camp fires, and quaffing their horns full of beer and wine.

"When morning broke, in the Norman camp the Bishop Bayeux, clothed in a steel hauberk which he wore beneath his rocquet, celebrated mass, and blessed the troops: he then threw himself upon a superb white horse, and with his lance in his hand drew up his squadron of cavalry. The Norman army was divided into three columns or lines. In the first were the men at arms belonging to the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those soldiers who served for pay; the second consisted of the Bretons and Poitevins; and the third was formed of the best troops of Normandy, led by the Duke in person. In front of each of these columns or battalia were drawn up several lines of footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a quilted cassock, and bearing either long bows or steel cross-bows. The Duke rode a Spanish horse, with which a rich Norman had presented him, on his return from a pilgrimage to Sant Iago, in Galicia. He wore, suspended round his neck, the most holy of the relics upon which Harold had sworn; and a young Norman called Tonstain-le-Blanc carried at his side the standard which had been blessed by the Pope. At the moment when the soldiers were about to march, with a loud voice he thus addressed them:—'Take care that you fight well, and to the death: if the day is ours, it will make our fortunes for us all. Whatever I gain, you shall gain; if this land is to be mine, it shall be yours also. You know well that I am come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation of the felony, perjury, and treasons of these English. Have they not murdered the Danes upon the night of Saint Brice, slaying alike both women and men? Have they not decimated the companions of Alfred, my ancestor, and caused them to perish? Advance then, and with the aid of God let us revenge upon them all their misdeeds.'

"The army moved forward, and soon found itself in view of the Saxon camp, which lay to the northwest of Hastings, and the priests and monks who had hitherto marched in the ranks, now left them in a body and took their station upon a neighbouring height, where they could offer up their prayers, and behold the battle undisturbed. At this moment, a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the battle, and with a loud voice began the song of Charlemagne and Roland, chaunting those valorous deeds which were then famous throughout France. As he sung, he played with his sword, casting it high in the air and catching it again with his right hand, whilst the Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted their cry of God aid us! God aid us! Arrived within bow shot, the archers began to discharge

* Observations on the Bayeux Tapestry, by the late Charles Stothard, Esq. *Archæologia*, vol. xix. p. 187.

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. li. p. 179.

their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their quarrels, but the shots were for the most part blunted or thrown off by the high parapet which surrounded the Saxon entrenchments. The foot lancers and the cavalry then advanced to the gates of the fortification and attempted to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind their entrenchments, received their assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp, that they broke the lances and cut sheer through the coats of mail. This so dispirited the Normans, that unable either to force the entrenchments, or remove the palisades, they retreated upon the column which William commanded, worn out with their fruitless attack. The Duke, however, commanded the archers to advance anew, giving orders to them no longer to shoot point blank, but with an elevation, so that the arrows might descend within the entrenchments of the enemy. Many of the English were wounded by this manœuvre, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself had his eye struck by an arrow, notwithstanding which he still continued to fight at the head of his army. The Norman infantry and cavalry again advanced to the attack, encouraging each other by shouts of God aid us! and invocations to the virgin; but they were repulsed by a sudden sally from one of the gates of the entrenched camp, and driven back upon a ravine covered with brushwood and thick grass, where from the roughness of the ground their horses stumbled, and falling confusedly and thickly upon each other were slain in great numbers. At this moment a panic terror seemed to seize the foreign army: a report arose that the Duke had fallen, and a flight began which must soon have been fatal, had not William thrown himself before the fugitives, threatening and even striking them with his lance till he compelled them to turn back. Behold me! my friends, cried he, taking off his helmet, it is myself. I still live, and by the help of God I shall be victorious. Upon this, the men at arms renewed their attack upon the entrenchments, but still found it impossible to make a breach in the palisades, or to force the gates, when the Duke bethought himself of a stratagem, by which he might induce the English to break their ranks and leave their position. He gave orders to a squadron of a thousand horse to advance and afterwards to retire suddenly as if they fled. At the sight of this pretended flight the Saxons lost their presence of mind, and with one consent rushed from their entrenchments with their battle axes slung round their neck; suddenly a concealed body joined the fugitives who wheeled about, and the English, thrown into disorder and taken by surprise in their turn, found themselves assaulted on all sides with the sword and the lance, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their ponderous battle-axes. Their ranks being once broken, the entrenchments were carried, and foot and horse indiscriminately rushed in, but the close battle was still maintained with great obstinacy and hand to hand. Duke William had his horse killed under him, and Harold with his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly torn down and replaced by the sacred

banner that had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle, till the shades of night falling upon the field rendered it impossible for the combatants to distinguish each other except by the difference of language.

"The few surviving companions of Harold, to use the words of an old historian, after having well fulfilled their duty to their country, dispersed in all directions, yet many covered with wounds or worn out with their exertions, lay stretched along the neighbouring roads, whilst the Normans in the fierce and cruel exultation of their victory spurred and galloped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They remained all night upon the field of battle, and next day the Duke, at the rising of the sun, drew up his army, and from the roll which had been written before their departure from St. Valery, called the names of all who had landed in England. Multitudes of these now lay dead or dying, stretched beside the Saxons, and those who had the good fortune to survive, enjoyed as the first fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first which was inscribed in the black roll of the Conquerors.

"The mothers, the wives and the children of those soldiers who had willingly marched from the adjoining neighbourhood to die with the monarch of their choice, now hurried pale and trembling to the field, to claim and carry away the dead bodies which had been stripped and plundered by the enemy. Two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the Saxon King, came humbly to the Duke and requested the body of Harold, offering ten marks of gold for permission to pay the last duties to their benefactor. It was given them, and they repaired to the spot, but found it impossible amid the heaps of slain to distinguish the body for which they sought, so much was it disfigured by the wounds which covered it. Sad and despairing of success, they addressed themselves to a beautiful woman whom Harold had loved before he was king, and besought her to accompany them in a second search. Her name was Edith Swanes-hals, the swan-necked Edith. She consented to the mournful errand, and affection more quick-sighted than either friendship or devotion soon led her to the mangled body of her lover."—vol. i. pp. 310—318.

No battle could be more obstinately contested than that which decided the fate of England, and seated a new dynasty on the throne. It began at nine in the morning, and continued not only as stated by Mr. Thierry till night, but was prolonged throughout a great part of the night. The Duke of Normandy, according to some historians, had three horses killed under him, and Harold fought with such desperate valour, and so ably availed himself of the strong position which he had chosen, that but for his death, which happened late in the evening, a very different result might have taken place. Even after that fatal event, when

the Saxons were at last driven from their entrenchments, they made so desperate a stand in a neighbouring valley, that the Normans took to flight, and William, hastening through the dark to the spot, met Eustace, Count of Bologne, and fifty of his iron-clad knights flying at full speed. With the broken truncheon of his lance, which was all that remained to him, he rallied the fugitives for a moment, and the Count Eustace, as he leant over the neck of his horse to speak to the Duke, received in the dark and from an unknown hand a blow between the shoulders, which caused the blood to burst out of his mouth and nostrils. The Norman historians delicately conceal the hand that dealt this, and appear to insinuate that it belonged to some Saxon warrior, but we think there can be little doubt that the correction came from William's broken truncheon. Be this as it may, the Duke again charged the Saxons and finally drove them from the field.* It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact numbers of the respective armies; but we think there can be little doubt, in opposition to the exaggeration of the Norman writers, that Harold's army was greatly inferior to that of the Duke. It is evident that he fought the battle before his few levies had been made, and with that comparatively small body of troops with which he had attempted to surprise the Norman camp. Defeated in this, he availed himself of his military skill in entrenching his troops in ground which appears to have been ably selected, and in supplying the defect of numbers by the great strength of his position. He appears likewise by a device somewhat similar to that which was practised by Bruce at Bannockburn, to have intersected the ground over which he expected the Norman cavalry to charge with deep ditches, and towards the middle of the battle the stratagem took effect, and immense numbers of the invaders perished in these concealed pits.†

These particulars are to be found in the pages of Norman and Saxon historians; and, indeed, excellent as is the description of the battle given by Mr. Thierry, the enthusiast in the history of his country will find many additional and characteristic touches in such writers as have been esteemed, perhaps erroneously, beneath the dignity of history. In that very interesting work, especially the *Roman de Rou*, so long shut up in manuscript, but of which a beautiful and apparently an excellent edition was lately published at Rouen, nothing can be more delightful than the whole account of the Conquest: and there seems to be little doubt that although bearing the apocryphal name of Roman, it is entitled to the character of an authentic history. But we dare not venture to pursue the subject any farther—nor can we at present add a single word on the consequences of this defeat, or on the subsequent history of the Conquest.

* Guillaume de Poitiers, p. 409.

† *Roman de Rou*, vol. ii. p. 213.

From the Quarterly Review.

ATTEMPTS IN VERSE. By John Jones, an old Servant. *With some account of the writer, written by himself; and an Introductory Essay on the Lives and Works of our Uneducated Poets.* By Robert Southey, Esq. London, 1830.

IN the autumn of 1827, Mr. Southey was spending a few weeks with his family at Harrowgate, when a letter reached him from John Jones, butler to a country gentleman in that district of Yorkshire, who, hearing that the poet laureate was so near him, had plucked up courage to submit to his notice some of his own 'attempts in verse.' He was touched by the modest address of this humble aspirant; and the inclosed specimen of his rhymes, however rude and imperfect, exhibited such simplicity of thought and kindness of disposition—such minute and intelligent observation of Nature—such lively sensibility—and, withal, such occasional felicities of diction—that he was induced to make further inquiries into the history of the man. It turned out that Jones had maintained through a long life the character of a most faithful and exemplary domestic, having been no fewer than twenty-four years with the family, who, still retaining him in their service, had long since learned to regard and value him as a friend. The poet laureate encouraged him, therefore, to transmit more of his verses, and the result is the volume before us—not more than a third of which, however, is occupied with the 'Attempts' of the good old butler of Kirby Hall, the rest being given to a chapter of our literary history from his editor's own pen, which, we venture to say, will be not less generally attractive than the 'Life of John Bunyan,' reviewed in our last Number.*

'There were many,' says Mr. Southey, 'I thought, who would be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment had been attained in humble life, and in very unfavourable circumstances; and that this exercise of the mind, instead of rendering the individual discontented with his station, had conducted greatly to his happiness, and if it had not made him a good man, had contributed to keep him so. This pleasure should in itself, methought, be sufficient to content those subscribers who might kindly patronize a little volume of his verse.'

John Jones' own account of the circumstances under which his 'Attempts' have been produced, cannot fail to impress every mind with the moral lesson thus briefly pointed to by the editor. After a simple chronicle of his earlier life, he thus concludes:—

'I entered into the family which I am now serving in January, 1804, and have continued in it, first with the father, and then with the son, only during an interval of eighteen months, up to the present hour; and during which period most of my trifles have been composed, and some of my former attempts brought (perhaps) a little nearer perfection: but I have seldom sat down to study any thing; for in many instances when I have done so, a ring at

* See *Museum* for January.

the bell, or a knock at the door, or something or other, would disturb me; and not wishing to be seen, I frequently used to either crumple my paper up in my pocket, or take the trouble to lock it up, and before I could arrange it again, I was often, Sir, again disturbed: from this, Sir, I got into the habit of trusting entirely to my memory, and most of my little pieces have been completed and borne in mind for weeks before I have committed them to paper. From this I am led to believe that there are but few situations in life in which attempts of the kind may not be made under less discouraging circumstances. Having a wife and three children to support, Sir, I have had some little difficulties to contend with; but, thank God, I have encountered them pretty well. I have received many little helps from the family, for which I hope, Sir, I may be allowed to say that I have shown my gratitude, by a faithful discharge of my duty; but, within the last year, my children have all gone to service. Having been rather busy this last week, Sir, I have taken up but little time in the preparation of this, and I am fearful you will think it comes before you in a discreditable shape; but I hope you will be able to collect from it all that may be required for your benevolent purpose: but should you wish to be empowered to speak with greater confidence of my character, by having the testimony of others in support of my own, I believe, Sir, I should not find much difficulty in obtaining it; for it affords me some little gratification. Sir, to think that in the few families I have served, I have lived respected, for in none do I remember of ever being accused of an immoral action, nor with all my propensity to rhyme have I been charged with a neglect of duty. I therefore hope, Sir, that if some of the fruits of my humble muse be destined to see the light, and should not be thought worthy of commendation, no person of a beneficent disposition will regret any little encouragement given to an old servant under such circumstances.'—pp. 179, 180.

The tranquil, affectionate, and contented spirit that shines out in the 'Attempts' is in keeping with the tone of this letter; and if Burns was right when he told Dugald Stewart that no man could understand the pleasure he felt in seeing the smoke curling up from a cottage chimney, who had not been born and bred, like himself, in such abodes, and therefore knew how much worth and happiness they contain; and if the works of that great poet have, in spite of many licentious passages, been found, on the whole, productive of a wholesome effect in society, through their aim and power to awaken sympathy and respect between classes whom fortune has placed asunder, surely this old man's verses ought to meet with no cold reception among those who appreciate the value of kindly relations between masters and dependants. In them they will trace the natural influence of that old system of manners which was once general throughout England; under which the young domestic was looked after, by his master and mistress, with a sort of parental solicitude—admonished kindly for petty faults, commended for good conduct, ad-

vised, and encouraged—and which held out to him who should spend a series of years honestly and dutifully in one household, the sure hope of being considered and treated in old age as a humble friend. Persons who breathe habitually the air of a crowded city, where the habits of life are such that the man often knows little more of his master than that master does of his next-door neighbour, will gather instruction as well as pleasure from the glimpses which John Jones's history and lucubrations afford of the interior machinery of life in a yet unsophisticated region of the country. His little complimentary stanzas on the birth-days, and such other festivals of the family—his inscriptions to their neighbour, Mrs. Laurence of Studley Park, and the like, are equally honourable to himself and his benevolent superiors; and the simple purity of his verses of love or gallantry, inspired by village beauties of his own station, may kindle a blush on the cheeks of most of those whose effusions are now warbled over fashionable piano-fortes.

The stanzas which first claimed and won the favourable consideration of the Poet Laureate were these 'To a Robin Red-Breast':

'Sweet social bird, with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;

Thy cheerful song in winter's cold,
And, when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
Where fear appals each other bird;

Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Creep to the love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

The gleanings of the sumptuous board,
Convey'd by some indulgent fair,
Are in a nook of safety stored,
And not dispensed till thou art there.

In stately hall and rustic dome,
The gaily robed and homely poor
Will watch the hour when thou shalt come,
And bid thee welcome to the door.

The Herdsman on the upland hill,
The Ploughman in the hamlet near,
Are prone thy little paunch to fill,
And pleased thy little psalm to hear.

The Woodman seated on a log
His meal divides between the three,
And now himself, and now his dog,
And now he casts a crumb to thee:

For thee a feast the Schoolboy strews
At noontide, when the form's forsook;
A worm to thee the Delver throws,
And Angler when he baits his hook.

At tents where tawny Gipsies dwell,
In woods where Hunters chase the hind,
And at the Hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou some crumbs of comfort find.

Nor are thy little wants forgot
In Beggar's hut or Crispin's stall;
The Miser only feeds thee not,
Who suffers ne'er a crumb to fall.

The Youth who strays, with dark design,
To make each well-stored nest a prey,
If dusky hues denote them thine,
Will draw his pilfering hand away.

The Finch a spangled robe may wear
The Nightingale delightful sing,
The Lark ascend most high in air,
The Swallow fly most swift on wing,

The Peacock's plumes in pride may swell,
The Parrot prate eternally,
But yet no bird man loves so well,
As thou with thy simplicity.'—p. 85.

Among many affectionate tributes to the kind family in whose service he has spent so many years, not the worst are some lines occasioned by the death of Miss Sadlier Bruere, written a few months afterwards (Dec. 1826) at Tours.

'Thou wert missed in the group when the eye
look'd around,
And miss'd by the ear was thy voice in the
sound;

Thy chamber was darksome, thy bell was un-
rang,

Thy footstep unheard, and thy lyre unstrung:
A stillness prevail'd at the mournful repast;
In tears was the eye on thy vacant seat cast;
Each scene wearing gloom, and each brow
bearing care,

Too plainly denoted that death had been there.

To earth we consign'd thee, and made an ad-
vance,

The thought to beguile, to the vineyards of
France.

But 'twould not be cheated; of all that was
rare,

Fond nature kept whispering a wish thou
could'st share:

No air softly swelling, no chord struck with
glee,

But awoke in the bosom remembrance of thee.
Even now, as the cold winds adown the leaves
bring,

We sigh that our flow'et was blighted in
spring.'—p. 328.

We now return to Mr. Southey's preface—
which, after the sentences already quoted from
it, thus proceeds:

'Moreover, I considered that as the age of
reason had commenced, and we were advancing
with quick step in the March of Intellect,
Mr. Jones would in all likelihood be the last
versifier of his class—something might properly
be said of his predecessors, the poets in low
life, who with more or less good fortune had ob-
tained notice in their day; here would be mat-
ter for an introductory essay, not uninterest-
ing in itself, and contributing something to-
wards our literary history; and if I could thus
render some little service to a man of more
than ordinary worth, (for such, upon the best
testimony, Mr. Jones appeared to be,) it would
be something not to be repented of.'—p. 12.

Every one will rejoice that Mr. Southey
has been led to write the essay thus introduc-
ed; but we, at least, cannot agree with him in
thinking it likely that John Jones will be the
last versifier of his class. It will take, we sus-
pect, a long while before the march of intel-
lect can be productive of such sweeping ef-
fects—and we are quite sure, neither Mr.
Southey nor we shall live to see the day.—
In spite of the diligence with which the self-
elected schoolmasters are now scattering abroad
their dry husks, we do not consider it as at all
probable that, among those in the humbler
classes of society who acquire the power of
reading, the great majority will ever be satisfac-
ed with such fare. Their shamefully crude
and wofully dull compendiums of the *omne
scibile*, however gravely and even pompously
lauded by authorities which ought to have
been far above such condescensions, will soon
run out their little hour and sleep with the
trunkmaker. The solid, wholesome literature
of England will resume its rights; and, as
the circle of cultivation widens, extend its in-
fluence, at once expanding the intellectual,
and concentrating and purifying the moral
energies of unborn readers. The great body
of mankind must at all times continue in the
words of John Jones,

'To earn, before they eat, their bread.'

Say the diffusers of *Useful Knowledge*—
what they choose, the literature most service-
able, and most acceptable too, to hard-working
men, will ever be that which tends to elevate
and humanize the heart, through its appeals to
the imagination; and the great poets who
have ennobled our language will hardly pos-
sess more readers than they have hitherto
done, without having their imitators increased
in at least an equal proportion. The truth is,
that several humble poets have very recently
published volumes, which would have attract-
ed more notice than Mr. Jones's—but that
'*carere vate sacro*'—they have not been so for-
tunate as to come before the world with pre-
faces from pens such as Mr. Southey's. We
allude in particular to the poor cobbler of Chi-
chester, Charles Crocker, and John Wright,
who describes himself as 'illiterate in the
largest sense, never having had but six months'
schooling in very early life,' and who has con-
trived, amidst the severest toils of a cotton
manufactory at Glasgow, to embody images of
rural scenery and trains of moral reflection, in
stanzas, some of which would have done no
discredit to more distinguished names.

In the 'Introductory Essay on the lives and
works of our uneducated Poets,' which will
float John Jones to posterity, the Editor has

* N. B.—A Frenchman's libel on the greatest
of English philosophers, in which, *inter alia*, it is
insinuated that his mental faculties had lost their
vigour before he thought of writing on theological
subjects, has been literally translated, and publish-
ed as the 'Life of Newton,' by the Society for the
Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*.

by no means exhausted his subject, but he has selected an interesting and multifarious bea-roll of specimens; for example, a Thames waterman—a farm-servant from Wiltshire—a village cobbler from the neighbourhood of Birmingham—a journeyman shoemaker of Woodstock—a milk-woman, and a maker of tobacco-pipes, both from his own native city of Bristol. The names of Duck, Woodhouse, Bennet, and even the more recent ones of Ann Yearsley and John Frederic Bryant, have probably never met the eye of many who will read Mr. Southey's account of them; but the name, at least, of John Taylor, must be sufficiently familiar to them all. 'The water-poet' enjoyed in his day greater celebrity than the whole of the rest put together; his talents were of a higher order than any of theirs—his life more picturesque, his experience and information much wider; his writings out of sight more numerous, various, and vigorous; and he occupies a proportionate space in the Essay of the Poet Laureate, who thus introduces him:

'The distinction between the language of high and low life could not be broadly marked, till our language was fully formed, in the Elizabethan age: then the mother tongue of the lower classes ceased to be the language of composition; that of the peasantry was antiquated, that of the inferior citizens had become vulgar. It was not necessary that a poet should be learned in Greek and Latin, but it was that he should speak the language of polished society.

'Another change also, in like manner widening the intellectual distinctions of society, had by that time taken place. In barbarous ages the lord had as little advantage over his vassal in refinement of mind as of diction. War was his only business; and war, even in the brightest days of chivalry, tended as surely to brutalize the feelings of the chiefs, and render their hearts callous, as the occupations of husbandry did to case-harden and coarsen the mind and the herdsman; but when arts and luxuries (of that allowable kind for which a less equivocal term is to be desired) had found their way from cloisters into courts and castles, an improvement, as well of intellect as of manners, rapidly ensued. Then, also, the relations of states became more complicated, and courts in consequence more politic: the minds of the great grew at the same time more excursive and more reflecting; and in the relaxation which they sought in poetry, something more was required than the minstrels afforded in their lays, whether of ribaldry or romance. Learning being scarce, they who possessed a little were proud of exhibiting in their writings the extent of that small stock; and the patrons whom they courted, and who themselves were in the same stage of intellectual culture, were flattered at being addressed in a strain which must have been unintelligible to the multitude. When literature revived, the same kind of pleasure which had just before been given by a pedantic vocabulary, was produced by classical allusions, and imitations of ancient, or of Italian writers. The language then improved so suddenly, that it changed more in the course of one generation than it had

done in the two preceding centuries; Elizabeth, who grew up while it was comparatively barbarous, lived to see it made capable of giving adequate expression to the loftiest conceptions of human imagination. Poets were then, perhaps, more abundant than they have been in any subsequent age until the present: and, as a necessary consequence of that abundance, all tricks of style were tried, and all fantasticalities of conceit abounded; they who were poets by imitative desire or endeavour, putting forth their strength in artificial and ambitious efforts, while the true poets held the true course—though the best of them did not always escape from what had thus been made the vice of their age.

'The circumstances, therefore, of low breeding and defective education, were so unfavourable, that the first person who, in a certain degree overcame them, obtained great notoriety, and no inconsiderable share of patronage. This was John Taylor, the Water-Poet, a man who has long been more known by name than by his writings.'—p. 13—15.

He was born somewhere in Gloucestershire, in the year 1580, and in due season put to the village school, where he proved, by his own account, no very hopeful scholar—

'And reading but from *possum* to *posset*,
There I was mired, and could no further get.'

He was therefore taken from school and bound apprentice to a Thames waterman—as soon, probably, as he could handle a scull. This calling was most likely his own choice, for he was evidently a bold, hardy lad, fond of exertion and of sport, and nowise averse to danger; and in those days the waterman's life had enough of all these elements of excitement. It was, beside, a thriving occupation. Greenwich was the favourite residence of the court; at London, the river was bestridden by only one narrow and inconvenient bridge; there were no hackney coaches; places of public amusement were almost all on the Surrey side; and, as Taylor says, 'the number of watermen, and those that lived and were maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, could not be fewer than forty thousand.' There may be some exaggeration here, but we must remember, that in Elizabeth's time the Thames had always been looked to as the great nursery of the navy. Every summer during her wars, some two thousand of the watermen were employed in her ships; and in her service Taylor himself made not less than sixteen voyages, including the expeditions under Essex at Cadiz and the Azores. He might therefore have announced himself in his title-page as an old seaman, had that denomination sounded in those days more respectably than his own.

No other occupation could have furnished him with more opportunity of leisure for reading; and, idle as he had been at school, he soon became a very diligent reader.

'There are many in these days,' says Mr. S., who set up, not alone for simple authors in

prose or rhyme, but as critics by profession upon a much smaller stock of book-knowledge than Taylor the Water-Poet had laid in. . . .

"I care to get good books, and I take heed
And care what I do either write or read.
Godfrey of Bulloigne, well by Fairfax done;
Du Bartas, that much love hath rightly won;
Old Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Nash;
I dipt my finger where they used to wash. . .
Of histories I have perused some store,
As no man of my function hath done more.
The Golden Legend I did overtoose,
And found the gold mixt with a deal of dross.
I have read Plutarch's Morals and his Lives,
And like a bee sucked honey from those hives.
Josephus of the Jews, Knowles of the Turks,
Marcus Aurelius, and Guevara's works;
Lloyd, Grimstone, Montaigne, and Suetonius,
Agrippa, whom some call Cornelius,
Grave Seneca and Camden, Purchas, Speed,
Old monumental Fox and Holinshed;
And that sole Book of Books which God hath

given,
The blest eternal Testaments of Heaven,
That I have read, and I with care confess
Myself unworthy of such happiness."—p. xxv.

But Taylor had had other helps besides reading. The old 'license of wit' on the Thames, which lasted even as late as Dr. Johnson's time, was then in its most palmy state, and afforded an excellent school for the sort of ability which he possessed. His calling on the river brought him into constant intercourse with persons of all descriptions. He could hardly pursue it without being a habitual visiter of the theatres on the bank-side; and, an active mind being thus fed and stimulated, ere long the jolly waterman began to attract notice by his rhymes.

"I that in quiet, in the days of yore,
Did get my living at the healthful oar,
And with content did live, and sweat, and row,
Where, like the tide, my purse did ebb and flow;
My fare was good, I thank my bounteous fares,
And pleasure made me careless of my cares.
The watery element, most plentiful,
Supplied me daily with the oar and scull;
And what the water yielded, I with mirth
Did spend upon the element of earth.
Until at length a strange poetic vein,
As strange a way possess my working brain." p. xxiii.

The business of the watermen had much fallen off before Taylor became known for his verses. The peaceful policy of James had put an end to the annual drain for the sea service; and, as misfortunes seldom come single, several of the players' companies had removed to the Middlesex side of the river—so that there were more hands than before, and less work to be divided among them. Taylor therefore hoped, that, by occasional broadsides and pamphlets, he might eke out his means of subsistence; and, in effect, this subsidiary trade of his appears to have been crowned with very considerable success.

'The manner in which he published his books, which were separately of little bulk, was

to print them at his own cost, make presents of them, and then hope for "sweet remuneration" from the persons whom he had thus delighted to honour. This mode of publication was not regarded in those days so close akin to mendicancy as it would now be deemed; pecuniary gifts of trifling amount being then given and accepted, where it would now be deemed an insult to offer, and a disgrace to receive them. . . . Ben Jonson is one of the persons to whom he declares himself "much obliged for many undeserved courtesies received from him, and from others by his favour." And in a Dedication to Charles I. he says, "My gracious Sovereign, your Majesty's poor undeserved servant, having formerly oftentimes presented to your Highness many such pamphlets, the best fruits of my lean and sterile invention, always your princely affability and bounty did express and manifest your royal and generous disposition; and your gracious father, of ever blessed and famous memory, did not only like and encourage, but also more than reward the barren gleanings of my poetical inventions."

'The Earl of Holderness was one of his good patrons, and moved King James to bestow a place upon him. What this place was does not appear in his writings, nor have his biographers stated: one office, which must have been much to his liking, he held at the Tower, by appointment of Sir William Wade; it was that of receiving for the lieutenant his perquisite of "two black leathern bottles or bombards of wine," (being in quantity six gallons,) from every ship that brought wine into the river Thames, a custom which had continued at that time more than 300 years. This was a prosperous part of Taylor's life, and if he did not write like Homer in those days it was not for any failure in drinking like Agamemnon. He says:

"Ten years almost the place I did retain,
And gleaned great Bacchus' blood from France
And Spain;

Few ships my visitation did escape,
That brought the sprightly liquor of the grape:
My bottles and myself did oft agree,
Full to the top, all merry came we three!
Yet always 'twas my chance, in Bacchus spite,
To come into the Tower unfox'd, upright."

'But the spirit of reform was abroad: the merchants complained that the bottles were made bigger than they used to be, and "waged law" with the lieutenant; and had it not been for the Wine-Poet's exertions, in finding and bringing into court those witnesses, who could swear to the size of the bottles for fifty years, they would have carried their cause. Poor Taylor was ill-rewarded for his services; no sooner had he established the right, than the office which he had held was put to sale, and he was discharged because he would not buy it. "I would not," he says, "or durst not, venture upon so dishonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it."—p. 22—32.

Mr. Southey's extracts are all from 'The Works of J. Taylor, the Water Poet; being Sixty-three in Number, collected into One Volume by the Author, 1630;—a volume of a nondescript size, which may be called

sexto, the sheet being folded into six leaves, and containing 600 pages. But the author lived twenty-four years after 1630, and published a great deal more—some account of which we hope we may yet look for. The productions actually collected appears to be of the most heterogeneous sort—of all lengths and on all subjects: epitaph—epithalamium—song—ballad—serious, comic, serio-comic, didactic, narrative, descriptive, and downright rampant nonsense, of which last we have one specimen, in the Cambyses' vein truly:

"Think'st thou a wolf thrust through a sheep-skin glove,

Can make me take this goblin for a lamb?
Or that a crocodile in barley-broth
Is not a dish to feast Don Belzebub?
Give me a medlar in a field of blue
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream,
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,
To cause him fetch a sword of massy chalk
With which he won the fatal Theban field
From Rome's great mitred metropolitan."

If any celebrated person died, he was ready with an elegy; and this sort of tribute always obtained the acknowledgement in expectation of which it was offered. But it is evident that he delighted in acquiring knowledge, and took pleasure in composition for its own sake, as in the exercise of a talent which he was proud to possess. His Memorial of all the English monarchs, from Brute to King Charles, was probably composed as much from this motive as to impress upon his own memory the leading facts of English history; then a set of miserable portraits cut in wood, without the shadow of resemblance till we come to bluff King Henry VIII., fitted it for popular and perhaps for profitable sale. It is probably, from this bald and meagre chronicle in rhyme, which, for the subject, is likely to have been more common than any other of his tracts, that the commonly expressed opinion of his writings has been drawn, as if they were wholly worthless, and not above the pitch of a bellman's verses. But a more injurious opinion has seldom been formed; for Taylor had always words at will, and wit also when the subject admitted of its display. His account of the Books in the Old and New Testament, is in the same creeping strain. The best specimen of his historical verses is entitled God's Manifold Mercies in the Miraculous Deliverance of our Church of England, from the year 1565 until this present 1630, particularly and briefly described. This is in a series of what some late writers have conveniently called quatorzains,* to distinguish them from sonnets of proper structure: they are introduced thus:—

"There was a Bull in Rome was long a breeding,

Which Bull proved little better than a Calf;
Was sent to England for some better feeding,
To fatten in his Holiness' behalf.

* It is remarkable, that Mr. Wordsworth should have cast his Ecclesiastical Sketches in a form so nearly similar. The coincidence (for I know Mr. Wordsworth had never seen Taylor's works, nor heard of this portion of them) may seem to show the peculiar fitness of this form for what may be called memorial poetry.

The virtues that this Beast of Babel had
In thundering manner was to bann and curse;
Rail at the Queen as it were raging mad;
Yet, God be thanked, she was ne'er the worse."

He goes through the series of treasons which the bull produced, down to the Gunpowder-plot, and concludes with this Thanksgiving.

"And last of all, with heart and hands erected,
Thy Church doth magnify thy name, O Lord!
Thy Providence preserved, thy Power protected
Thy planted Vine, according to thy word.
My God! what shall I render unto Thee,
For all thy gifts bestowed on me always?
Love and unfeigned thankfulness shall be
Ascribed for thy mercies, all my days.
To Thee, my Priest, my Prophet, and my King,
My Love, my Counsellor and Comforter,
To thee alone, I only praises sing,
For only Thou art my Deliverer.
All honour, glory, power, and praise, therefore,
Ascribed be to Thee for evermore."

These are no mean verses. Indeed, in every general Collection of the British Poets, there are authors to be found, whose pretensions to a place there are much feebler than what might be advanced on behalf of Taylor the Water-Poet. Sometimes he has imitated the strongly-marked manner of Joshua Sylvester; sometimes George Wither's pedestrian strain; in admiring imitation of which latter poet, (and not with any hostile or envious feeling, as has somewhere been erroneously stated,) he composed a piece which he called Taylor's Motto—the Motto (which is his only opposition to Wither) being, *Et habeo, et curo, et curo*. There is in Wither, when in his saner mind and better mood, a felicity of expression, a tenderness of feeling, and an elevation of mind, far above the Water Poet's pitch; nevertheless Taylor's Motto is lively, curious, and characteristic, as well of the age as of the writer. . . . He has imitated Chaucer in a catalogue of birds, which, though mostly a mere catalogue, has some sweet lines in it; and in other places he enumerates the names of rivers, the variety of diseases, and, more curiously and at a greater length, the different trades and callings which were exercised in his days. Like poor Falconer, he made use also of his nautical vocabulary in verse.

"You brave Neptunians, you saltwater crew,
Sea-ploughing mariners, I speak to you:
From hemp you for yourselves and others gain
Your spritsail, foresail, topsail, and your main.
Top, and top-gallant, and your mizen abaft,
Your coursers, bonnets, drabblers, fore and aft.
The sheets, tacks, bolens, braces, hallier, tyes,
Shrouds, ratlings, lanyards, tackles, lifts, and
gies,

Your martlines, ropeyarns, gaskets, and your
stays,

These for your use, small hemp-seed up doth
raise:

The buoy-rope, boat-rope, quest-rope, cat-rope,
port-rope,

The bucket-rope, the boat-rope, long or short
rope,

The entering-rope, the top-rope, and the rest,
Which you that are acquainted with know
best."—p. 35.

'Among his exhibitions of metre are some sonnets, as he calls them, composed upon one rhyme: one little piece in which all the lines rhyme upon *Coriat*, and another in which *crudities* is the key-word—levelled against the same poor inoffensive humourist, who, ridiculous as he was, and liked to make himself, is nevertheless entitled to some respect for his enterprising spirit, his perseverance, and his acquirements; and to some compassion for his fate. It may be more worthy of notice, that Hudibrastic rhymes are to be found in the Water-Poet's works: there may be earlier specimens, and probably are, for Taylor possessed an imitative rather than inventive talent; but this is the earliest that I have seen.'—p. 44.

We cannot but express some surprise at the concluding sentence of the above extract. Surely the species of jingle, which has won the name of *Hudibrastic*, forms the very staple of Skelton.

The Water-Poet was already an established favourite with the public, when, in 1616, his stirring spirit led him to engage its notice by another sort of adventure, which, during his subsequent life, he frequently repeated. In those days, the men of his order were, indeed, no fresh-water sailors; and, when there were no longer an Elizabeth and an Essex to carve out warlike work for them, they were at no loss to devise schemes of needless and profitless peril for themselves. Another versifier of the time, S. Rowlands, enumerates some of the most famous of these.

'Ferris gave cause of vulgar wonderment,
When unto Bristow in a boat he went:
Another with his sculler ventured more,
That rowed to Flushing from our English shore:
Another did devise a wooden whale
Which unto Calais did from Dover sail:
Another with his oars and slender wherry,
From London unto Antwerp o'er did ferry:
Another, maugre fickle fortune's teeth,
Rowed hence to Scotland and arrived at Leith.'

These were all, it seems, waging adventures; and the Water-Poet soon became celebrated as the most audacious of such life-gamblers. His first *cast* was that of which he has published an account with this title—'Taylor's Travels, three weeks, three days, and three hours' observations from London to Hamburg in Germany, amongst Jews and Gentiles; with descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen.' He performed a second wherry-trip of the same sort to the coast of Germany in 1617; and in 1618, some considerable excursion being now, we suppose, a regular part of his summer's work, he laid and won a wager attended with less of serious peril, namely, to walk afoot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro; neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' Of this expedition also he put forth an account, partly in verse and partly in prose, (like the more celebrated *Voyage* of Bachaumont and La Chapelle,) entitled 'The Penny-

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less Pilgrimage, or Moneyless Perambulation of the King's Majesty's Water-Poet.'

'This journey,' says he, 'was undertaken, neither in imitation or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends, both in this kingdom of England and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that country. And whereas many shallow-brained critics do lay an aspersion on me that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project either in malice or mockery of Master Benjamin Jonson, I vow, by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wild; for he is a gentleman to whom I am so much obliged, for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to make me to make so had a requital for so much goodness.'—pp. 46, 47.

The undertaking, after all, was not a very arduous one. Taylor had friends on the road; his reputation was general—his wit was ready—and, moreover, he had his man, and a sumpter mule to accompany him.

'There in my knapsack to pay hunger's fees,
I had good bacon, bisket, neat's tongue, cheese,
With roses, barberries, of each conserves,
And mitridate that vigorous health preserves;
And, I intreat you take these words for no lies,
I had good aquavite, rosolies,
With sweet ambrosia, the gods' own drink,
Most excellent gear for mortals, as I think.'

Thus provided he set forth, baiting and lodging as he went with friend or acquaintance, or at the cost or invitation of good-humoured strangers. He says—

'I made my legs my oars, and rowed by land.'

But he, and probably his man too, had been more used to ply their arms than their legs, for they were poor pedestrians; and had nearly foundered by the time they reached Daventry. It had been a wet and windy day and meeting with something like Tom Drum's entertainment from the hostess of the Horse-shoe in that town, who had 'a great wart rampant on her snout,' they were fain

—'to hobble seven miles more,
The way to Dunchurch, foul with dirt and mire,

Able, I think, both man and horse to tire:
On Dunsmore-heath, a hedge doth there enclose
Grounds on the right-hand, there I did repose.
Wit's whetstone, Want, then made us quickly learn

With knives to cut down rushes and green fern,
Of which we made a field-bed in the field,
Which sleep and rest and much content did yield.

There with my mother Earth I thought it fit
To lodge.—

My bed was curtained with good wholesome
airs,

And being weary, I went up no stairs;
The sky my canopy; bright Phœbe shin'd;
Sweet bawling Zephyrus breath'd gentle wind,
In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,
Ten thousand stars me to my bed did light.

No. 106—2 D

There barricadoed with a bank lay we,
 Below the lofty branches of a tree.
 There my bedfellows and companions were,
 My man, my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer;
 But yet for all this most confused rout,
 We had no bed-staves yet we fell not out.
 Thus Nature, like an ancient free upholster,
 Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster;
 And the kind skies (for which high Heaven be
 thanked!)
 Allowed us a large covering, and a blanket."—
 p. 47.

At Coventry the Water-Poet was entertained for three days by Philemon Holland, famous in his day, 'who used, in translation, more paper and fewer pens than any other writer before or since;' and who 'would not let Suetonius be Tranquillus.' He encountered equal hospitality at Lichfield, and at Adlington, near Macclesfield, under the roof of Sir Urien Leigh, who disdained not to receive him at his own table, though he had not 'shifted a shirt' since he left London. Sir Urien provided him with letters of recommendation onwards; and at Manchester, in particular, he seems to have been welcomed with a superabundance of 'good provant.'

'Their loaves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,
 Roast, boiled, baked, too—too much, white,
 claret, sack;
 Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot;
 Cann followed cann, and pot succeeded pot.'

Thus riotously he progressed until he reached the Scotch border, at which point, the inspiration of Ceres and Bacchus considerably failing him, he leaves off his rhyme, and continues the narrative in prose. He seems to have been 'sore beated,' as the ballads have it, between the Esk, and Edinburgh, which 'wished, long expected, and famous city, he reached on the 13th of August, having started from London on the 14th of July.

'I entered like Pierce Pennylesse, altogether moneyless, but, I thank Gpd, not friendless; for, being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow—if any man would lend; spend—if I could get; beg—if I had the impudence; and steal—if I durst venture the price of a hanging. But my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender, instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend that would desperately disburse. Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy,) my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever; viewing and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture; but all my acquaintance was *non est inventus*: (pardon me, reader, that Latin is none of my own, I swear by Priscian's pericranium, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times!) At last I resolved that the next gentleman that I met withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no: and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him

as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective. And he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving him to encounter with my man, who came after me, leading my horse; whom he thus accosted: "My friend," quoth he, "doth yonder gentleman" (meaning me) "know me, that he looks so wistly on me?" "Truly, sir," said my man, "I think not: but my master is a stranger come from London, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse-meat." Presently the gentleman (being of a generous disposition) overtook me, with unexpected and undeserved courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable: whilst we discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I related so much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings: (his name was Master John Maxwell,) which money, I am sure, was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of London.'—
 p. 55.

This good-natured stranger walked about the city with Taylor. The Water-Poet had seen many fortresses in Germany, the Netherlands, Spain and England, but all, he thought, must give place to Edinburgh Castle, both for strength and situation. Nor was his admiration less for the High Street.

'The fairest and goodliest that ever his eyes beheld, as well as the largest that he had ever heard of; the buildings being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street; for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell; but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes; the walls are eight or ten feet thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year, but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages.'—p. 57.

Here John soon found or made abundance of acquaintances, who seem to have been right liberal, not only of their wine and ale, but of 'bullets of gold,' wherewith they amply 'replenished the vastity of an empty purse.' He dwells with special delight on a dinner given to him at Burnt-Island, by Master Robert Hay, Groom of his Majesty's Chamber, and some other gentlemen, Scotch and English; and here he introduces an anecdote of his earlier life which well illustrates the utility and capacity of that piece of dress which served Hudibras for a commissariat-wagon.

'I know not upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said, I was at the taking of Cadex: whereto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands. I answered him that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was? I told him in the Rainbow of the Queen's: why (quoth he) do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is Witherington. Sir, said I, I

do remember the name well; but by reason that it is near two-and-twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well, said he, if you were in that ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage; whereupon I told him two or three tokens, which he did know to be true. Nay, then, said I, I will tell you another, which (perhaps) you have not forgotten. As our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of Flores, (one of the isles of the Azores,) there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship that for novelty would go ashore, and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us: so being landed, we went up and down and could find nothing but stones, heath, and moss, where we expected oranges, lemons, figs, musk-millions, and potatoes: in the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship-boat could not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks; this continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food; but at last, (I, squandering up and down,) by the providence of God, I happened into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in England; I, having a valiant stomach of the age of almost a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves and never said grace; and as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches, and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against the tree, when upon the sudden a gentleman came to me, and said, friend, what are you eating? Bread (quoth I.) For God's sake, said he, give me some! With that I put my hand into my breech, (being my best pantry,) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said that if ever he could requite it he would. I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir Henry Witherington did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two-and-twenty years before: where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.'—p. 59—61.

Taylor now proceeded to Stirling, designing to spend two or three days at the seats of the Earl of Marr and Sir William Murray of Abercairney; but as he went on, he learned that these 'honourable friends' were gone to the great hunting on the Brae of Marr; and was told that, if he made haste, he might overtake them at Brechin. The Water-Poet's curiosity was roused, and he pursued them manfully 'by strange ways, over mountains and rocks;—'the way so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heath, that a dog with three legs would there outrun a horse with four.' In short, he never came up with his friends until, 'with extreme travail,' he had reached their wild encampment on the Brae of Marr,

'Which is a large country, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate Hill, Hampstead Hill, Birdtop Hill, or Malvern Hills, are but mole-hills in compari-

son, or like a liver or gizzard upon a capon's wing, in respect of the altitude of their tops, or perpendicularity of their bottoms.'

Here he found his friends 'with lords and ladies, and hundreds of knights, esquires, and followers,' all in the dress of the country, which he very quaintly describes, and adds—

'Any man of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring on their dogs: but if men be kind unto them and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful.'

The Water-Poet was forthwith put into 'this shape,' and therein equipped, he remained twelve days, fairing plentifully, and partaking heartily in the sport of the Tinchell-hunt, without seeing all the time 'either house, corn-field, or habitation, or any creature but deer, wild horses, *wolres* (?) and the like.'

I thank my good Lord Erskin, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer;—as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed; beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, moorcoots, heathcocks, caperrellies, and ternaigants; good ale, sack, white and claret, tent (or elegant,) with most potent aquavite. All these, and more than these, we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd,) to such and such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them. Then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle through bournes and rivers; and then they, being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinchell, do bring down the deer. But as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinchell men do like their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then an arquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a show like a wood,) which, being followed close by the Tinchell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as occasion serves upon a herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain.

'If sport like this can on the mountains be,
Where Phœbus' flames can never melt the snow,
Then let who list delight in vales below,
Sky-kissing mountain-pleasures are for me.
What braver object can man's eyesight see
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,
Yet all in sweet society agree?
Through heather, moss, 'mongst frogs and bogs
and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-batter'd hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chas'd by men
and dogs,
Where two hours' hunting fourscore fat deer
kills.

Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat!
The highland games and minds are high and
great.

'Being come to our lodgings, there was such
baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing, as if
Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded
the devil in his feathers; and after supper a fire
of fir-wood as high as an indifferent may-pole;
for I assure you that the Earl of Marr will give
any man that is his friend, for thanks, as many
fir-trees (that are as good as any ship's mates in
England) as are worth (if they were in any
place near the Thames, or any other portable
river) the best earldom in England or Scotland
either; for I dare affirm, he hath as many grow-
ing there as would serve for masts (from this
time to the end of the world) for all the ships,
caracks, hoyes, galleys, boats, drummers, barks,
and water-crafts, that are now or can be in the
world these forty years.'—pp. 64—67.

We must pass over the circumstances of his
return from this *ultima Thule* to London, as
also the details of many succeeding perambula-
tions, in the course of which he seems to have
been munificently treated by many of the most
eminent persons of his time. He visited the
unfortunate Queen of Bohemia at Prague,
when she had Prince Rupert in her arms; To-
bias Mathew, the good old Archbishop of York,
made him dine with him another summer at
his own table;—in a word, these various pro-
gresses all abound in anecdotes of remarkable
persons and manners now forgotten; so that it
is to be wished Mr. Southey might be induced
to make larger use of them than his present li-
mits have permitted. Of all his adventures
the most desperate was that of going from Lon-
don to Queenborough in a paper boat, with two
stockfish tied to two walking-canes for oars.
Roger Bird, a vintner, and probably not his
own worst customer, was Taylor's associate in
this precious interprise.

'They took with them eight large and well-
blown bladders, which were found necessary in
the course of half an hour; for before they had
got three miles, the paper bottom fell to pieces,
and they had only the skeleton of the boat to trust
to, and their bladders, four on each side. There
they sat, "within six inches of the brim."

"Thousands of people all the shores did hide,
And thousands more did meet us on the tide,
With scullers, oars, with ship-boats and with
barges,

To gaze on us they put themselves to charges.

Thus did we drive, and drive the time away,
Till pitchy night had driven away the day.
The sun unto the under world was fled,
The moon was loth to rise, and kept her bed;
The stars did twinkle, but the ebon clouds,
Their light, our sight, obscures and overshrouds.
The tossing billows made our boat to caper,
Our paper form scarce being form of paper;
The water four miles broad, no oars to row;
Night dark, and where we were we did not
know:

And thus 'twixt doubt and fear, hope and de-
spair,

I fell to work, and Roger Bird to prayer;
And as the surges up and down did heave us,
He cried most fervently, 'Good Lord, receive
us!'

'Taylor tells us, honestly, that he prayed as
much, but he worked at the same time, which
the poor wineman was not waterman enough to
do; and having been on the water from Satur-
day, "at evening tide," till Monday morning,
they reached Queenborough; and he says, be-
ing

"a-land,

I took my fellow Roger by the hand;
And both of us, ere we two steps did go,
Gave thanks to God that had preserved us so;
Confessing that his mercy us protected,
Whenas we least deserved, and less expected."

'They arrived on the fair day, when the mayor
entertained all comers with bread, beer, and oys-
ters. They presented him with the skeleton of
their boat, which,

"to glorify that town of Kent,

He meant to hang up for a monument;"
but while he was feasting them, the country peo-
ple tore it piecemeal, every man wishing to car-
ry away a scrap as a memorial of this mad adven-
ture.'—p. 77.

When the civil war broke out, the loyal Wa-
ter-Poet retired to Oxford, where he supported
himself by keeping an eating-house, employed
his pen valiantly against the Roundheads, and
made himself, it is said, 'much esteemed for
his facetious company.' Some humble humor-
ist may commonly be found hanging on the
skirts of an English university, half butt, half
pet to the 'young bloods;' but neither Ox-
ford nor Cambridge records such another non-
graduate of this class as Taylor. When the
royal cause was ruined, he returned to West-
minster, and kept a public-house in Phoenix
Alley, near Long Acre. Here, after the king's
death, he set up a mourning crown for his
sign; but this he soon found necessary to take
down, and hung his own effigies in its stead.
His old age was healthful and merry; he died
in 1654, in his seventy-fourth year, and was
buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Co-
vent Garden, with an epitaph somewhat in his
own style:—

"Here lies the Water-Poet, honest John,
Who rowed in the streams of Helicon;
Where having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of Heaven arrived at last."

'There is a portrait of him (says Mr. S.)
bearing date 1655, by his nephew, who was a

painter at Oxford, and presented it to the Bodleian, where it was thought not unworthy of a place. He is represented in a black skull-cap, and black gown, or rather cloak. The countenance is described to me as one of well-fed rotundity; the eyes small, with an expression of cunning, into which their natural shrewdness had probably been deteriorated by the painter; their colour seems to have been hazel: there is scarcely any appearance of eye-brows; the lips have a slight cast of playfulness or satire. The brow is wrinkled, and he is in the fashion of mustachios, with a tuft of beard under the lip. The portrait now is, like the building in which it has thus long been preserved, in a state of rapid decay:—"I hope," says the friend to whom I am obliged for this account of it, "his verse is of a more durable quality:—for *ut pictura poesis* would annihilate him altogether."

"All making, marring, never-turning Time,
To all that is, is period and is prime;
Time wears out Fortune, Love, and Death, and
Fame."

So sung the Water-Poet;—it wore out him and is now wearing out his picture and his works; and he is not one of those writers for whom a palingenesis can be expected from their dust. Yet we have lately seen the whole of Herrick's poems republished, a coarse-minded and beastly writer, whose dunghill, when the few flowers that grew therein had been transplanted, ought never to have been disturbed. Those flowers indeed are beautiful and perennial; but they should have been removed from filth and ordure in which they are embedded. There is nothing of John Taylor's which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but in the collection of his pieces which I have perused there is a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age; and as he lived more than twenty years after this collection was printed, and continued publishing till the last, there is probably much in his uncollected works also, which, for the same reason, ought to be preserved.

"If the Water-Poet had been in a higher grade of society, and bred to some regular profession, he would probably have been a much less distinguished person in his generation. No spoon could have suited his mouth so well as the wooden one to which he was born. His way of life was best suited to his character, nor could any regular education so fully have brought out the sort of talent which he possessed. Fortunately, also, he came into the world at the right time, and lived in an age when kings and queens condescended to notice him, nobles and archbishops admitted him to their table, and mayors and corporations received him with civic honours."—p. 83—84.

We have dwelt so long on the Water-Poet, that we must hurry over his successors; of whom, however, it is pleasing to find, notwithstanding the reflection with which Mr. Southey concludes the life of Taylor, that hardly one failed to receive, in his day, a tolerable share of notice and assistance from his superiors in station.

Stephen Duck (now hardly remembered but by Swift's malicious epigram) attracted by his

verses, while a poor hard-working farm-servant, the notice of a young Oxonian, by name Stanley, who gave him such encouragement, and such advice, that he at last deserved and obtained the patronage of Queen Caroline. Her Majesty settled thirty pounds a-year on him (which was then no poor provision,) made him a yeoman of the guard, and soon afterwards keeper of her private library at Richmond, where he had apartments given him, and was encouraged to pursue his studies with a view to holy orders. His poems being published by subscription, under the care of Mr. Spence, met with very considerable success; and he himself was at length preferred to the living of Ryfleet in Surrey, where he maintained the character of an exemplary parish priest; and long after his first celebrity had worn itself out, was much followed as a preacher. Stephen united keen susceptibility of temperament with patience, modesty, and all those household virtues, which it has been the cant to proclaim hardly reconcileable with the impulses of the '*mens divinior*.' But his end was unhappy: the sensibilities which originally drew him from obscurity, and for which, when his mind had been opened by instruction, he discovered himself to be gifted with no such powers of expression as could hold out the prospect of lasting distinction in literature, seem to have turned inwards with fatal violence. Placed in a situation of external comfort and respectability far beyond the warmest dreams of his youth—surrounded with honourable duties, which he discharged not only blamelessly, but with general applause—the one darling hope, on which his boyish heart had fastened its ambition, had withered, exactly as his reading and intercourse with the upper world had extended—he went mad, and drowned himself, near Reading, in 1756. The best of his verses are among the earliest of them; and no one can read some of the descriptions of rural life, so unlike the effusions of the pastoral-mongers, which they contain, without admitting that his original patrons had some reason to expect from his maturer pen 'things that the world would not willingly let die.' A small specimen must suffice here:—

'The birds salute us as to work we go,
And with new life our bosoms seem to glow.
On our right shoulder hangs the crooked blade,
The weapon destined to unclothe the mead:
Our left supports the whetstone, scip, and beer,
This for our scythes, and these ourselves to cheer.

And now the field designed to try our might
At length appears and meets our longing sight.
The grass and ground we view with careful eyes,

To see which way the best advantage lies;
And, hero-like, each claims the foremost place,
At first our labour seems a sportive race:
With rapid force our sharpen'd blades we drive,
Strain every nerve, and blow for blow we give.
All strive to vanquish, tho' the victor gains
No other glory but the greatest pains.

But when the scorching sun is mounted high,
And no kind barns with friendly shade are nigh,
Our weary scythes entangle in the grass,
While streams of sweat run trickling down
apace ;

Our sportive labour we too late lament,
And wish that strength again we vainly spent.

With heat and labour tir'd our scythes we quit,
Search out a shady tree, and down we sit ;
From scrip and bottle hope new strength to gain ;
But scrip and bottle too are tried in vain.

Down our parch'd throats we scarce the bread
can get,

And, quite o'erspent with toil, but faintly eat ;
Nor can the bottle only answer all ;
The bottle and the beer are both too small.
Time flows : again we rise from off the grass ;
Again each mower takes his proper place ;
Not eager now, as late, our strength to prove,
But all contented regular to move.

We often whet, and often view the sun ;
As often wish his tedious race was run.

At length he veils his purple face from sight,
And bids the weary labourer good night.

Homewards we move, but spent so much with
toil,

We slowly walk and rest at every stile.

Our good, expecting wives, who think we stay,
Got to the door, soon eye us in the way.

Then from the pot the dumpling's catch'd in
haste,

And homely by its side the bacon placed ;
Supper and sleep by morn new strength supply,

And out we set again, our work to try ;
But not so early quite, nor quite so fast,

As to our cost we did the morning past.
Soon as the rising sun has drank the dew,

Another scene is open to our view :
Our master comes, and at his heels a throng

Of prattling females, arm'd with rake and prong ;
Prepar'd, whilst he is here, to make his hay,

Or, if he turns his back, prepared to play ;
But here, or gone, sure of this comfort still—

Here's company, so they may chat their fill.
Ah ! were their hands so active as their tongues,

How nimbly then would move the rakes and
prongs !—p. 99—101.

'At one time,' says Mr. Southey, 'he was in such reputation, that Lord Palmerston appropriated the rent of an acre of land, for ever, to provide a dinner and strong beer for the threshers of Charlton at a public-house in that valley, in honour of their former comrade. The dinner is given on the 30th of June. The poet himself was present at one of these anniversaries, probably the first, and speaks thus of it in a pleasing poem addressed to that nobleman.

"Oft as this day returns shall Threshers claim
Some hours of rest, sacred to Temple's name ;
Oft as this day returns shall Temple cheer
The Threshers' hearts with mutton, beef, and
beer.

Hence, when their children's children shall
admire

This holiday, and whence derived inquire,
Some grateful father, partial to my fame,
Shall thus describe from whence and how it
came :—

'Here, child, a Thresher liv'd in ancient days ;
Quaint songs he sung and pleasing roundelays.

A gracious Queen his sonnets did commend,
And some great Lord, one Temple, was his
friend.

That Lord was pleased this holiday to make,
And feast the Threshers for that Thresher's
sake.'

Thus shall tradition keep my fame alive ;
The bard may die—the Thresher still survive.'
p. 110.

Passing over Robert Dodsley, because 'the muse in livery' is sufficiently recorded in the general collection of our poets, Mr. Southey proceeds to the cobbler of Rowley, James Woodhouse, who had the good fortune to have the benevolent Shenstone for his neighbour, and therefore wanted neither advice nor assistance, so soon as his turn for ballad-inditing had made him known beyond his stall. This too was a good, honest, sober, humble-minded man ; and, being judiciously patronized in his own calling, so as to improve his condition, but not subjected to the hazardous experiment of a forcible elevation out of his natural sphere and method of life, his days were passed and ended in more comfort than has fallen to the lot of most of the masters in the art. The sedentary occupation which he followed leaves abundant opportunity for meditation ; and if, as has been alleged, more than their just proportion of the murders recorded in our Newgate Calendars belongs to this brooding fraternity, it may serve to balance the account, that it has also produced more rhymers than any other of the handicrafts.

'Crispin's sons

Have, from uncounted time, with ale and buns,
Cherish'd the gift of song, which sorrow quells ;
And, working single in their low-built cells,
Oft cheat the tedium of a winter's night
With anthems."

Two of these ultra-crepidarians are included in Mr. Southey's present chapter of chronicles ; we have already incidentally alluded to another, now flourishing at Chichester—a man who is described to us as not less estimable in character than his predecessor of Woodstock ; and there remains a name (we hope still a living one,) worth all these put together—that of Mr. John Struthers, of Glasgow, author of 'The Sabbath ;' a poem of which unaffected piety is not the only inspiration ; and which, but for its unfortunate coincidence of subject with the nearly contemporary one of the late amiable James Grahame, would probably have attracted a considerable share of favour, even in these hypercritical days.

'Shenstone found that the poor applicant (Woodhouse) used to work with a pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap ;—the head at one employ, the hands at another ; and when he had composed a couplet or stanza, he wrote it on his knee. In one of the pieces thus composed, and entitled Spring, there are these affecting stanzas :—

* Charles Lamb—*Album Verses*, (1830,) p. 57.

"But now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy
But's furnish'd out from thence ;

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling at my knee.

Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring,
'Tis these inspire content alone ;
'Tis all I've left of spring.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands ;
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose ;
But oh ! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes !

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
*While blood her furrowed finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.*

When orient hills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun :
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone."

'In 1803, the author was living near Norbury Park, where he seems to have found a generous friend in Mr. Locke. He was then above sixty-eight years of age ; I do not know when he died. In his case, as in Stephen Duck's, the persons who befriended him had the satisfaction of knowing that their kindness was well bestowed. And if the talents which they brought into notice were not of a kind in either case to produce, under cultivation, extraordinary fruits, in both a deserving man was raised from poverty, and placed in circumstances favourable to his moral and intellectual nature.'—p. 115, 120.

The next on Mr. Southey's list is John Bennet, of Woodstock, a shoemaker also, who was patronised by Thomas Warton in the same wise manner in which Woodhouse was by Shenstone and Mr. Locke. The account of him is brief, and contains nothing on which we can afford to dwell. The once familiar name of Anne Yearsley, the milkwoman of Bristol, follows ; and Mr. Southey, being himself by birth a Bristol man, tells her story with lively interest and mournful effect. She was first heard of in 1784, when some verses were shown to Miss Hannah More as the production of a poor illiterate female who gained her living by selling milk from door to door.

'The story,' says Miss More, 'did not engage my faith, but the verses excited my attention ; for though incorrect, they breathed the genuine spirit of poetry, and were rendered still more interesting by a certain natural and strong expression of misery, which seemed to fill the head and mind of the author. On making diligent inquiry into her history and character, I found that she had been born and bred

in her present humble station, and had never received the least education, except that her brother had taught her to write. Her mother, who was also a milkwoman, appears to have had sense and piety, and to have given an early tincture of religion to this poor woman's mind. She is about eight-and-twenty, and was married very young to a man who is said to be honest and sober, but of a turn of mind very different from her own. Repeated losses and a numerous family, for they had six children in seven years, reduced them very low ; and the rigour of the last severe winter sunk them to the extremity of distress. Her aged mother, her six little infants, and herself (expecting every hour to lie in) were actually on the point of perishing, when the gentleman (Mr. Vaughan) so gratefully mentioned in her poems, providentially heard of their distress, which I am afraid she had too carefully concealed, and hastened to their relief. The poor woman and her children were preserved ; but for the unhappy mother all assistance came too late ; she had the joy to see it arrive, but it was a joy she was no longer able to bear, and it was more fatal to her than famine had been.' This 'left a settled impression of sorrow on Mrs. Yearsley's mind.'

'When I went to see her,' Miss More continues, 'I observed a perfect simplicity in her manners, without the least affectation or pretension of any kind ; she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts. But on a more familiar acquaintance, I have had reason to be surprised at the justness of her taste, the faculty I least expected to find in her. In truth, her remarks on the books she had read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that from this very circumstance they would appear trite and common-place to any one who had been in habits of society ; for without having ever conversed with any body above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking.'—p. 125

Under this good lady's patronage Ann Yearsley now read, and studied and composed ; and presently a small volume of poems was published with such success that the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds was placed in the funds under the names Miss More and Mrs. Montague, as trustees, for the benefit of the authoress and her children. Mrs. Yearsley fancied that she ought to have had the management of the money herself—disputes arose—and the result was a lasting breach between her and the person who had been her first, and would have continued to be her best friend. She set up a circulating library, which she did not know how to manage ; her affairs became sorely embarrassed ; she tried a tragedy, and a novel—things obviously beyond her reach—and, it is said, sunk from despondency into insanity some time before she died, in 1806, at Melksham. Her disposition had, from the beginning, been a melancholy one.

'The culture which she received, such as it was, came too late ; nor does she appear to have derived any other advantage from it than that

it enabled her to write with common grammatical accuracy. With extraordinary talents, strong feelings, and an ardent mind, she never produced a poem which found its way into any popular collection; and very few passages can be extracted from her writings which would have any other value than as indicating power which the possessor knew not how to employ. But it ought to be observed here, that I have never seen either her novel or her tragedy. The best lines which I have noticed are in her second publication.

"—Cruel the hand
Which tears the veil of time from black dishonour;

Or, with the iron pen of Justice, cuts
Her cypher on the scars of early shame."

"There is a like felicity of expression in these lines on the remembrance of her mother:—

"How oft with thee, when life's keen tempest howl'd

Around our heads, did I contented sit,
Drinking the wiser accents of thy tongue,
Listless of threatening ill. My tender eye
Was fix'd on thine, inquisitively sad,
Whilst thine was dim with sorrow: yet thy soul
Betray'd no innate weakness, but resolv'd
To tread thy sojourn calm and undismay'd."

"Flourishing reputations (of the gourd tribe) have been made by writers of much less feeling and less capability than are evident in these lines. Ann Yearsley, though gifted with voice, had no strain of her own whereby to be remembered, but she was no mocking-bird."—pp. 132, 133.

The history of Bryant, the tobacco-pipe maker, who went through many strange changes and chances of life with a buoyant heart, and died at last in the reputable station of a book-binder, in London (in 1791,) is, after that of Taylor, the most interesting of these sketches; but we have already exhausted our limits, and must leave it untouched. Mr. Southey thus concludes;

"I do not introduce Robert Bloomfield here, because his poems are worthy of preservation separately, and in general collections; and because it is my intention one day to manifest at more length my respect for one whose talents were of no common standard, and whose character was in all respects exemplary. It is little to the credit of the age, that the latter days of a man whose name was at one time so deservedly popular, should have been past in poverty, and perhaps shortened by distress, that distress having been brought on by no misconduct or imprudence of his own.

"A newspaper paragraph, which has been inserted in one of the volumes before me, quotes from Sheridan the elder an ill-natured passage in allusion to the writers who have here been noticed. "Wonder," he says, "usually accompanied by a bad taste, looks only for what is uncommon; and if a work comes out under the name of a thresher, a bricklayer, a milkwoman, or—a lord, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the million."

"Persons of quality" require no defence when they appear as authors in these days: and, indeed, as mean a spirit may be shown in

introducing a book because it is written by a lord, as in extolling it beyond its deserts for the same reason. But when we are told that the thresher, the milkwoman, and the tobacco-pipe-maker did not deserve the patronage they found—when it is laid down as a maxim of philosophical criticism that poetry ought never to be encouraged unless it is excellent in its kind—that it is an art in which inferior execution is not to be tolerated—a luxury, and must therefore be rejected unless it is of the very best—such reasoning may be addressed with success to cockered and sickly intellects, but it will never impose upon a healthy understanding, a generous spirit, or a good heart.

"Bad poetry (if it be harmless in its intent and tendency) can do no harm, unless it passes for good, becomes fashionable, and so tends to deprave still further a vitiated public taste, and still further to debase a corrupted language. Bad criticism is a much worse thing, because a much more injurious one, both to the self-satisfied writer and the assentient reader; not to mention that without the assistance of bad criticism, bad poetry would but seldom make its way.

"The mediocres have long been a numerous and an increasing race, and they must necessarily multiply with the progress of civilization. But it would be difficult to say wherefore it should be treated as an offence against the public, to publish verses which no one is obliged either to purchase or to read. Booksellers are not likely to speculate at their own cost in such wares; there is a direct gain to other branches of trade; employment is given where it is wanted; and if pecuniary loss be a matter of indifference to the author, there is then no injury to himself, and he could not have indulged himself in a more innocent folly, if folly it should deserve to be called. But if he is a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and the happier for writing verses. "Poetry," says Landor, "opens many sources of tenderness, that lie for ever in the rock without it."

"If, indeed, a poet feels in himself a constant craving for reputation, and a desire of depreciating those who have been more successful than himself—if he looks upon them as his competitors and rivals, not as his brethren in the art—then verily it is unfortunate for such a man that he possesses the talent of versifying. And in that case he will soon betake himself to criticism, as a more congenial calling; for bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar.

"The benevolent persons who patronised Stephen Duck, did it not with the hope of rearing a great poet, but for the sake of placing a worthy man in a station more suited to his intellectual endowments than that in which he was born. Bryant was befriended in a manner not dissimilar, for the same reason. In the cases of Woodhouse and Ann Yearsley, the intention was to better their condition in their own way of life. The Woodstock shoemaker was chiefly indebted for the patronage which he received, to Thomas Warton's good-nature, for my predecessor Warton was the best-natured man that ever wore a great wig. My motives for bringing forward the present "attempts in verse" have already been explained."—p. 163—106.

The proud name of Robert Burns does not occur in this Essay; Mr. Southey estimated him too justly to class him, on any pretext, with uneducated poets. That extraordinary man, before he produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, had educated himself abundantly; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, knew more of books, as well as of men, than fifty out of a hundred in any of the learned professions in any country of the world are ever likely to do. We might speak in nearly the same way of Burns' two popular successors in Scottish minstrelsy. When the Ettrick Shepherd was first heard of, he had indeed but just learned to write by copying the letters of a printed ballad, as he lay watching his flock on the mountains; but thirty years or more have passed since then, and his acquirements are now such, that the Royal Society of Literature, in patronizing him, might be justly said to honour a laborious and successful student, as well as a masculine and fertile genius. We may take the liberty of adding, in this place, what may not perhaps be known to the excellent managers of that excellent institution, that a more worthy, modest, sober and loyal man does not exist in his Majesty's dominions than this distinguished poet, whom some of his waggish friends have taken up the absurd fancy of exhibiting in print as a sort of boozing buffoon; and who is now, instead of revelling in the license of tavern-suppers and party politics, bearing up, as he may, against *severa* and unmerited misfortunes, in as dreary a solitude as ever nursed the melancholy of a poetical temperament. Mr. Allan Cunningham needs no testimony either to his intellectual accomplishments or his moral worth; nor, thanks to his own virtuous diligence, does he need any patronage. He has been fortunate enough to secure a respectable establishment in the *studio* of a great artist, who is not less good than great, and would thus be sufficiently in the eye of the world, even were his literary talents less industriously exercised than they have hitherto been. His recent *Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors* form one of the most agreeable books in the language; and it will always remain one of the most remarkable and delightful facts in the history of letters, that such a work—one conveying so much valuable knowledge in a style so unaffectedly attractive—so imbued throughout, not only with lively sensibility, amiable feelings, honesty, and candour, but mature and liberal taste, was produced by a man who, some twenty years before, earned his daily bread as a common stone-mason in the wilds of Nithsdale. Examples like these will plead the cause of struggling genius, wherever it may be found, more powerfully than all the arguments in the world.*

* We hope to be pardoned for taking this opportunity of bearing witness to the wise and generous method in which the Managers of the London Literary Fund conduct that admirable charity. It may not be known in many parts of the empire that such

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AMERICAN POETRY.

AN EXTRACT FROM NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

SHEPHERD.

Ken ye ony thing about American Poetry, Mr. North?

NORTH.

Not so much as I could wish. Would all the living best American bards send me over copies of their works, I should do them justice. I respect—nay I admire that people, James; though perhaps they don't know it. Yet I know less of their Poetry than their Poetics, and of them not much—

TICKLER.

How Jonathan Jeremy-Diddlers our Ministries! "Have you got such a thing as a half-crown about you?" And B flat, obedient to A sharp, shells out the ready rhino from his own improverished exchequer into that of his "Transatlantic brother," overflowing with dollars.

SHEPHERD.

But the little you do ken o' their poetry, let's hear't.

NORTH.

I have lately looked over—in three volumes—Specimens of American Poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices, and have met with many most interesting little poems, and passages of poems. The editor has been desirous of shewing what had been achieved under the inspiration of the American Muses before the days of Irving and Cooper, Pierpont and Percival, and thinks, rightly, that the lays of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, the poets of the Western world, are as likely to bear some characteristic traits of national or individual character, as those of the Minnesingers and Trouveurs—or the "Gongorism of the Castilian rhymesters of old."

SHEPHERD.

Gongorism! What's that?

NORTH.

Accordingly, he goes as far back as 1612, and gives us a pretty long poem, called "Contemplations," by Anne Bradstreet, daughter of one Governor of Massachusetts Colony, and wife of another, who seems to have been a fine spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Was she, sir?

NORTH.

She is said to have been "a woman honoured and esteemed, where she lived, for her

an institution exists at all; and even this casual notice may be serviceable to its revenues. We have had occasion to observe the equal promptitude and delicacy with which its Committee are ever ready to administer to the necessities of the unfortunate scholar, who can satisfy them that his misery is not the just punishment of immoral habits. Some of the brightest names in contemporary literature have been beholden to the bounty of this Institution; and in numerous instances its interference has shielded friendless merit from utter ruin.

gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her virtuous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits but of some few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments."

SHEPHERD.

Then Anne Bradstreet, sir, *was* a fine spirit! Just like a' our ain poetesses—in England and Scotland—married or no married yet—and och! och! och! hoo unlike to her and them the literary limmers o' France, rougin' and leerin' on their spinnle-shanked lovers, that maun hae loathed the sight and the smell o' them, starin' and stinkin' their way to the grave!

TICKLER.

James!

NORTH.

The celebrated Cotton Mather—

SHEPHERD.

Aye, I ken about him—born about fifty years after that date—the great mover in the mysterious matter o' the Salem witchcraft.

NORTH.

He says that "her poems, eleven times printed, have afforded a plentiful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles." And the learned and excellent Norton of Ipswich—

SHEPHERD.

I kenna him—

NORTH.

—calls her "The mirror of her age, and glory of her sex."

SHEPHERD.

Recolleck ye ony verses o' her contemplations?

NORTH.

Anne is walking in her contemplations through a wood—and she saith,

While musing thus, with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,

And chaunted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O Merry Bird!" said I, "that fears no snares,
That neither toils, nor hoards up in thy barns,
Feels no sad thought, no cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;

Thy clothes ne'er wear; thy meat is everywhere,

Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Remind'at not what is past, nor what's to come
dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Set'st hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew;

And thus they pass their youth in summer season.

Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion!"

SHEPHERD.

Oh! man, but they're bonny incorrect, sweet, simple lines thae—and after sic a life as Anne Bradstreet led, can there be ony doubt that she is in heaven?

NORTH.

In my mind none. Nearly a hundred years after the birth—and nearly forty after the death of Anne Bradstreet—was born in Boston, Jane Colman, daughter of a clergyman, who was a school companion of Cotton Mather. At eleven, she used to correspond with her worthy father in verse—on entering her nineteenth year, she married a Mr. Turel of Medford—

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can ye remember names in that wonderfu' way, sir? And yet you say ye hae nae memory? You forget naething.

NORTH.

—and died, James, in 1735, at the age of twenty-seven, "having faithfully fulfilled those duties which shed the brightest lustre on woman's name—the duties of the friend, the daughter, the mother, and the wife."

SHEPHERD.

Hae ye ony o' her verses by heart, sir?

NORTH.

A paraphrase of a Psalm you know well—

SHEPHERD.

I ken weel a' the Psalms.

NORTH.

The following flows plaintively.

"From hearts oppress'd with grief, did they require

A sacred anthem on the sounding lyre:

Come, now, they cry, regale us with a song—
Music and mirth the fleeting hours prolong.

Shall Babel's daughter hear that blessed sound?

Shall songs divine be sung in heathen ground?

No! Heaven forbid that we should tune our voice,

Or touch the lyre, while—slaves—we can't rejoice!

O Palestine! our once so dear abode!

Thou once wert blest with peace, and loved of God;

But now art desolate! a barren waste!

Thy fruitful fields by thorns and weeds disgrac'd.

If I forget Judea's mournful land

May nothing prosper that I take in hand!

Or if I string my lyre, or tune my voice,

Till thy deliverance call me to rejoice;

O may my tongue forget the art to move,

And may I never more my speech improve!

Return, O Lord! avenge us of our foes,

Destroy the men that up against us rose!

Let Edom's sons thy just displeasure know,

And let them serve, like us, some foreign foe,

In distant realms—far from their native home,
To which dear seat, O! never let them come!"

SHEPHERD.

I doursay, gin I could get the soun' o' our ain mournfu' auld version out o' ma heart, that I sou'd like the lines unco-weel—she mun hae been a gentle creatur.

NORTH.

I mentioned, James, that she and her father used to correspond—

SHEPHERD.

After her marriage?

NORTH.

Before and after—and in one of his letters—which I think must have been addressed to her before—before living with her husband at Medford—alluding to having, in her paraphrase, said,

"No helper in the waste and barren ground, Only a mournful willow wither'd there;" her father writes to her thus—Strange, is it not, that part of his letter should be read at a Noctes!

SHEPHERD.

I think I see him mendin' his pen in his study at Boston, New England, America, ae forenoon about twal o'clock, on the 21st January o' 1731—preceesely a hunder years!

NORTH.

The affectionate father says, "This serious melancholy Psalm is well turned by you in most parts of it, considering your years and advantages for such a performance. You speak of a single withered willow which they hung their harps on; but Euphrates was covered with willows along the banks of it, so that it has been called the river of willows. I hope, my dear, your lyre will not be hung on such a sorrowful shrub. Go on in sacred songs, and we'll hang it on the stately cedars of Lebanon, or let the pleasant elm before the door where you are suffice for you."

SHEPHERD.

The pious pride o' paternal affection!

NORTH.

Jane Colman, during her eight years of wedded life, was no doubt happy—and in a calm spirit of happiness must have indited the soft, sweet and simple close of an imitation of Horace.

SHEPHERD.

O' Horace! Could she read Latin?

NORTH.

Why not? Daughter—wife—of a clergyman?

No stately beds my humble roof adorn,
No costly purple, by carved panthers borne;
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odours through our stately rooms;
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry should spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast!

SHEPHERD.

Far mair simplicity o' language seem to hae had the young leddies o' New England in thae

days, sir, than them o' Auld England o' the present age.—Come doon some half century still nearer us, and fin' you ony virgin or wife o' poetical genie at that pint o' time?

NORTH.

I come down to 1752, and find Ann Eliza Schuyler, the daughter of Mr. Brandt Schuyler, New York. At seventeen, she was married to Mr. Bleeker of New Rochelle, and removed with him to Tomhanick, a beautiful solitary village, eighteen miles above Albany. There they passed several years, we are told, in the unbroken quiet of the wilderness; but then, were driven from the repose of that beautiful and romantic spot by the savages in alliance with Burgoyne. On their way from Albany, down the Hudson, they were forced to go ashore by the illness of their youngest daughter, where the poor creature died. Soon after, the capture of Burgoyne—(an unfortunate soldier, but a most accomplished man—witness his celebrated comedy, the Heiress)—allowed them to return to their retreat in the country; but the loss of her daughter made so deep an impression on her mind, that the mother never recovered her former happiness. A few years afterwards, her husband, when assisting his men in taking in the harvest, was surprised by a party of the enemy from Canada, and carried off prisoner. The shock which she received was so great, that her health was gone for ever; and though her husband was soon rescued from thralldom, and they, after a visit to their friends in New York, returned to Tornhanick, there she shortly died, in the thirty-first year of her age.

SHEPHERD.

And is her poetry as interesting as her life?

NORTH.

I have seen but little of it, and wish the editor of the Specimens had given us more; for he well observes, that a female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *Ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and blood, is a striking spectacle.

From the Monthly Magazine.

APHORISMS ON MAN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

(Concluded from page 306.)

It is the force and violence of the English mind that has put it into the safe custody of the law, and it is every man's disposition to act upon his own judgment and presumption, without regard to others, that has made it absolutely necessary to establish equal claims to curb them. We are too much in a state of nature to submit to what Burke calls "the soft collar of social esteem," and require "the iron rod, the torturing hour," to tame us. But though the foundations of liberty, life, and property, are formally secured in this way from the ebullitions of national character, yet the spirit breaks out upon the surface of manners,

and is often spurted in our face. Lord Castlereagh was wrong in saying that "liberty was merely a custom of England;" it is the indigenous growth of our temper and our clime; and woe to him who deprives us of the only amends for so many disadvantages and failings! The wild beast roaming his native forests is respectable though formidable—shut up in Exeter 'Change, he is equally odious and wretched.

It is true that *familiarity breeds contempt*; or that the vulgar, if admitted to an intimacy and footing of equality, try to make you feel all your defects, and to pay for the superiority you have so long usurped over them. The same pride that before kept them at a distance, makes them ready to throw down any barrier of deference or distinction the moment they can do so with impunity. No one willingly admits a superiority in another; or does not secretly prefer himself to the whole universe beside. The slave would kill the tyrant, whose feet he kisses; and there is no Turk so loyal that he would not cut off the head of the best of Sultans, if he was sure of putting the diadem upon his own.

The strongest minds are governed more by appearances than by a regard to consequences. Those who pretend to be the greatest calculators of their own interest, or the *main chance*, are the very slaves of opinion, and dupes of shallow pretension. They are often so mad in this respect, that they think neither better nor worse of the oldest friend they have in the world than the first person they happen to be in company with does, or the last rumour they heard gives him out. Their *circumspection* amounts to looking three ways at once, and missing the right point of view at last. They would rather speak to a well dressed fool in the street than to the wisest man in a thread-bare suit. I know an author who succeeds with a set of second-hand thoughts by having a coat of the newest cut; and an editor, who flourishes about the town in virtue of a pair of green spectacles. Lay out all you are worth in decking out the person of a vulgar woman, and she will cut you in the very finery you have given her; lay it out on your own back, and she will be ambitious of your least notice. People judge of you not from what *they* know, but from the impression you make on others, which depends chiefly on professions, and on outward bearing and bravery. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. If a man has no opinion of himself, how the deuce should any one else? It is like electing a person member of parliament who refuses to come forward as a candidate. On the other hand, let a man have impudence in lieu of all other qualifications, and he needs not despair. The part of quack or coxcomb is a favourite one with the town. The only character that is likely to get on by passing for a *poor creature* is the legacy-hunter. Nothing can be too low or insignificant for that. A man is only grateful to you in the

other world for having been a foil to him in this. A miser (if he could) would leave his fortune to his dog, that no human being might be the better for it, or no one that he could envy in the possession of it, or think raised to an equality with himself.

We complain of old friends who have made their fortunes in the world and slighted us in their prosperity, without considering those who have been unsuccessful, and whom we have neglected in our turn. When our friends betray or desert us, we cling the closer to those that remain. Our confidence is strengthened by being circumscribed; we do not wish to give up a forlorn hope. With the crumbling and decayed fragments of friendship around us, we maintain our point to the last; like the cobbler, who kept his stall and cooked his beef-steak in the ruins of Drury-lane. Buonaparte used to speak of old generals and favourites who would not have abandoned him in his misfortunes if they had lived; it was perhaps well for them that they were dead. The list of traitors and the ungrateful is too much swelled without any probable additions to it.

When we hear of any base or shocking action or character, we think the better of ourselves; instead of which, we ought to think the worse. It strikes at the grounds of our faith in human nature. The reflection of the old divine was wiser on seeing a reprobate—"There goes my wicked self!"

Over-civility generally ends in impertinence; for as it proceeds from design, and not from any kindness or respect, it ceases with its object.

I am acquainted with but one person, of whom I feel quite sure that if he were to meet an old and tried friend in the street, he would go up and speak to him in the same manner, whether in the interim he had become a lord or a begger. Upon reflection, I may add a second to the list. Such is my estimate of the permanence and sincerity of our most boasted virtues. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

It has been said that family attachments are the only ones that stand the test of adversity, because the disgrace or misfortune is there in some measure reflected upon ourselves. A friend is no longer a friend, provided we choose to pick a quarrel with him; but we cannot so easily cut the link of relationship asunder. We therefore relieve the distresses of our near relations, or get them out of the way, lest they should shame us. But the sentiment is unnatural, and therefore must be untrue.

L—— said of some monkeys at a fair, that we were ashamed of their resemblance to ourselves on the same principle that we avoided *poor relations*.

Servants and others who consult only their ease and convenience, give a great deal of trouble by their carelessness and profligacy; those who take a pride in their work often carry it

to excess, and plague you with constant advice and interference. Their duty gets so much ahead in their imagination, that it becomes their master, and yours too.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books or papers in order, that is, according to their notions of the matter; and hide things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor any body else can find them. This is a sort of *magpie faculty*. If any thing is left where you want it, it is called making a *litter*. There is a pedantry in housewifery as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for several days.

True misanthropy consists not in pointing out the faults and follies of men, but encouraging them in the pursuit. They who wish well to their fellow-creatures are angry at their vices and sore at their mishaps; he who flatters their errors and smiles at their ruin is their worst enemy. But men like the sycophant better than the plain-dealer because they prefer their passions to their reason, and even their interest.

I am not very patriotic in my notions, nor prejudiced in favour of my own countrymen; and one reason is, I wish to have as good an opinion as I can of human nature in general. If we are the paragons that some people would make us out, what must the rest of the world be? If we monopolize all the sense and virtue on the face of the globe, we "leave others poor indeed," without having a very great superabundance falling to our own share. Let them have a few advantages that we have not—grapes and sun!

When the Persian ambassador was at Edinburgh, an old Presbyterian lady, more full of zeal than discretion, fell upon him for his idolatrous belief, and said, "I hear you worship the sun!"—"In faith, Madam," he replied, "and so would you too if you had ever seen him!"

"To be direct and honest is not safe," says Iago. Shakspeare has here defined the nature of honesty, which seems to consist in the absence of any *indirect* or sinister bias. The honest man looks at and decides upon an object as it is in itself, without a view to consequences, and as if he himself were entirely out of the question; the prudent man considers only what others will think of it; the knave, how he can turn it to his own advantage or another's detriment, which he likes better. His straight-forward simplicity of character is the reverse of what is understood by the phrase *a man of the world*; an honest man is independent of and abstracted from material ties. This character is chiefly owing to strong natural feeling and a love of right, partly to pride and obstinacy, and a want of discursiveness and of imagination. It is not well to be too witty or too wise. In many cir-

cles (not including the night-cellar or a mess-table) a clever fellow means a rogue. According to the French proverb, '*Tout homme réfléchi est méchant*.' Your honest man often is, and is always set down as no better than an ass.

A person who does not tell lies will not believe that others tell them. From old habit, he cannot break the connexion between words and things. This is to labour under a great disadvantage in his transactions with *men of the world*; it is playing against sharper with loaded dice. The secret of plausibility and success is *point-blanc lying*. The advantage which men of business have over the dreamers and sleep-walkers is not in knowing the exact state of a case, but in telling you with a grave face what it is not, to suit their own purposes. This is one obvious reason why students and book-worms are so often reduced to their last legs. Education (which is a study and discipline of abstract truth) is a diversion to the instinct of lying and a bar to fortune.

Those who get their money as wits, spend it like fools.

It is not true that authors, artists, &c., are uniformly ill-paid; they are often improvident, and look upon an income as an estate. A literary man who has made even five or six hundred a-year for a length of time has only himself to blame if he has none of it left (a tradesman with the same annual profits would have been rich or independent); an artist who breaks for ten thousand pounds cannot surely lament the want of patronage. A sieve might as well petition against a dry season. Persons of talent and reputation do not make money, because they do not keep it; and they do not keep it, because they do not care about it till they feel the want of it—and then the *public stop payment*. The prudent and careful, even among players, lay by fortunes.

In general, however, it is not to be expected that those should grow rich by a special Providence, whose first and last object is by every means and at every sacrifice to grow famous. Vanity and avarice have different goals and travel different roads. The man of genius produces that which others admire: the man of business that which they will buy. If the poet is delighted with the ideas of certain things, the reader is equally satisfied with the idea of them too. The man of genius does that which no one else but himself can do: the man of business gets his wealth from the joint mechanical drudgery of all whom he has the means to employ. Trade is the Briareus that works with a hundred hands. A popular author grew rich, because he seemed to have a hundred hands to write with: but he wanted another hand to say to his well-got gains, "Come, let me clutch thee." Nollekens made a fortune (how he saved it we know) by having blocks of marble to turn into sharp-looking busts, (which required a capital) and by hiring a

number of people to hack and hew them into shape. Sir Joshua made more money than West and Barry, partly because he was a better painter, partly because gentlemen like their own portraits better than those of prophet or apostle, saint or hero. What the individual wants, he will pay the highest price for; what is done for the public the State must pay for. How if they will not? The historical painter cannot make them; and if he persists in the attempt, must be contented to fall a martyr to it. It is some glory to fail in great designs; and some punishment is due to have rashly or presumptuously embarked in them.

It is some comfort to starve on a name: it is something to be a poor *gentleman*; and your man of letters "writes himself *armigero* in any bond, warrant, or quittance." In fixing on a profession for a child, it is a consideration not to place him in one in which he may not be thought good enough to sit down in any company. Miserable mortals that we are! If you make a lawyer of him, he may become Lord Chancellor; and then all his posterity are lords. How cheap and yet acceptable a thing is nobility in this country! It does not date from Adam or the Conquest. We need not laugh at Buonaparte's mushroom peers, who were something like Charlemagne's, or the knights of King Arthur's round table.

We talk of the march of intellect, as if it only unfolded the knowledge of good: the knowledge of evil, which communicates with twenty times the rapidity, is never once hinted at. Eve's apple, the torch of Prometheus and Pandora's box, are discarded as childish fables by our wise moderns.

As I write this, I hear out of the window a man beating his wife and calling her names. Is this what is meant by good-nature and domestic comfort? Or is it that we have so little of these, ordinarily speaking, that we are astonished at the smallest instances of them; and have never done *lauding* ourselves for the exclusive possession of them?

A man should never marry beneath his own rank in life—for love. It shews goodness of heart, but want of consideration; and the very generosity of purpose will defeat itself. She may please him and be every way qualified to make him happy: but what will others think? Can he with equal certainty of the issue introduce her to his friends and family? If not nothing is done; for marriage is an artificial institution, and a wife a part of the machinery of society. We are not in a state of nature, to be quite free and unshackled to follow our spontaneous impulses. Nothing can reconcile the difficulty but a woman's being a paragon of wit or beauty; but every man fancies his Dulcinea a paragon of wit or beauty. Without this, he will only (with the best intentions in the world) have entailed chagrin and mortification both on himself and her; and she will be as much excluded from society as if he

had made her his mistress instead of his wife. She must either mope at home, or tie him to her apron-string; and he will drag a clog and a load through life, if he be not saddled with a scold and a tyrant to boot.

I believe in the theoretical benevolence, and practical malignity, of man.

We pity those who lived three hundred years ago, as if the world was hardly then awake, and they were condemned to feel their way and drag out an inanimate existence in the obscure dawn of manners and civilization: we forsooth are at the meridian, and the ages that are to follow are dark night. But if there were any truth in our theory, we should be as much behind-hand and objects of scorn to those who are to come after us, as we have a fancied advantage over those that have preceded us.—Supposing it to be a misfortune to have lived in the age of Raphael or Virgil, it would be desirable (if it were possible) still to postpone the period of our existence *sine die*; for the value of time must mount up, as it proceeds, through the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees. Common sense with a little reflection will teach us, that one age is as good as another; that in familiar phrase *we cannot have our cake and eat it*; and that there is no time like the present, whether in the first, the tenth or the twentieth century.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

Oh! fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home,
A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display;
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light,
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,
The sparkling, and the strong;
He who would learn the poet craft—
He who would shine in song—
Should pledge the flowing bowl
With warm and generous wine;
'Twas wine that warm'd Anacreon's soul,
And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gather'd from thy dew?
He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse;
What power but thine could e'er diffuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh! would that I could raise
The magic of that tongue;
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given,
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon earth.

How mighty—how divine,
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.
It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence, and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy
To the desolate—oppress'd—
For wine can every grief destroy
That gathers in the breast.
The sorrows, and the care,
That in our hearts abide,
'Twill chase them from their dwellings
there,
To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm,
With feelings undefined,
Throwing their deep diffusive charm
O'er all the realms of mind.
The loveliness of truth
Flings out its brightest rays,
Clothed in the songs of early youth,
Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,
The beautiful, the bright;
We hear the music of her tongue,
Breathing its deep delight.
We see again each glance,
Each bright and dazzling beam,
We feel our throbbing hearts still dance,
We live but in a dream.

From darkness and from woe,
A power like lightning darts;
A glory cometh down to throw
Its shadow o'er our hearts.
And dimm'd by falling tears,
A spirit seems to rise,
That shews the friend of other years
Is mirror'd in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief and care,
Had dimm'd his setting star;
And we think with tears of those that were,
To smile on those that are.
Yet though the grassy mound
Sits lightly on his head,
We'll pledge, in solemn silence round,
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD!

The sparkling juice now pour,
With fond and liberal hand;
Oh! raise the laughing rim once more,
Here's to our FATHER LAND!
Up, every soul that hears,
Hurrah! with three times three;
And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,
The "ISLAND OF THE FREE."

Then fill the wine-cup high,
The sparkling liquor pour;
For we will care and grief defy,
They ne'er shall plague us more.
And ere the snowy foam
From off the wine departs,
The precious draught shall find a home—
A dwelling in our hearts.

From the Monthly Review.

A NEW VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,
in the years 1823, '24, '25, and '26. By Ot-
to Von Kotzebue, Post Captain in the Russian
Imperial Navy. In 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830

IN these days, when voyages of discovery to various parts of the globe, and round it, are by no means rare, we cannot look for much novelty in the journals that describe them. Greater exactness in fixing the latitudes of islands already known, more ample expositions of the state of society among the communities which inhabit them, and what is of considerable importance, the continuation of their history, down to the latest period, when they were visited by Europeans, constitute nearly all the new information which we can fairly expect from successive enterprises of this description. If there be a pleasure in retracing scenes with which we have been before acquainted, and in observing the changes to which they have been subjected—changes which mark the progress of civilization all over the globe—that pleasure is not a little increased, when we are indebted for it to an officer so distinguished in the service of his country, and to an author, who, upon all occasions, shews himself to be so much the friend of mankind, as Captain Kotzebue. He is a true sailor, whose heart is in the right place. We are rather surprised at some of his religious prejudices, considering that Russians are, in general, eminently liberal on that subject. But this does not prevent us from applauding the sentiments of humanity and kindness, with which every page of his work is animated. He is as pleasant a companion as we could desire for a voyage to the Pacific. He does not fatigue us with dissertations upon places with which all the world is sufficiently conversant. His attention is chiefly bestowed upon those of the islands that lay in his route, which are less known than they ought to be, considering the many points of interest which they present to the philosopher and the Christian. The value of his communications is in no degree diminished by the style of a narrative, often gay, and always good humoured.

The Captain, after parting with an affectionate wife, weighed anchor towards the end of July, 1823, in the roads of Cronstadt. The vessel which he commanded was called the *Predpriatie*, a frigate of a middling rank, the first that was built in Russia under a roof. Having escaped from the perils of the English Channel, which all foreigners, not without reason, dread so much, the Captain pursued the usual course by Rio to Cape Horn, which he

doubled with little difficulty, by keeping near the land, whereas, most navigators run sixty degrees south for that purpose, under the impression, that they will thus experience fewer impediments to their passage into the South Sea. In the summer months good east winds will often blow close to the land, when westerly winds prevail at a distance of forty miles to sea-ward! After a short stay in Chili, Captain Kotzebue proceeded to the Archipelago, lying between the parallels of 15 and 16 degrees south latitude, which he calls "the dangerous Archipelago," for the purpose of ascertaining, with exactness, the position of the islands which he had discovered on his former voyage. This track was the more interesting, as it has not been much frequented; its dangers arise from the multiplicity of the islands which compose the Archipelago, and which, being for the most part the work of those ever active artificers, the coral insects, are so low, that they can hardly be seen, even at a short distance. The Captain's observations upon these islands are useful in a geographical point of view. He sailed round some of them, and not finding the natives disposed to be friendly, he shaped his course for the Palliser Islands, discovered by Captain Cook, and was contented with seeing, from the mast-head, the group discovered by Bellingshausen. Most of the islands in this Archipelago are in the possession of inhabitants who seem hostile to strangers. They resemble their neighbours, the people of Otaheite, in language and dress. They must be civilized before the condition of the other South-Sea Islanders can be ameliorated.

At Otaheite, Captain Kotzebue had occasion to remark, that, under the superintendence of the Missionaries sent out by the London Society, the natives have become apparently attentive to religious duties. They celebrate the Sunday, by staying the greater part of the day in their houses, 'where they lay on their bellies reading the Bible and howling aloud; laying aside every occupation, they devoted, as they said, the whole day to prayer.' Their Sunday, by the way, was the Russian's Saturday, a difference arising from the first Missionaries having arrived at the island from the west, whilst he reached it from the east. When he completed the circle of the globe, he found that, in the course of his voyage, he had lost a day in his reckoning. The chief Missionary at Otaheite is a Mr. Nott, who has translated the Bible into the native language. He also first instructed the inhabitants in reading and writing—acquirements which, at present, are not uncommon amongst them. Wilson, the next in rank of the Missionaries, was originally a common sailor. Although now a zealous theologian, he is an honest, good-natured man. There are six other Missionaries in the island; some of the natives, after receiving a suitable education, as it is called, are sent upon the more difficult department of the service, to spread Christianity among the islands of the

dangerous Archipelago. Upon this, Kotzebue, with naivete, remarks: 'In Russia, a careful education, and diligent study at schools and universities is necessary to qualify any one to be a teacher of religion. The London Missionary Society is more easily satisfied; a half savage, confused by the dogmas of an uneducated sailor, is, according to them, perfectly fitted for the sacred office.' Our author's account of the appearance of an Otaheitan congregation is amusing:—

'Notwithstanding the seriousness and devotion apparent among the Tahitians, it is almost impossible for an European, seeing them for the first time, in their Sunday attire, to refrain from laughter. The high value which they set on clothes of our manufacture, has already been remarked; they are more proud of possessing them, than our ladies of diamonds and Persian shawls, or our gentlemen of stars and orders. As they know nothing of our fashions, they pay no sort of attention to the cut, and even age and wear do not much diminish their estimation of their attire; a ripped-out seam, or a hole, is no drawback in the elegance of the article. These clothes, which are brought to Tahiti by merchant ships, are purchased at a rag-market, and sold there at an enormous profit. The Tahitian, therefore, finding a complete suit of clothes very expensive, contents himself with a single garment: whoever can obtain an English military coat, or even a plain one, goes about with the rest of his body naked, except the universally worn girdle; the happy owner of a waistcoat, or a pair of trowsers, thinks his wardrobe amply furnished. Some have nothing more than a shirt; and others, as much oppressed by the heat, under a heavy cloth mantle, as they would be in a Russian bath, are far too vain of their finery to lay it aside. Shoes, boots, or stockings are rarely met with, and the coats, mostly too tight and too short, make the oddest appearance imaginable: many of their wearers can scarcely move their arms, and are forced to stretch them out like the sails of a windmill, while their elbows, curious to see the world, peep through slits in the seams. Let any one imagine such an assembly, perfectly satisfied of the propriety of their costume, and wearing, to complete the comic effect, a most ultra-serious expression of countenance, and he will easily believe that it was impossible for me to be very devout in their presence. The attire of the females, though not quite so absurd, was by no means picturesque; some wore white or striped men's shirts, which did not conceal their knees, and others were wrapped in sheets. Their hair was cut quite close to the roots, according to a fashion introduced by the missionaries; and their heads covered by little European chip caps, of a most tasteless form, and decorated with ribbons and flowers made in Tahiti: but the most valuable article of dress was a coloured gown, an indubitable sign of the possessor's opulence, and the object of her unbounded vanity.

'When Wilson first mounted the pulpit, he bent his head forward, and concealing his face with an open Bible, prayed in silence; the whole congregation immediately imitated him, using their Psalm-books instead of Bibles. Af-

ter this, the appointed Psalm was sung, to a most incongruous tune, every voice being exerted to its utmost pitch, in absolute denance of harmony.

Wilson then read some chapters from the Bible, the congregation kneeling twice during the intervals; the greater part of them appeared very attentive, and the most decorous silence reigned; which was, however, occasionally interrupted by the chattering and tittering of some young girls seated behind me. I observed that some threatening looks directed towards them by Messrs. Bennet and Tyrman, seemed to silence them for a moment; but their youthful spirits soon overcoming their fears, the whispering and giggling recommenced; and glances were cast at the white stranger, which seemed to intimate no unwillingness to commence a closer acquaintance. After the conclusion of the sermon, another psalm was sung, and the service concluded. The display of costume, as the congregation strolled homeward in groups, with the greatest self-complacency, through the beautiful broad avenues, their Psalm-books under their arms, was still more strikingly ludicrous than in church. I had by this time, however, lost all inclination to laugh.—vol. i. pp. 155–158.

The author's inclination to laugh was checked by a train of reflections into which he fell, upon the history of the establishment in the islands of what the Missionaries called *Christianity*. He describes it as having been forced upon the people by the first king, Tago, who was converted by the Missionaries. Whoever would not adopt it was put to death. With the zeal for making proselytes, the rage of tigers took possession of a people once so gentle. Streams of blood flowed—whole races were exterminated. We are willing to believe that there is some exaggeration in this statement. We must remember that it is made by a member of the Greek church, which is not particularly distinguished by a spirit of toleration. The Missionaries are now the real civil governors, as well as the spiritual directors of the Tahaitians. They have given them a constitution like that of England! We fear that there is too much truth in the following observations:—

‘True, genuine Christianity, and a liberal government, might have soon given to this people, endowed by nature with the seeds of every social virtue, a rank among civilized nations. Under such a blessed influence, the arts and sciences would soon have taken root; the intellect of the people would have expanded, and a just estimation of all that is good, beautiful, and eternally true, would have refined their manners, and ennobled their hearts. Europe would soon have admired, perhaps have envied, Tahiti: but the religion taught by the

Missionaries is not true Christianity, though it may possibly comprehend some of its doctrines, but half understood even by the teachers themselves. That it was established by force, is of itself an evidence against its Christian principle. A religion which consists in the eternal repetition of prescribed prayers, which forbids every innocent pleasure, and cramps or annihilates every mental power, is a libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity, the benign Friend of human kind. It is true, that the religion of the Missionaries has, with a great deal of evil, effected some good. It has abolished heathen superstitions and an irrational worship, but it has introduced new errors in their stead. It has restrained the vices of theft and incontinence, but it has given birth to bigotry, hypocrisy, and a hatred and contempt of all other modes of faith, which was once foreign to the open and benevolent character of the Tahitian. It has put an end to avowed human sacrifices, but many more human beings have been actually sacrificed to it, than ever were to their heathen gods.

‘The elder Foster estimated, as we have already seen, the population of Tahiti at one hundred and thirty thousand souls. Allowing that he over-calculated it, by even as much as fifty thousand, still eighty thousand remained:—the present population amounts to only eight thousand; so that nine-tenths must have disappeared. The diseases introduced by ardent spirits, the manufacture of Europe and America, may, indeed, have much increased the mortality, but they are also known in many islands in the South Seas, without having caused any perceptible diminution in the population. It is not known, that plague of any kind has ever raged here: it was, therefore, the bloody persecution instigated by the Missionaries, which performed the office of a desolating infection. I really believe that these pious people were themselves shocked at the consequences of their zeal; but they soon consoled themselves; and have ever since continued to watch with the most vigilant severity over the maintenance of every article of their faith. Hence, among the remains of these murdered people, their former admirable industry, and their joyous buoyancy of spirits, have been changed for continual praying and meditating upon things which the teachers understand as little as the taught.

‘The Tahitians of the present day, hardly know how to plait their mats, make their paper stuffs, or cultivate a few roots. They content themselves with the bread-fruit, which the soil yields spontaneously, in quantities more than sufficient for their reduced population. Their Navy, which excited the astonishment of Europeans, has entirely disappeared. They build no vessels but a few little paltry canoes, with which they fish off the neighbouring coral islands, and make their longest voyages in American and European boats which they have purchased. With the method of producing those commodities of civilized nations which they prize so highly, they are still as much as ever unacquainted. They possess sheep and excellent cotton; but no spinning-wheel, no loom, has yet been set in motion among them; they choose rather to buy their cloth and cot-

* The exposure, by our countryman the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of the misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review on this subject,† will render the public slow in believing *ex parte* statements from any quarter, and especially where, as in the present instance, there is so much reason to think the writer biased by his religious prejudices.—Ed. Mvs.

† See Museum for 1827, page 63.

ton of foreigners for real gold and pearls; one of our sailors sold an old shirt for five piastres. Horses and cattle have been brought to them, but the few that remain, have fallen into the possession of strangers, and have become so scarce, that one hundred piastres was asked for an ox, that we wanted in provisioning the ship. The Queen alone possesses a pair of horses, but she never uses them. The island contains but one smith, though the assistance of the forge and bellows would be so useful in repairing the iron tools which have superseded those of stone formerly in use. It is extraordinary, that even the foreigners established here, carry on no mechanical trade. Can it be that the Missionaries object to it? It is certain that they possess great influence even over the settlers. An American, however, was planning the introduction of a sugar manufactory, and promised himself great profit from it.

By order of the Missionaries the flute, which once awakened innocent pleasure, is heard no more. No music but that of the psalms is suffered in Tahiti: dancing, mock-fights, and dramatic representations are no longer permitted. Every pleasure is punished as a sin, among a people whom Nature destined to the most cheerful enjoyment. One of our friends having begun to sing for joy over a present he had received, was immediately asked by his comrades, with great terror, what he thought would be the consequence, should the Missionaries hear of it.—vol. i. pp. 167—172.

Captain Kotzebue next visited Pitcairn's Island, and those called the Navigator's, one of which is Maoua, where several of La Perouse's companions were murdered. Its shores are particularly inviting, being bordered with cocoa-trees. Kotzebue considers its inhabitants as atrocious as ever. Some of them who approached his vessel in canoes, invited him and his officers, by pantomimic gestures, to land, signifying that they would there be abundantly supplied with every thing they could require; an invitation, however, which the prudent Russian declined. He has no doubt that the inhabitants of Maoua, as well as those of many of the South Sea islands, are still cannibals; and he advises that foreigners should not venture amongst them without the greatest precaution. They are not all equally wicked. We find an agreeable contrast to the people of Maoua, from whom Kotzebue escaped with some difficulty, in those of a little island which he sets down as a new discovery.

In the evening the island of Olajava appeared in sight; and about seven miles from a little island lying in its neighbourhood, several canoes, carrying two or three men each, rowed toward us, deterred neither by the distance nor the increasing darkness. Our visitors proved to be merry fishermen, for their carefully constructed little canoes, adorned with inlaid muscle-shells, were amply provided with large angling hooks made of mother-of-pearl, attached to long fine lines, and various kinds of implements for fishing, and contained an abundance of fine live fish of the mackerel kind.

An expression of openness and confidence

sat on the countenance of this people. Our purchases were carried on with much gaiety and laughter on both sides. They gave us their fish, waited quietly for what we gave them in return, and were perfectly satisfied with their barter.

Their attention was strongly attracted to the ship. They examined her closely from the hold to the mast-head, and made many animated remarks to each other on what they saw. If they observed any manœuvres with the sails or tackle, they pointed with their fingers towards the spot, and appeared to watch with the most eager curiosity the effect produced.

It was evident that this people, sailors by birth, took a lively interest in whatever related to navigation. Their modest behaviour, contrasted so strikingly with the impudent impudence of the inhabitants of Maoua, that we should have been inclined to consider them of a different race, but for their exact resemblance in every other particular, even in the dressing of their hair, though this was even more elaborately performed—an attention to appearance which is curious enough, when compared with the dirty uncombed locks of European fishermen; but among the South Sea Islanders fishing is no miserable drudgery of the lowest class, but the pride and pleasure of the most distinguished, as hunting is with us. Tameamea, the mighty King of the Sandwich Islands, was a very clever fisherman, and as great an enthusiast in the sport as any of our European princes in the stag chase. As soon as the increasing darkness veiled the land from our sight, our visitors departed, and we could hear their regular measured song, long after they were lost from view.

The little island they inhabit not being marked on any map, it is probably a new discovery. By what name the natives called it I could not learn; and therefore, to distinguish it from three other small islands lying to the north, mentioned by La Perouse, I gave it the name of Fisher's Island. It rises almost perpendicularly from the sea to a considerable height, and is overgrown with thick wood.—vol. i. pp. 268—270.

The Navigator's islands are known to be the most beautiful in the Southern Ocean. Captain Kotzebue was, however, contented with seeing them from his vessel, being not at all disposed to form any acquaintance with their inhabitants, of whom he was extremely, though perhaps not unjustly, suspicious. He next shaped his course for the North, with a view to reach the Radaek chain of islands, where, on account of their proximity to the equator, he purposed to stop and make some observations on the pendulum. It was a remarkable circumstance that, at the ninth degree of south latitude, the frigate was carried daily from twenty to thirty miles westward, but when under three degrees of south latitude and one hundred and eighty degrees of longitude, the current suddenly changed, and she was driven with equal velocity in the contrary direction. The Radaek islands have been already described in Captain Kotzebue's former work. Ho

considers the inhabitants as 'among the best of Nature's children.' They live wholly on fish and vegetables, are tall and well made, and many of the women, who decorate their black hair with flowers and strings of muscle-shells, are entitled to be called handsome. The meeting of the Captain and his Radack friends, whom he had visited eight years before, is described as extremely interesting. The vessel being a very different one from that which they had already seen, they fled universally into the interior of the island upon its appearance. They called upon their gods for help in a sort of shrieking song, accompanied by a drum, which signified the utmost alarm. The sound of the invocation continued through the whole night. In the morning, having resolved to yield to their destiny, and to endeavour to sue for the favour of the strangers, they appeared upon the shore in a long procession, bearing branches of palm as symbols of peace. When at length they discovered their friend, their terror was changed into the wildest joy, which they exhibited in frolic gestures, dances, and songs. The powerful tones of the muscle horn resounded through the woods, and the delight and warm feelings of these primitive islanders were expressed in every possible way. 'I was deeply affected,' says the Captain, 'by the ardour of their reception; their unsophisticated hearts beat with sincere affection towards me, and how seldom have I felt this happy consciousness among the civilized nations of the world!' It is like going to the early ages of the world, to dwell for a moment on the scene which awaited the Captain upon his landing at Otdia.

'Even the women and children now made their appearance; and, among them, Rarik's loquacious mother, who, with much gesticulation, made me a long speech, of which I understood very little. When she had concluded, Rarik and Lagediak, each offering me an arm, led me to the house of the former.

'Upon a verdant spot before it, surrounded and shaded by bread-fruit trees, young girls were busily spreading mats for Dr. Eschocholz and myself to sit on. Rarik and Lagediak seated themselves facing us, and the mother (eighty years of age) by my side, at a little distance. The other islanders formed a compact circle; the nearest line seating themselves, and those behind standing, to secure a better view of us. Some climbed; and fathers raised their children in their arms, that they might see over the heads of the people. The women brought baskets of flowers, and decorated us with garlands; and Rarik's mother, drawing from her ears the beautiful white flower of the lily kind, so carefully cultivated here as an indispensable ornament of the female sex, did her best to fasten it into mine, with strings of grass, while the people expressed their sympathy by continual cries of "*Aidarah*." In the mean time the young girls were employed in pressing into muscle-shells the juice of the Pandanus, which they presented to us with a sort of sweetmeat

*Meaning friend.

called Mogan, prepared from the same fruit; the flavour of both is very agreeable.'—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

Rarik and Lagediak were old friends of the Captain. The former, after the first burst of joy, fell into tears, and was reduced to such a state of melancholy that the Russians thought he must have been guilty of some horrible crime, of murder at the least, during the interval that had elapsed. The whole amount of his iniquity seemed at first to be no more than an unintentional violation of a promise upon his part, respecting the care of some plants and animals with which Kotzebue had enriched the island, and of which a neighbouring chieftain had deprived it. His guilt, however, was a great deal less even than this. A plate fastened to a tree, with the name of the Captain and his former crew inscribed upon it, was entrusted to the special guardianship of Rarik and the islanders. It had been stolen, nobody knew by whom, and for this circumstance alone was the remorse of Rarik excited. The human heart is surely not altogether so corrupt in its original state as some philosophers have asserted. Even the battles of this people appear to be conducted upon a peculiar principle, differing widely from the savage warfare of the more southern islanders.

'I expressed to Rarik my wish to know more of their method of warfare; he and Lagediak in consequence assembled two troops, which they opposed to each other at a short distance, as hostile armies; the first rank, in both, consisting of men, and the second of women. The former were armed with sticks instead of lances, the latter had their baskets filled with pandana seeds for stones, and their hair, instead of being, as usual, tastefully bound up, hung dishevelled and wild about their heads, giving them the appearance of maniacs. Rarik placed himself at the head of one troop, and Lagediak of the other: both gave the signal for attack, by blowing their muscle-horns. The adverse forces approached; but instead of the battle, began a comic dance, in which the two armies emulated each other in grimaces, furious gesticulations, and a distortion of the eyes, which left only the whites visible, while the women shrieked a war-song, which, if their opponents had been lovers of harmony, would assuredly have put them to flight. The leaders on each side took no share in these violent exertions, but stood still animating their troops by the tones of the muscle-horn. When exhausted by these efforts, the horns were silent, and the armies separated by mutual consent, looking on while some of the most valiant from each side, came forward to challenge with threats and abuse a champion of the enemy to single combat. This was represented by dancing and songs, and occasional movements with the hand, as if to throw the lance, which the antagonist sought to avoid, by dexterously springing aside. The respective armies and their leaders animated the courage of their warriors by battle-songs, till the horns were blown again: the armies once more slowly approached each other; the champions retired into their ranks,

and the battle was renewed with a prodigious noise; spears waved in the air; pandana seed flew from the delicate hands of the female warriors, over the heads of their husbands, upon the enemy, but the armies never came near enough to be really engaged. The leaders remained in front loudly blowing their horns, and sometimes giving commands. At length, by accident or design, one of Lagediak's men fell; the battle was now over, the victory decided, and the signal given for drawing off the forces. Both armies were so exhausted, that they threw themselves on the grass, and amidst laughter and merriment, gave themselves up to repose.'—vol. i. pp. 321—323.

The people of Radack have also their dramatic representations, one of which was witnessed by Captain Kotzebue, whose description of it cannot fail to prove interesting to the reader.

'The number of *dramatis persone* was twenty-six, thirteen men and thirteen women, who seated themselves in the following order, on a spot of smooth turf. Ten men sat in a semicircle, and opposite to them ten women, in a semicircle also; so that by uniting the points, an entire circle would have been formed; but a space of about six feet was left at both ends, in each of which sat an old woman provided with a drum. This drum made of the hollow trunk of a tree, is about three feet long, six inches in diameter at each end, narrowed like an hour-glass, to half that thickness in the middle. Both ends are covered with the skin of the shark: it is held under the arm, and struck with the palm of the hand. In the middle of the circle old Langedieu took his station, with a handsome young woman, sitting back to back. The whole party were elegantly adorned about the head, and the females about the body also, with garlands of flowers. Outside the circle sat two men with muscle-horns. The hollow tones of these horns are the signal for a chorus performed by the whole company, with violent movements of the arms, and gesticulations, meant to be in consonance with the words. When this ceased, a duet from the pair in the middle was accompanied by the drums and horns only; Langedieu fully equaling his young companion in animation. The chorus then began again, and this alternation was repeated several times, till the young songstress, whose motions had been growing more and more vehement, suddenly fell down as dead. Langedieu's song then became lower and more plaintive; he bent over the body, and seemed to express the deepest sorrow; the whole circle joined in his lamentations, and the play concluded.

'Deficient as was my knowledge of the language, I was still able clearly to understand the subject of this tragedy, which represented a marriage ceremony. The young girl was forced to accept of a husband whom she did not love, and preferred death to such an union. Perhaps, the reason of old Langedieu's playing the part of the lover might be, to give more probability to the young bride's objections and resolution.'—vol. i. pp. 323—330.

This dramatic exhibition would be imperfect without the dinner by which it was followed.

'The young females assembled here, among whom the deceased bride of Langedieu soon re-appeared, fresh and lively as ever, reminded me of Kadu's assertion, that the women of Ormed, were the handsomest in Radack. Some of them were really very attractive, and their flowery adornments extremely becoming.—These people have more taste than any other of the South Sea islanders; and the manner in which the woman dress their hair, and decorate it with flowers, would have a beautiful effect even in the European ball room. When the actors had recovered from the fatigue of their performances, dinner, which some of the females had been long preparing in the hut, was served to us. Only a few of the persons assembled, enjoyed the honour of partaking our meal. Some of these were females. The ground of Langedieu's hut was covered with matting, on which we sat, and the provisions were placed on clean cocoa-leaves in the middle. Every one had a cocoa-leaf for a plate. Upon the dishes were laid wooden spoons, with which the guests helped themselves—an improvement since my former visit to Radack, when their mode was to help themselves from the dish with their hands. Langedieu remarked, that the order of his table pleased me, and said, *Mamnam Russia magari* (the Russians eat so.) I rejoiced in the increased civilization denoted by this more becoming mode of eating; probably introduced by Kadu, who had seen it during his stay among us. I enjoyed a still greater pleasure, when, after the first course of baked and bread-fruits, came one of yams, which I had brought hither from the Sandwich Islands. At Otdia, I had been told that Lanvari had carried away to Aur, all the plants I had left behind. I was therefore much surprised at the sight of the yams. They perfectly supply the place of our potatoes, are wholesome and pleasant, and, if cultivated with moderate industry, are a certain resource against famine. Langedieu told me, that Kadu, had planted the yams on Ormed, and after dinner showed me a pretty large field very well stocked with them.

'The delightful feelings with which I surveyed the new plantation may be imagined, when it is recollected, that these poor islanders, from want of means of subsistence, are compelled, assuredly with heavy hearts, to murder their own offspring, and that this yam alone is sufficient to remove so horrible a necessity. I might joyfully affirm, that through my instrumentality the distressed mother need no longer look to the birth of her third or fourth child with the dreadful consciousness that she endured all her pain only to deliver a sacrifice to the hand of the murderer. When she should clasp her child to her breast, and see her husband look on it with a father's tenderness, they might both remember "Tatalin," with the beneficent plants which he had given them. I beg pardon for this digression, and return to our dinner.

'After the yams, a number of dishes were produced, prepared from the powdered cocoa-wood, which is made with water into a thick paste, and then baked in small cakes: it has no taste at all, and cannot be very nutritious. A dessert of Mogan and Pandana juice concluded the repast. The drink was cocoa-milk sucked

from a hole made in the nut. The conversation, in which the females, who are treated extremely well, took part, was very lively, but perfectly decorous. I wished to understand more of it: from the words, I inferred that they were speaking of the ship, and of the dramatic entertainment, and should have been glad to have contributed my share to the general amusement. After I had delighted the host and the amiable company by presents of hatchets, knives, scissors, and necklaces, which latter were by no means in as great estimation here as on the Navigator's Islands, I took my leave, and returned early in the evening to the ship.—vol. i. pp. 330—333.

We can easily conceive the regret with which Captain Kotzebue departed from the Radack islands, for the discovery of which we are indebted to his former voyage. They are situated so far out of the course usually pursued by the South Sea navigators, that it is to be hoped they may escape the corruption of *civilized* vices. The captain is of opinion that they have not been very long peopled. They have no tradition on the subject of their origin. Their language differs from all the Polynesian (*many-island*) dialects, and is considered to be of a more recent formation. Kotzebue gallantly, and we hope truly, attributes the superiority of their manners to the great influence which is exercised by the females. 'Experience teaches us,' adds the author, 'that wherever that sex is held in due estimation, morals are proportionably refined.'

From these charming islands, the captain proceeded to Kamtschatka, and to New Archangel, the principal settlement of the Russian-American company, on the island of Sitka. The natives of Sitka are called Kalushes, by the Russians, and are described as the most worthless and disgusting people on the face of the earth. Their black straight hair hangs dishevelled over their broad faces, which are daily smeared over with a composition of ochre and earth, in broad black, white, and red stripes, crossed in all directions. Their cheek-bones stand out, their noses are wide and flat, their mouths large, their lips thick, their eyes small, black, and fiery, and their teeth strikingly white. The moment the beard appears, it is torn out by the roots. In the severest cold of winter, they walk about naked, and plunge into the water as the best method of warming themselves. The women mix their long tangled hair with the feathers of the white eagle. When nearly marriageable they add to their native ugliness by an incision in the under lip, which is rendered continually larger until it assumes the most hideous aspect. The customs of such a race as this we willingly pass over.

The winter of 1824 was spent in the Californias and the Sandwich Islands. Upon the former rich and beautiful country, Russia, it is well known, has long had her eye. It is not yet, we believe, brought under any settled system of government. Kotzebue confesses that he could not help speculating upon the benefit

this country would derive from becoming a province of his powerful empire, and how useful it would prove to Russia—an inexhaustible granary for Kamtschatka, Ochotsk, and all the settlements of the American Company. These regions, so often afflicted with a scarcity of corn, would derive new life from a close connection with California. A thousand ships might lie at anchor in the bay of St. Francisco, and about the north-western coast are numerous creeks particularly advantageous for repairs. A few of the author's observations upon this unfrequented country are worth attention.

'The whole of the northern part of the bay, which does not properly belong to California, but is assigned by geographers to New Albion, has hitherto remained unvisited by voyagers, and little known even to the Spaniards residing in the country. Two large navigable rivers, which I afterwards surveyed, empty themselves into it; one from the east. The land is extremely fruitful, and the climate is perhaps the finest and most healthy in the world. It has hitherto been the fate of these regions, like that of modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed: but posterity will do them justice; towns and cities will hereafter flourish, where all is now a desert; the waters, over which scarcely a solitary boat is yet seen to glide, will reflect the flags of all nations; and a happy, prosperous people, receiving with thankfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world.—vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

The reader may possibly remember the formidable inundation which occurred at Petersburg in the winter of 1824. Captain Kotzebue mentions a very extraordinary fact, that a similar phenomenon occurred in California on the very same day, and at the very same hour.

'The California winter being now fairly set in, we had much rain and frequent storms. On the 9th of October the south-west wind blew with the violence of the West-Indian tornado, rooted up the strongest trees, tore off the roofs of the houses, and occasioned great devastation in the cultivated lands. One of our thickest cables broke, and if the second had given way, we should have driven on the rocky shore of the channel which unites the bay with the sea, where a powerful current, struggling with the tempest, produced a frightful surf. Fortunately the extreme violence of the storm lasted only a few hours, but in that short time it caused a destructive inundation; the waters spread so rapidly over the low lands that our people had scarcely time to secure the tent, with the astronomical apparatus. On comparing the time of day at St. Petersburg and St. Francisco, by means of the difference of longitude, it appears that the tremendous inundation at the former city took place at the same hour as that in California. Several hundred miles westward, on the Sandwich Islands, the wind raged with similar fury at the same time, as it did also still farther off, upon the Philippine Islands, where it was accompanied by an earthquake. So violent was the storm in the bay of Manila (usually so safe a harbour) that a French corvette at anchor there, under the command of Captain Bougan-

ville, a son of the celebrated navigator, was entirely dismasted, as we afterwards heard, on the Sandwich Islands, and at Manilla itself. This hurricane, therefore, raged at the same time over the greatest part of the northern hemisphere; the cause which produced it may possibly have originated beyond our atmosphere.—vol. i. pp. 134—136.

After visiting the Sandwich Islands, Captain Kotzebue steered southward, touched at the Pescadores, the Ladrones, the Phillipines, and several small islands, and returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, once more dropped his anchor, on the 10th of July, 1827, in the Roads of Cronstadt.

From Fraser's Magazine.

INSCRIPTIONS.

LIFE.

Πᾶς τις ἀνὴρ θάνατον οὐ φοβέται, βίαν;

O Life, how may we pass from thee,
Except along the valley drear,
Where Death is sitting, for thy face
Is ever darken'd by a tear;
And we do long to flee away,
Our spirit hath no dwelling here.

Thy home is among glorious things :—
The pleasant earth, the sea—
The sun, the stars, the summer moon,
Are companions unto thee;
And joy doth hang about thy neck—alas!
That sorrow by thy side should be!

DEATH.

Τὸς θάνατον οὐ φοβέται τὸς νεκρὸς γὰρ ἔσται

Pale walker in the silent night,
Dreaming some ancient harmony,
While thy feet, like moonlight, pass
Over the mossy cemet'ry—
With thy finger close mine eyes,
Oh, take me to thy company!
Watcher at the churchyard gate,
I sit down by thee on the stone,
Thine arm is round me, and thy voice
Soundeth like some olden tone
From my mother's lips—it calleth
The weary one—thine own!

HOPE AND FORTUNE.

Εὐχὴ καὶ σὺ Τύχῃ, μὴ γὰρ χάρις.

Hope and Fortune, fare ye well,
I fear not now the winter's blast;
Let the whirlwind's feet go by,
The vigil of my heart is past—
The little stream hath found its way
Into the sea of Time at last.

WINTER RHAPSODY.

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

[Extracted from an article in Blackwood's Magazine.]

A MYRIAD-MINDED Vision of Winter comes, breathing, frost-work-like, over the mirror of our imagination! And who knows but that the words which give it a second being—words seeming to be things, and things thoughts—after all that evanescent imagery has relapsed into nothing, may prove a Prize-Poem, in which the lover of nature may behold some of her

most beautiful and sublimest forms, fixed permanently before his gaze—that mental gaze, which, when the bodily eye is shut, or its range limited, continues to behold all creation in boundless reveries and dreams, lying beneath a sweeter or a more sullen light than ever fell from a material sun over a material world?

A Prose-Poem! The builders of the lofty rhyme are now contented to look back, through the vista of years, on the enduring edifices their genius constructed in its prime—some are old and some dead—the right hands of all the living have either forgot their cunning, are idle in the joy of glory achieved, or are loath to essay other works,

“Lest aught else great might stamp them mortal.”

Some hands may have been chilled—almost palsied by doubt—despondency—or “hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick,” and they who own them, number themselves no more among the Muses' Sons. The cares and duties of life have won away others from the charms of song; and haply one or two there be, in whom strange and cureless sorrows have dimmed and deadened

“The Vision and the Faculty divine!”

Now that those deep diapasons have ceased to roll—now that no more,

—“through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,”

in the hush may audience be found to listen even to our humble strains—provided they are breathed from the inspiration of a not unthoughtful heart, and obey the biddings of that Sense of Beauty, which is born with every creature “endowed with discourse of reason;” and when cherished by Conscience, God's vicegerent here below, can clothe insensate things with the charm of life, and imbue life with a spirit that speaks of immortality!

A Prose-Poem! Yes—Prose is Poetry, whenever Passion and Imagination give utterance, in union and in unison, to the dreams by which they are haunted and possessed! Then from the lips of us all come

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”

and the whole “mysterious world of eye and ear” undergoes fair or glorious transfiguration. This House of ours is a prison—this Study of ours a cell. Time has laid his fetters on our feet—fettlers fine as the gossamer, but strong as Samson's ribs, silken-soft to wise submission, but to vain impatience galling as cankered wound that keeps ceaselessly eating into the bone. But while our bodily feet are thus bound by an inevitable and inexorable law, lo! our mortal wings are yet free as those of the lark, the dove, or the eagle—and they shall be expanded as of yore, in calm or tempest, now touching with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth, and now aspiring heavenwards, beyond the realms of mist and cloud, even unto the very core of the still heart of

that otherwise unapproachable sky, which graciously opens to receive the soul on its flight, when, disencumbered of the burden of all grovelling thoughts, and strong in its spirituality, it exults to soar

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,"

nearing and nearing the native region of its own incomprehensible being! Now touching, we said, with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth! How sweet that attraction to imagination's wings! How delightful in that lower flight to skim along the green ground, or as now, along the soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin snow! We were asleep all night long—sound asleep as children—while the flakes were falling, and "soft as snow on snow" were all the descendings of our untroubled dreams. The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled by that peaceful shower—and the sun, pleased with the purity of the morning-earth, all white as innocence—looked down from heaven with a meek unmelting light, and still leaves undissolved the stainless splendour. There is Frost in the air—but he "does his spiriting gently," studding the ground-snow thickly with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dews of spring. You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit shewing itself through that fairy veil—momentarily disguised from recognition—but admired the more in the sweet surprise with which again your heart salutes its familiar branches all fancifully ornamented with their snow-foliage, that murmurs not like the green leaves of summer, that like the yellow leaves of autumn strews not the earth with decay, but often melts away into change so invisible and inaudible, that you wonder, in the sunshine, to find that it is all vanished, and to see the old tree again standing in its own faint-green glossy bark, with its many million buds which perhaps fancy suddenly expands into a power of umbrage impenetrable to the sun in Scorpio.

Lo! a sudden burst of sunshine, bringing back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it, till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror! Behold what a cheerful Sun-scene, though almost destitute of life!—An undulating Landscape, hillocky and hilly, but not mountainous, and buried under the weight of a day and night's incessant and continuous snowfall! The weather has not been windy—and now that the flakes have ceased falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braidings, here and there along the calm of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most luminous is the sun, but you can look straight on his face, almost with unwinking eyes, so mild and mellow is his large light as it overflows the day. All enclosures have disappeared, and you indistinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a village, a town—the faint

haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence. For all the streams are dumb, and the great rivers lie like a dead serpent in the strath. Not dead—for, lo! yonder one of his folds glitters—and in the glitter you see him moving—while all the rest of his sullen length is palsied by frost, and looks livid and more lived at every distant and more distant winding. What blackens on that tower of snow? Crows roosting innumerable on a huge tree—but they caw not in their hunger. Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard—but they are cared for—the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life—and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts.—There has been a deep fall—but no storm—and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death. Therefore, to the imagination, unsaddened by the heart, the repose is beautiful. The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene—its simple and grand monotony—lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life. And the heart burns as here and there some human dwelling discovers itself by a wreath of smoke up the air, or as the robin redbreast, a creature that is ever at hand, comes flitting before your path, with an almost pert flutter of his feathers, bold from the acquaintanceship he has formed with you in severer weather at the threshold or window of the tenement, which, for years, may have been the winter sanctuary of the "bird whom man loves best," and who bears a Christian name in every clime he inhabits. Meanwhile the sun waxes brighter and warmer in heaven—some insects are in the air, as if that moment called to life—and the mosses that may yet be visible here and there along the ridge of a wall or on the stem of a tree, in variegated lustre frost-brightened, seem to delight in the snow, and in no other season of the year to be so happy as in winter. Such gentle touches of pleasure animate one's whole being, and connect, by many fine associations, these motions inspired by the objects of animate and inanimate nature, even sometimes giving to them all

"The glory and the freshness of a dream!"

Ponder on the idea—the emotion of purity—and how finely soul-blent is the delight imagination feels in a bright hush of new-fallen snow! Some speck or stain—however slight—there always seems to be on the most perfect whiteness of any other substance—or "dim suffusion veils" it with some faint discolour—witness even the leaf of the lily or the rose. Heaven forbid that we should ever breathe aught but love and delight in the beauty of these consummate flowers! But feels not the heart, even when the midsummer morning sunshine is melting the dews on their

fragrant bosoms, that their loveliness is "of the earth earthy"—faintly tinged or streaked, when at the very fairest, with a hue forboding languishment and decay? Not the less for its sake are those soulless flowers dear to us—thus owning kindred with them whose beauty is all soul,

"Oh, call it fair, not pale!"

enshrined for a short while on that perishable face! Do we not still regard these insensate flowers—so emblematical of what, in human life, we do most passionately love and profoundly pity—with a pensive emotion, often deepening into melancholy, that sometimes, ere the strong fit subsides, blackens into despair! Oh! what pain doubtless was in the heart of the Elegiac Poet of old, when he sighed over the transitory beauty of flowers—"Quam brevis—gratia Florum!"—an imperfect remembrance of a beautiful lament! But over a perfectly pure expanse of night—fallen snow, when, unaffected by the gentle sun, the first fine frost has incrustated it with small sparkling diamonds, the prevalent emotion is Joy. So Cowper felt, when he simply said,

"The vault is blue,
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below."

There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the "old familiar faces" of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and the innocent. "Pure as snow," are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance—far, far, farther still—in the world beyond the grave—the image of virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such, Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most star-like—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without speaking we bless the beauty of some sweet wild-flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow!

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of seven

sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried!

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious nature! Thou who art but a name given by our souls, seeing and hearing through the senses, to the Being in whom all things are and have life! Ere two years old, she, whose dream is now with us, all over the small silvan world, that beheld the revelation, how evanescent! of her pure existence—was called the "Holy Child!" the taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty, at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy, just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they—she seemed to have given to her—even in the communion of the cradle—an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of reason and of religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts; and her own parents wondered whence they came in her simplicity, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feelings—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parent's eyes—the divine nature of her who, for a season, was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without any teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven"—how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Saviour's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognise them not, or

pass them by, with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears, unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music, till like small genii they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colours, and to imitate with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul—so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies, and as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy!

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds. The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of her harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild flowers—with

wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high over-head sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbrier rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life! The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle task work self imposed among her pastimes; and itself, the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty, that still brings with it its own delight—and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy.—The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed, let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows—forebore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when there was nothing to hinder her from going up to the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallalujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the "Holy Child" from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven!

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon

shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears--penitential, in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed, in those strange visitings, to be haunting her as the shadows of sins--soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles! Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm, uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the "Holy Child;" and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music--the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many-voiced did then seem to be the sinless creature's sleep!

The love that was borne for her, all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven! Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from her lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the "Holy Child" was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity--and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept!

Not in vain for others--and for herself, oh! what great gain!--for these few years on earth, did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety--for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor spurned companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her--and parents had but to whisper her name--and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed--the lowering brow lighted--and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the piety, so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the "Holy Child," knew the errors of their ways, and returned to the right path, as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer--the bright-

est, so the aged said, that had ever, in man's memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moonlight, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need--no fear--to tell her that she was about to die! Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep--and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done--and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love--and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared--nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, miles off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed--for a while weeping bitterly--but soon comforted by a heavenly calm--that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn, which from her lips they now never heard without unendurable tears:

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!"

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew not the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake--and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss and no more--a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes--the father listened for her breath--and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding herself with its life like smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sud-

den stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none staid away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and though an old grey-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers!

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away disconsolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoke by that bedside; during many, many long years of weal or woe, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sun-shine, her eyes were seen to overflow! Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—after she had here ceased to be! Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child,"—and idle all their kirk-goings with "the Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate seven years not left a power of bliss behind them, triumphed over death and the grave!

Who wrote the affecting ballad-song called Donocht-head? "It is not mine," said Burns; "I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." If we mistake not, Allen Cunningham tells us that it was written by an unfortunate of the name of Picken, who lived, suffered, and died in or about the town to which it would be a foolish work of supererogation to carry coals. Dr. Currie felt its beauty—indeed, the Doctor was, on the whole, a good critic—though sometimes he subjected poets in their fever-fits to his favourite practice—the cold bath. "This affecting poem," quoth he, "is apparently incomplete. The author need not be ashamed to own himself. It is worthy of Burns or of Macneil." It bears perusal well,

even immediately after Thomson's Death in Snow.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

"Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
And shivering telle his waefu' tale.
'Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw."

"Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And piped where gor-cocks whirring flew;
And mony a day I've danced, I ween,
To lits which from my drone I blew.
My Epie waked, and soon she cry'd,
'Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din'."

"My Eppie's voice, I wow it's sweet,
Even though she bans and scaulds a wee;
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me.
'Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye shouldna stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame hae I,' the minstrel said,
'Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And, weeping at the eve of life,
I wander though a wreath o' snaw."

A fragment! and the more piteous because a fragment. Go in search of the pathetic, and you will find it tear-steeped, sigh-breathed, moan-muttered, and groaned in fragments. The poet seems often struck dumb by woe—his heart feels that suffering is at its acme—and that he should break off and away from a sight too sad to be longer looked on—haply too humiliating to be disclosed. So, too, it sometimes is with the beautiful. The soul in its delight seeks to escape from the emotion that oppresses it—is speechless; and the song falls mute. Such is frequently the character—and the origin of that character—of our auld Scottish Sings. In their mournfulness are they not almost like the wail of some bird distracted on the bush from which its nest has been harried, and then suddenly flying away for ever into the woods? In their joyfulness, are they not almost like the hymn of some bird, that love-stricken suddenly darts from the tree-top down to the carresses that flutter through the spring? Yea, even such, too, are often the airs to which those dear auld songs are sung! From excess of feeling—fragmentary! Or of one divine part—to which genius may be defied to conceive another, for but one hour in all time could have given it birth!

"The moon was a-waning!"

Is not that one o' our ain Shepherd's? It is indeed a—snaw-sang.

DIRGE.

"The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moreland so dreary.

"Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

"Alas pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

"How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corps of your lover!"

Daughter of our soul! would that from thy lips,
and set to thine own music, the Shepherd heard
"The moon was a-waning," flow! The poet
knows not the magic of his own strains, till he
hears their inspiration in the breath of young
and beautiful innocence. Then for the first
time, perhaps, are his eyes wet with his own
"repeated strains," and he feels that the virgin
voice has, like a golden key, unlocked

The sacred source of sympathetic tears!"

What sayeth our Shepherd himself, in one of
the delightfully characteristic notes or notices,
in the collection of his Songs—published this
very day—of "The moon was a-waning?"
"It is," quoth he, "one of the songs of my
youth, written long ere I threw aside the shep-
herd's plaid, and took farewell of my barking
colley, for a bard's perilous and thankless
occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a cen-
tury ago, and I have never got farther to this
day; but my friends would be far from regret-
ting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has
been mine. This was the first song of mine I
ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings
of exultation are not to be conceived by men
of sordid dispositions. I have often heard my
strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the
milking-green with delight; but I now found
that I had got a step higher; I, therefore, was
resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness
which no obloquy should diminish—and I have
kept the resolution. The song was first set to
music and sung by Miss C. Forest, and has

long been a favourite, and generally sung
through a great portion of Scotland."

Yes, James—thou art but a poor shepherd
still—poor in this world's goods—though Al-
trive Lake is a pretty little bit farmie—left to
thee still—with its few laigh sheep-braes—its
somewhat stony hayfield or two—its pasture
where Crummie may unhungered graze—
nyeuck for the potato's bloomy or ploomy
shaws—and path-divided from the porch the
garden, among whose flowers "wee Jamie"
plays. But nature has given thee, to console
thy heart in all disappointments, from the
"false smiling of fortune beguiling," a boon
which thou hast hugged to thy heart with
transport on the darkest day—the "gift o'
genie," and the power of immortal song!

And has Scotland to the Ettrick Shepherd
been just—been generous—as she was—or
was not—to the Ayrshire peasant—has she, in
her conduct to him, shewn her contrition for
her sin—whatever that may have been—to
Burns? It is hard to tell. Fashion tosses
the feathered head—and gentility turns away
her painted cheek from the mountain bard;
but when, at the shrine of true poetry, did ever
such votaries devoutly worship? Cold, false,
and hollow, ever has been their admiration of
genius—and different, indeed, from their
evanescent ejaculations, has ever been the en-
during voice of fame. Scorn be to the scorn-
ers! But Scott and Southey, and Byron, and
the other great bards, have all loved the Shep-
herd's lays—and Joanna the palm-crowned,
and Felicia the muse's darling, and Caroline
the Christian poetess, and all the other fair fe-
male spirits of song. And in his native land,
all hearts that love her streams, and her hills,
and her cottages, and her kirks, the bee-hum-
ming garden, and the primrose-circled fold,
the white hawthorn, and the green fairy-
knowe, all delight in Kilmany and Mary Lee,
and in many another vision that visited the
Shepherd in the Forest. What more could he
desire, than such sweet assurance that his
name will never die—but be remembered
among those of

"The poets who, on earth, have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays?"

Nor haply will the Old Man in future times
be altogether forgotten, who, in moods of mirth
or melancholy, still delighted to sound his
dear Shepherd's praise! While others scowl-
ed, he smiled—nor was the Shepherd ungrate-
ful for the sunshine that thus illumined the
gloom, though it was poured from an urn
which his own genius had filled with "golden
light." We ever listened to his lyre—sound-
ing sweetly to our ears in the wilderness—
while all unheard by the years of the world-
lings amidst the smoke and stir of their earthy
life. We loved to look on his honest face by
the light of his own ingle—or of his own fo-
rest moon. And we, by aid of Gurney the
Engrosser—have heaped up on his behalf, out

of the exhaustless granary of his own genius, words not a few and many-coloured,

"All redolent of youth,"

and of thoughts that, like perennial flowers, seemingly immortal in shade and sunshine, his imagination made rise from the seed it scattered lavishly and in profusion over a thousand hills. The face of the soul—is it not in its aspects—like the sky? and when is that sky so beautiful—as when far-and-wide, and high-over-head, spread out in the bright or dim, the merry or mournful light of the star-studded NOCTES?

Snow! Beautiful as it yet is to our eyes, even through our spectacles, how grey—in imagination—it looks beside the snow that used to come with the long winters that glorified the earth in our youth, till the white lustre was more delightful even than the green—and we prayed that the fine fleecy flakes might never cease falling waveringly from the veil of the sky. No sooner comes the Winter now, than he is away again to one of the poles. Then, it was a year in itself—a whole life. We remember slides a quarter of a mile long, on level meadows; and some not less deep, down the sides of hills that to us were mountains. No boy can slide on one leg now—not a single shoe seems to have sparables. The florid style of skating shews that that fine art is degenerating; and, except in a Torry, we look in vain for the grand simplicity of the masters that spread-eagled in the age of its perfection. A change has come over the spirit of the curler's dream. They seem to our ears indeed to have "quat their roaring play." The cry of "swoop-swoop" is heard still—but oh! a faint, feeble, and unimpassioned cry, compared with that that used, on the Mearns Brother-Loch, to make the welkin ring, and for a moment to startle the moon and stars—those in the sky, as well as those below the ice—till again the tumult subsided—and lo! all the host of heaven above and beneath serene as a world of dreams. Is it not even so, Shepherd? Oh! what is a rink now on a pond in Duddingstone policy, the rinks that rang and roared of old on the Loch o' the Lowes, when every stone, circled in a glorious halo of spray seemed instinct with spirit, to obey, along all its flight, the voice of him that launched it on its unerring aim, and sometimes, in spite of his awkward skilllessness, when the fate of the game hung on its own single crank, went cannonading through all obstacles, till it fell asleep, like a beauty as it was, just as it kissed the Tee!

Again we see—again we sit in the Snow-House, built by us boys out of a drift in the minister's glebe, a drift—judging by the steeple—which was sixty—about twenty feet high—and pure as marble. The roof was all strewn with diamonds, which frost saved from the sun. The porch of the Palace was pillared

—and the character of the building outside, was, without any servile imitation—for we worked in the glow of original genius—and none of us had then ever seen itself or its picture—wonderfully like the Parthenon. Entering, you found yourself in a superb hall, lighted up—not with gas, for up to that era, gas had never been used except in Pandemonium—but with a vast multitude of farthing-candles—each in a turnip stuck into the wall—while a chandelier of frozen snow branches pendent from the roofset that presence-chamber in a blaze. On a Throne at the upper end sat Young Christopher North—then the king of boys, as now of men—and proud were his subjects to do him homage. In niches all round the side-walls were couches covered with hare, rabbit, fougart and foxes' skins—furnished by those animals slain by us in the woods and among the rocks of that silvan and moorland parish—the regal Torus alone being spread with the dun-deer's hide from Lochiel Forest in Lochaber. Then old airs were sung—in sweet single voice—or in full chorus that startled the wandering night-traveller on his way to the lone Kingswell—and then in the intermediate push, old tales were told "of goblin-groom or fairy"—or of Wallace Wight at the Barns of Ayr, or the Brigg o' Stirling—or a glorious outlaw, harbouring in caves among the Cartlane Craigs—or of Robert Bruce the Deliverer, on his sheltie, cleaving in twain the skull of Bohun the English knight, on his thundering war-steed, armed cap-a-pie, while the King of Scotland had nothing on his unconquered head but his golden crown, Tales of the Snow-house! Oh, that we had but the genius to recall you to life in undying song!

Nor was our Frozen Hall at times uncheered by the smiles of beauty. With those smiles was heard the harmless love-whisper, and the harmless kiss of love. For the cottages poured forth their little lasses in flowerlike bands, nor did their parents fear to trust them in the Fairy Frozen Palace, where Christopher was king. Sometimes the old people themselves came to see the Wonders of the Lamp, and on a snow-table stood a huge bowl—not of snow—that steamed with nectar that made Hyems smile as he hung his beard over the fragrant vapour. Nay, the minister himself—with his mother and sister—whose souls are now in heaven—were with us in our fantastic festivities—and gave to the architecture of our Palace their wondering praise. Then Andrew Lyndsey, the blind Paisley musician, a Latin scholar, who knew where Cremona stood—struck up on his famous fiddle, jig or strathspey—and the swept floor, in a moment, was alive, with a confused flight of foursome reels, each begun and ended with kisses, and maddened by many a whoop and yell—so like savages were we in our glee, dancing at the marriage of some island king!

Fifty years have fled since that Snow-Palace melted away—and of all who danced there,

how many are now alive! Pshaw! as many probably as then danced any where else. It would never do to live for ever—let us then live well and wisely—and when death comes—from that sleep how blessed to awake! in a region where there is no frost—no snow—but the sun of eternal life.

Mercy on us! what a hubbub!—Can the harriers be hunting in such a snow-fall as this, and is poor pussy in view before the whole murderous pack, opening in full cry on her haunches? Why—Imagination, thou art an ass, and thy long ears at all times greedy of deception! 'Tis but a Country School-house pouring forth its long imprisoned stream of life, as in a sudden sunny thaw, the Mad Master flying in the van of his helterskelter scholars, and the whole yelling mass precipitated, many of them headlong, among the snow. Well do we know the fire-eyed Poet-Pedagogue, who, more outrageous than Apollo, has "ravished all the Nine." Ode, elegy, epic, tragedy, or farce—all come alike to him; and of all the bards we have ever known—and the sum-total cannot be under a thousand—he alone, judging from the cock and the squint of his eye, labours under the blessing or the curse—we wot not whilk it be—of perpetual inspiration. A rare eye, too, is his at the setting of a springe for woodcocks, or tracking a mawkin on the snow. Not a dare-devil in the school that durst follow the indentations of his toes and fingers up the wall of the old castle to the holes just below the battlements, to thrust his arm up to the elbows harrying the martins' nests. The corbies ken the shape of his shoulders, as craftily he thrids the wood; and let them build their domicile as high as the swinging twigs will bear its weight, agile as squirrel, and as fountart ferocious, up speels, by the height undizzied, the Dreadless Dominie; and should there be fledged or puddock-haired young ones among the wool, whirling with guttural cawings down a hundred feet descent, on the hard rooty ground-floor from which springs pine, oak, or ash, driven out is the life, with a squelsh and a squash, from the worthless carions. At swimming we should not boggle to back him for the trifle of a cool hundred against the best survivor among those water-serpents, Mr. Turner, Dr. Bedale, Lieutenant Ekenhead, Lord Byron, Leander, and Ourselves—while, with the steel shiners on his soles, into what a set of ninnies in their ring would he not reduce the Edinburgh Skating Club!

Saw ye ever a Snow-ball Bicker? Never! Then look there with all the eyes in your head—only beware of a bash on the bridge of your nose, a bash that shall dye the snow in your virgin blood. The Poet-Pedagogue, *alias* the Mad Dominie, has chosen the six stoutest striplings for his allies, and, at the head of that Sacred Band, offers battle to Us at the head of the whole School. Nor does that formidable force decline the combat. Lo! how war levels all foolish distinctions of scholarship!

Booby is Dux now, and Dux Booby—and the obscure dunce is changed into an illustrious hero.

"The combat deepens—on ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Nitton," all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy schoolery!"

Down from the mount on which it had been drawn up in battle array, in solid square comes the school-army, with shouts that might waken the dead, and inspire with the breath of life the nostrils of the Great Snow-Giant built up at the end of yonder avenue, and hardened like marble by last night's frost. But there lies a fresh fall—and a better day for a Bicker never rose flakily from the yellow East. Far out of distance, any prodigal of powder, lying three feet deep on the flats, and heaped up in drifts to tree and chimney-top, the tirailleurs, flung out in front, commence the conflict by a shower of balls that from the bosom of the yet untrodden snow between the two battles, makes spin the shining surface like spray. Then falling back on the main body, they find their places in the foremost rank, and the whole mottled mass, grey, blue, and scarlet, moves onwards o'er the whiteness, a moment ere they close,

"Calm as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!"

"Let fly," cries a clear voice—and the Snow-ball-Storm hurtles through the sky. Just then the valley-mouth blew sleety in the faces of the foe—their eyes, as if darkened with snuff or salt, blinked bat-like—and with erring aim flew their feckless return to that shower of frosty fire. Incessant is the silent cannonade of the restlessness School—silent but when shouts proclaim the fall or flight of some doughty champion in the adverse legion.

See—see the Sacred Band are broken! The cravens take ignominiously to flight—and the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie alone are left to bear the brunt of battle. A dreadful brotherhood! But the bashing balls are showered upon them right and left from a hundred catapultic arms—and the day is going sore against them, though they fight less like men than devils. Hurra! the Dominie's down, and Bob staggers. "Guards, up and at them!" "A simultaneous charge of cocks, hens, and ear-cocks!" No sooner said than done. Bob Howie is buried—and the whole School is trampling on its Master!

"Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvallas died!"

The smothered ban of Bob, and the stifled denunciations of the Dominie, have echoed o'er the hill, and, lo!

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

* The capital of Mearns in the West.

The Runaways, shaking the snows of panic from their shoulders,

"Like dew-drops from the lion's mane," come rushing to the rescue. Two of the Six tremble and turn. The high heroic scorn of their former selves urge the Four to renew the charge, and the sound of their feet on the snow is like that of an earthquake. What bashes on bloody noses! What bungings-up of eyes! Of lips what slittings! Red is many a spittle! And as the coughing urchin groans, and claps his hands to his mouth, distained is the snow-ball that drops unlaunched at his feet! The School are broken—their hearts die within them—and—can we trust our blasted eyes?—the White Livers shew the white feather, and fly! O shame! O sorrow! O sin! they turn their backs and fly! Disgraced are the mothers that bore them—and "happy in my mind," wives and widows, "were ye that died," undoomed to hear the tidings of this wretched overthrow! Heavens and earth! sixty are flying before six!—and half of sixty—oh! that we should record it!—*are pretending to be dead!!* Would indeed that the snow were their winding-sheet, so that it might but hide their dishonour!

Lo! the Mad Dominie! like Hector issuing from the gates of Troy, and driving back the Greeks to their ships; or rather—hear—, Spirit of Homer!—like some great, shaggy, outlandish Wolf-Dog, that hath swum ashore from some strange wreck, and, after a fortnight's famine on the bare sea-cliffs, been driven by the hunger that gnaws his stomach like a cancer, and a thirst-fever that can only be slaked in blood, to venture prowling for prey up the vale, till, snuffing the scent of a flock of sheep—after some grim tiger-like creeping on his belly—he springs at last, with huge long spangs, on the woolly people, with bull-like growlings quailing their poor harmless hearts—and then fast throttling them, one after another—as it might seem rather in wantonness of rage than in empty pangs—he lies down at last in the midst of all the murdered carcasses, licking the blood off his flews and paws—and then, looking and listening round with his red turbid eyes, and sharp-pointed ears savagely erect, conscious of his crime, and fearful of punishment—soon as he sees and hears that all the coast is clear and still, again he gloatingly fastens his tusks behind the ears, and then eats into the kidneys of the fattest of the flock, till, sated with gore and tallow, he sneaks stealthily into the wood, and coiling himself up all his wiry length—now no longer lank, but swollen and knotted like that of a deer-devouring snake—he falls sullenly asleep, and re-banquets in a dream of murder!

That simile was conceived in the spirit of Dan Homer, but delivered in that of Kit North. No matter. Like two such Wolf-Dogs are now Bob Howie and the Mad Dominie—and the School like such silly sheep. And lo! those other hell-dogs are leaping in the rear—and to the eyes of fear and flight each one of the Six

seems more many-headed than Cerberus, while their mouths kindle the frosty air into fire, and thunderbolts pursue the pell-mell of the panic.

Such and so imaginative is not only mental but corporal fear! What though it be but a Snow-Bicker! The air, so far from being darkened, is brightened by the balls, as in many a curve they describe their airy flight—some hard as stones—some soft as slush—some blue and drippy in the cold-hot hand that launches them on the flying foes, and these are the teasers—some almost transparent to the cerulean sky, and broken ere they reach their aim, abortive "*armamentarium cœli*"—and some useless from the first, and felt, as they leave the palm, to be fozier than the fozier turnip, and unfit to bash a fly!

Far and wide, over hill, bank, and brea, are spread the flying School! Squads of them, and at sore sixes and sevens, are making for the frozen woods. Alas! poor covert now in their naked leaflessness for the stricken deer! Twos and threes, in miserable plight, floundering in drift-wreaths! And here and there—wofullest sight of all—single boys distractedly etting at the sanctuaries of distant houses—and with their heads all the while insanely twisted back over their shoulders, and the glare of their eyes fixed frightfully on the swift-footed Mad Dominie, soused over neck and ears, bubble and squeak, precipitated into traitorous pitfall, and in a moment evanished from this upper world!

Disturbed crows fly away a short distance—and alight silent—the magpies chatter pert even in alarm—the lean kine collected on the lown sides of braes, wonder at the rippet—their horns moving—but not their tails—while the tempest-tamed bull—almost dull now as an ox—gives a short sullen growl as he feebly paws the snow.

But who is he—the tall slender youth—slender, but sinewy—a wiry chap—seemingly six feet on his stocking-soles—and on his stocking-soles he stands—for the snow has sucked the shoes from his feet—that plants himself like an oak sapling rooted ankle-deep on a knoll, and there, like a juvenile Jupiter Stator, with voice and arm arrests the flight, and fiercely gesticulating vengeance on the insolent foe, recalls and rallies the shattered School, that he may re-lead them to victory? The Phantom of a visionary dream! KIT NORTH HIMSELF—

"In life's morning march when his spirit was young."

And once on a day was that Figure—Ours, Then like a chamois-hunter of the Alps! Now! alas, as like—

"But be hush'd, my dark spirit—for wisdom condemns,

When the faint and the feeble deplore; Be strong as a rock of the ocean that stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore. Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,

Let thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate; Yea! *even the name we have worshipp'd, in vain* Shall awake not a pang of remembrance again;

To bear, is to conquer our fate!"

Half a century is annihilated as if it never had been—it is as if young Kit had become not old Kit—but were standing now as then front to front—with but a rood of trampled snow between them—before the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie—both the bravest of the brave in snow or stone-bicker—in street, lane, or muir-fight—hand to hand, or single-pitched with Black King Cary of the Gipsies—or in an irregular high-road row—two to twelve—with a gang of Irish horse-coupers from the fair of Glasgow returning by Portpatrick to Donaghdee. 'Tis a strange thing so distinctly to see one's self as he looked of yore—to lose one's present frail personal identity in that of the powerful past! Or rather to admire one's self as he *was*, without consciousness of the mean vice of egotism, because of the pity almost bordering on contempt, with which one regards one's self as he *is*, shrivelled up into a sort of shrimp of a man—or blown out into a flounder!

The Snow-Bicker owns an armistice—and Kit North—that is, We of the Olden and the Golden Time—advance into the debateable ground between the two armies with a frozen branch in our hand as a flag of truce. The Mad Dominie loved us, because then-a-days—bating and barring the cock and the squint of his eye—we were like himself a Poet, and while a goose continued standing on one leg, could have composed one jolly act of a tragedy, or book of an epic, while Bob, God bless him, to guard us from scathe, would have risked his life against a whole craal of tinkers. With open arms they come forward to receive us—but our blood is up—and we are jealous of the honour of the School which has received a stain which must be wiped out in blood. Oh! from what mixed motives act boys and men in the deeds deemed most heroic, and worthy of the meed of everlasting fame! Even so is it now with us—when sternly looking at the other Six, and then respectfully eyeing the Mad Dominie, to speak of ourselves almost in the language of Shakspeare—

"The Prince of Wales stepp'd out before the king,
And challenged either of them to single fight;"
not at long bowls—but toe to toe at the scratch on the snow, with the naked mawlies—especially

"Yon trembling coward who forsook his master,"

the brawny boy with the red shockhead, the Craven with the carrots, who, by moonlight nights,

"Round the stacks with the lasses at bogles to play,"

had dared to stand between us and that Ladye of our Love. Off fly our jackets and stocks—it is not a day for buff—and at it like bull-dogs. Twice before had we fought him—at our own option—over the bonnet—for 'twas a sturdy villain, and famous for the cross-buttock. But now, after the first close, in which we lose the fall—with straight right-handers we keep him

at off-fighting—and lo! a gush of blood from his smeller. "How do you like that, Ben?" Giving his head, with a mad rush, he makes a plunge with his heavy left—for he was kerr-handed at our stomach.—But a dip of our right elbow caught the blow, to the loud admiration of Bob Howie—and even the Mad Dominie—the umpire—could not choose but smile. Like lightning our left returns between the ogles—and Ben bites the snow.—Three cheers from the school—and, lifted on the knee of his second, Jamie Wallace, since signalized at Waterloo, and now a Colonel of Horse—

"He grins horribly a ghastly smile,"
and is brought up staggering to the scratch. We know that we have him—and ask considerately, "what he means by winking?" And now we play round him,

"Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose on a play."

He is brought down now to our own weight—then ten stone jump—his eyes are momentarily getting more and more piglike—water-logged, like those of Queen Bleary, whose stone image lies in the echoing aisle of the old Abbey-church of Paisley—and, bat-blind, he hits past our head and body—like an awkward hand at the flail, when drunk, thrashing corn. Another hit on the smeller—and a stinger on the throat-apple—and down he sinks like a poppy—deaf to the call of time—and victory smiles upon us from the bright blue skies. "Hurra—hurra—hurra! Christopher for ever!" and perched aloft, astride on the shoulders of Bob Howie—He, the Invincible, gallops with us all over the field, followed by the shouting School, exulting that Ben the Bully has at last met with an overthrow. We exact an oath from him that he will never again meddle with Meg White-law—shake hands cordially—and

"Off to some other game we all together flew."
And so ended the famous Snow-Bicker of Pedmount, now immortalized in our Prose-Poem.

What do you mean by original genius? By that fine line in the Pleasures of Hope—

"To muse on Nature with a poet's eye?"

Why—genius—one kind of it at least—is transfusion of self into all outward things. The Genius that does that—naturally, but novelly—is original—and now you know the meaning of one kind of original genius. Have we, then, Christopher North, that gift? Have you? Yes, both of us. Our spirits animate the insensate earth, till she speaks, sings, smiles, laughs, weeps, sighs, groans, goes mad, and dies. Nothing easier, though perhaps it is wicked, than for original genius like ours, or yours, to drive the earth to distraction. We wave our wizard hand thus—and lo! list! she is insane. How she howls to heaven, and how the maddened heaven howls back her frenzy! Two dreadful maniacs raging apart, but in communion, in one vast bedlam! the drift-

snow spins before the hurricane, hissing like a nest of serpents, let loose to torment the air. What fierce flakes ! furious ! as if all the wasps that ever stung had been revived, and were now careering part and parcel of the tempest. We are in a Highland Hut in the midst of mountains. But no land is to be seen any more than if we were in the middle of the sea. Yet a wan glare shews that the snowstorm is strangely shadowed by superincumbent cliffs ; and though you cannot see, you *hear* the mountains. Rendings are going on, frequent, over your head—and all around the blind wilderness—the thunderous tumblings down of avalanches, mixed with the moanings, shriekings, and yellings of caves, as if spirits there were angry with the snow-drift choking up the fissures and chasms in the cliffs. Is that the creaking, and groaning, and rocking, and tossing of old trees, afraid of being uprooted and flung into the spate ?

“ Red comes the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieks,

more fearful than at midnight in this nightlike day—whose meridian is a total sun eclipse. The river runs by, bloodlike, through the snow—that, short as is the reach you can see through the flaky gloom, that short reach shews that all his course must be terrible—more and more terrible—as, gathering his streams like a chieftain his clan—ere long he will sweep shieling, and hut, and hamlet to the sea, undermining rocks, cutting mounds asunder, and blowing up bridges that explode into the air with a roar like that of cannon. You sometimes think you hear thunder, though you know that cannot be—but sublimer than thunder is the nameless noise so like that of agonized life—that eddies far and wide around—high and huge above—fear all the while being at the bottom of your heart—an objectless, dim, dreary, undefinable fear, whose troubled presence—if any mortal feeling be so—is indeed sublime. Your imagination is troubled, and dreams of death, but of no single corpse, of no single grave. Nor fear you for yourself, for the Hut in which you enjoy the storm, is safer than the canopied cliff-calm of the eagle's nest ; but your spirit is convulsed from all its deepest and darkest foundations, as if by a soul-quake, and all that lay hidden there of the wild and wonderful, the pitiful and the strange, the terrible and pathetic, is now upturned in dim confusion, and imagination working among the secret treasures of the heart, creates out of them moods kindred and congenial with the hurricane, intensifying the madness of the heaven and the earth, till that which sees, and that which is seen, that which hears, and that which is heard, undergo alternate mutual transfiguration ; and the blind Roaring Day—at once substance, shadow, and soul—is felt to be one with ourselves, and the blended whole, either the Live-Dead, or the Dead-Alive !

We are in a Highland Hut—if we called it a Shieling, we did so merely because we love the sound of the word Shieling, and the image it at once brings to eye and ear—the rustling of leaves on a summer silvan bower, by simple art slightly changed from the form of the growth of nature, or the waving of fern on the turf-roof and turf walls, all covered with wild-flowers and mosses, and moulded by one single season into a knoll-like beauty, beside its guardian birch-tree, insupportable to all evil spirits, but with its silvery stem and drooping tresses, dear to the Silent People that won in the land of peace. Truly this is not the sweet Shieling-season, when, far away from all other human dwellings, on the dip of some great mountain, quite at the head of a day's journey-long glen, the young herdsman, haply all alone, without one single being with him that has the use of speech, liveth for months retired far from kirk and cross—Luath his sole companion—his sole care the pasturing flocks—and when their bleat is silent, the sole sounds he hears the croak of the raven on the cliff, or bark of the eagle in the sky ! O sweet, solitary lot of lover ! Haply in some oasis in the wilderness, some steadfast gleam of emerald light amid the hyacinthine-hue of the heather, that young herdsman hath pitched his tent, by one Good Spirit haunted morning, noon, and night, through all those sunny, moonlight, starry months—the Orphan-girl, whom years ago her dying father gave into his arms—the old blind soldier—knowing that the boy would shield her innocence, when every blood-relation had been buried—now Orphan-girl no more, but sitting—growing there—like a lily at the Shieling porch, or singing sweeter than any bird—the happiest of all living things—her own dark-haired Ronald's Bride.

We are in a Highland Hut, a Highland Snow-storm—and all at once the dreams of fancy and imagination fade, and

“ The still sad music of humanity ”

is heard by the heart amidst the roar of the merciless hurricane. We remember the words of Burns—the peerless Peasant—and, simple as they are, with what profound pathos are they charged !

“ List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I think me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle

O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing spattle,
Beneath a scaur !

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee ?
Whar wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy ee ?

Ev'n you on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-strain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,

“ My heart, forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on ye beats.”

Barns is our Lowland bard—but poetry is poetry all over the world, when streamed from the life blood of the human heart. So sang the Genius of inspired humanity in his tree-sheltered “auld clay-biggie,” in one of the vales of Coila, where gently swell the “banks and braes o’ bonny Doon;” and now our heart responds the strain, high up among the Celtic cliffs, central among a sea of mountains lurking hidden in a snow-storm that enshrouds the day-light. Aye—the one single door of this Hut—the one single “winnoek,” does “rattle”—by fits—as the blast smites it, in spite of white mound drifted hill-high all round the almost buried dwelling. Dim through the peat-reek cower the figures in tartan—fear has hushed the cry of the infant in the swinging cradle—and all the other imps are mute. But the household is thinner than usual at the meal-hour; and feet that loved to follow the red-deer along the bent, now fearless of pitfalls, have been, since the first lower of morning light, traversing the tempest. The shepherds, who sit all day long, when summer hues are shining, and summer flowerets blow almost idle in their plaids, beneath the shadow of some rock watching their flocks feeding above, around, and below, now expose their bold breasts to all the perils of the pastoral life. This is our Arcadia—a realm of wrath—woe—danger, and death. Here are bred the men whose blood—when the bagpipe blew—has been prodigally poured forth on a thousand shores. The limbs strung to giant-force by such snows as these, moving in line of battle within the shadow of the Pyramids,

“Brought from the dust the sound of liberty,” while the Invincible standard was lowered before the heroes of the Old Black Watch, and victory out of the very heart of defeat arose on “that thrice-repeated cry” that quails all foes that madly rush against the banners of Albyn. The storm

“That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,” and has frozen in his eyry the eagle’s wing, driven the deer to the comb beneath the cliffs, and all night imprisoned the wild-cat in his cell, hand in hand, as is their wont when crossing a stream or flood, bands of Highlanders now face in its strong-holds, all over the ranges of mountains, come it from the wrathful inland or the more wrathful sea.

“They think upon the ourie cattle
And silly sheep,”

and man’s reason goes to the help of brute instinct—of them whose “life is hidden with God!”

How passing sweet is that second stanza, heard like a low hymn amidst the noise of the tempest! Let our hearts recite it—even once more!

“Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o’ spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o’ thee?

Whar wilt thou cow’r thy chittering wing,
An’ close thy ee?”

The whole earth is in a moment green again—trees whisper—streamlets murmur—and the “merry month o’ Spring” is musical through all her groves. But

“A change comes o’er the spirit of our dream,”

and in a moment we know that almost all those sweet-singers are now dead—or that they

“Cower the chittering wing,”

never more to flutter through the woodlands, and “close the ee” whose wild brightness, now dim, shall never more be re-illuminated with love, when the Season of Nests is at hand, and bush, tree, and tower are again all a-twitter with the survivors of some gentler clime!

The poet’s heart, humanized to utmost tenderness by the beauty of its own merciful thoughts, extends its forgetfulness—that is, its forgiveness—to all the poor beasts of prey. That, say we, is true Christian poetry, and then expressed in what powerful words!

“Ev’n you on murdering errands toil’d
Lone from your savage homes exiled!”

Each syllable tells—each stroke of the poet-painter’s pencil depicts the life and sufferings of the poor beast of prey! And then, feeling that at such an hour all life is subject to one lot, how profound the pathos reflected back upon our own selves and our mortal condition, by these few simple words—

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats!”

They go to help the “ourie cattle” and the “silly sheep;” but who knows that they are not sent on an errand of higher mercy, by Him whose ear has not been shut to the prayer almost frozen on the lips of them about to perish! A Tale of Truth and Tears, long forgotten, comes across our heart—long forgotten, though on the eve of that day on which the deliverance happened, so passionately did we all regard it, that we felt that interference providential—as if we had indeed seen the hand of God stretched down through the mist and snow from heaven! We all said that it would never all our lives long desert our memory. But all of us forgot it—and now, while the tempest howls, it seems again but of yesterday!

One family lived in Glen-Creran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working-days, for their sheep mingled not on the hill; seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for their was not the same parish-kirk; and seldom coming together on rural festivals or holidays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet all those sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home-felt wilderness, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together—even as the dew-gemmed gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nestlike both

dwellings were. That in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock—lown in all storms—with greensward and garden on a slope down to that rivulet, the clearest of the clear, (oh! once wofully reddened!) and *growing*—so it seems in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it—out of, and belonging to, the solid earth. That in Glencreran, more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun is shining in his meridian-tower, is darkened by both their shadows, and dark, indeed, even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oaklike pines. A little farther down, and Glencreran is truly "a silvan scene" indeed; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descended upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase now between you and Glen-Etve, and, except this old oaklike grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hayfield, though these are kept, by many a rill, there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual green lustre that seemeth "unborrowed from the sun," and to be as native to the grass as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two Huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart—and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept violently from the scenes they beautified, the humble but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These Huts belonged to brothers—and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day—and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children—but what wondrous growth of spirit and of the spirit's frame does nature, at that season of life, often present before our eyes, so that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by their partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parents' eyes, Flora Macdonald—a name hallowed of yore—the fairest, and Hamish, the brightest of all the living flowers in Glencreran and Glenco. It was now their sixteenth birth-day—and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a hush of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Hamish to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parents' Hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks

with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather, and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that, in favouring breezes, walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting-place—a bank of birch-trees, beneath a cliff that takes its name from the Eagles.

On their meeting, seemed not the whole wilderness to their souls and senses suddenly inspired with beauty and with joy? Insects unheard by them before hummed and glittered in the air—from tree-roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flowerlike, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive—the trees themselves seemed budding as if it were already spring—and rare as, in that rocky region, are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ear, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost—and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not Summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of Winter; and when their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue—a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in a season, so like a holiday in its joy! so like a Sabbath in its stillness! Lovers were they—although as yet they knew it not—for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs—a bliss, that while it beautified, they felt came from and belonged to the eternal skies.

In that wilderness Flora sang all her old songs to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees, when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes in its simplicity—a mournfulness brooding and feeding for ever and ever on the same note that is at once its natural expression and its sweetest aliment, of which the dreaming singer never wearieth in her woe, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous in memory, by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of mortality, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange show-ers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! Oh how Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Bade-

noch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

"The sun sat high in his meridian tower," but time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that yet 'twas but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the full brightened morn!

The boy starts to his feet—and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, dog-driven, or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, and like lightning away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a mortal but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf—but labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted, as he bounds, with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. "Follow me, Flora!" the boy-hunter cries—and flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain-girl as an Oread—and Hamish, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired the beauty of her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled, as they winded round the rocks—and, lo! the deer staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off, and there standing at a bay, as if before his swimming eyes came a vision of Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off! "Rest, Flora! rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!"

Up—up—up—far, far, far up the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding, round many a jutting promontory, and many a castled cliff, the red-deer kept dragging its goreoozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then, for some hundreds of yards, beyond rifle-shot, while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leapt Hamish upon the Red-deer like a beast of prey—and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain tops.

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—in the wilderness—he and the Red-deer—an enormous animal—fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air—and they seem to waver and whirl, though, an hour ago, there was not a breath all over the region.

Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves—and over-head, whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? "Flora, where are you? where are you Flora?"—and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is in the glen. But yonder is a moving speck far off upon the snow! 'Tis she—'tis she—and again Hamish turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle's cry, disturbed in his eyry, he sends his voice down the glen—and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last at his side. Panting and speechless she stands—and then dizzily sinks fainting on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, not falling, but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the skies are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sorely drenched her hair—that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the covering lying far away, which, in his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! "Oh! Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself—under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you—soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer, we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrapt up in them—and folded—O my dearest sister—in my arms!"—"I will go with you down the glen, Hamish!" and she left his breast—but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered—and sank down among the snow. The cold—intense as if the air were ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die! And the night seemed already come so full was the lift of snow; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day was expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe-Loch where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow blasts from afar; and from the opposite quarter of the sky an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God."—"Go, Hamish!" and he went and came—as if he had been endowed with the raven's wings!

Miles away—and miles back had he flown—and an hour had not been with his going and his coming—but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was kill-

ling her—and that she would never more see Hamish, to say to him a right last farewell. Soon as he was gone, all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death—and wept—and wept—and wept in the wilderness—thinking how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die! He came—and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids—she felt as if she were in heaven. “Oh! kiss me—kiss me, Hamish—for thy love—great as it is—or never hadst thou travelled so the long snows for my sake—is not as my love—and you must never forget me, Hamish—when your poor Flora is dead!”

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents’ will—and the same was their loving obedience to its decrees. If she was to die—supported now by the presence of her brother—Flora was utterly resigned; if she were to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her worshipping gratitude! But all at once she closed her eyes—spoke not—breathed not—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Hamish almost fell down, thinking that she was dead!

“Wretched sinner that I am!--my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold in the snow!” And he smote his heart—and tore his hair—and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Hamish lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen—here almost narrowed into a pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of an infant. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off—whether or not they had any roof, he had forgotten; but the thought even of such shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up to the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin! The snow in front was all trampled as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, lo! the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and all huddled together, looked on him as on the shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour—all motion—all breath seemed to be gone—and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls, some pine-branches had been flung as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the wood-cutters, who had felled the few trees that once stood at

the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-drift had not forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive—miserable as it was with mire-mixed snow—and almost cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive—and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was but the afternoon—nightlike though it was—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt his kisses poured over them to drive death away.

“Oh! father, go seek for Hamish, for I dreamt to-night he was perishing in the snow!” —“Flora, fear not, God is with us.” —“Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch-Phoil—let us go, Hamish, and see them—but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?” Over them where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight of snow;—but there it still hung—though the drift came over their feet and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. —“Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me—and what noise is this in our house?” —“Fear not—fear not Flora—God is with us.” —“Mother! am I lying in your bosom? My father surely is not out in the storm! Oh! I have had a most dreadful dream!” and with such mutterings as these, Flora relapsed again into that perilous sleep—which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came—but Flora and Hamish knew it not—and both lay now motionless in one snow-shroud. Many passions—though earth-born, all divine—pity, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair—had prostrated the strength they had so long supported—and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever—with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities, sore afraid of some nameless ill, had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora’s, and soon became like her insensible to the night and all its storms!

Bright was the peat-fire in the hut of Flora’s parents in Glenco—and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birth-day of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran—and tender thoughts of her cousin Hamish were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for Fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghostlike visitings, and they had seen their Flora in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet moun-

tains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes, too, Love, that starts at shadows, as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to things that might well strike it with dismay. So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Hamish had left them in the morning—night had come, and he and Flora were not there—but the day had been almost like a summer-day, and they in their infatuation never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Hamish had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birth-day—and, strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be, that belief prevented one single fear from touching the mother's heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in sleep unhaunted by any woful dream!

What could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit, that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains around King's-House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart, in that wilderness where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealanuny, between Buchael-Etìve and the Black-Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness that lives in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength—and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that Gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows—in the van, Fingal, the Red Reaver, with his head aloft, on the look-out for deer, grimly eyeing the Correi where last he tasted blood. All "all plaided in their tartan array," these shepherds laughed at the storm—and hark! you hear the bagpipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

"They think then of the ourie cattle,
And silly sheep,"

and though they ken 'twill be a moonless night—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at nightfall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old Grove of Pines.—Following the dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom! Yet life in both is frozen—and will the iced blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin—and the frightened sheep know not what is the terrible

Shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them at the door-way—and then lifts up the other; and by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Hamish and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death! some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there—and licks the face of Hamish, as if he would restore life to his eyes! Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shewn that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen—nor could they have heard each others' voices had they spoke—but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand—thinking of the hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets—unpausing turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearless through whirlwinds of life—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving band had no fear—and therefore there was no danger—on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains shown momentarily—by ghastly gleamings—through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow—at places where in other weather there was a pool or a water-fall. The dip of the hills—in spite of the drifts—familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then the dogs in their instinct were guides that erred not, and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves, did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way—as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the wild-fowls feed. And thus Instinct and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glenco—and at the door of the Hut!

To life were brought the dead—and there at midnight sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they—for a while—to each other's eyes—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved! Then as if in holy fear they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Hamish—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he

knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees—and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them—but powerless was she as a broken reed—and when she thought to join with them in thanksgiving—her voice was gone. Still as death sat all those simple shepherds in the hut—and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

Who were they—the solitary pair—all alone by themselves save a small image of her on whose breast it hung—whom—seven summers after—we came upon in our wanderings, before their shieling in Correi-Vollach at the foot of Ben Chrulach who sees his shadow in a hundred lochs? Who but Hamish and Flora sitting on the greensward.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WINTER WILD.

BY DELTA.

How sudden hath the snow come down!

Last night the new moon shew'd her horn,
And, o'er December's mournful brown,
Rain on the breeze's wing was borne;
But, when I ope my shutters, lo!

Old Earth hath changed her garb again,
And, with its fleecy whitening, Snow
O'er-mantles hill, and cumbers plain.

Bright Snow, pure Snow, I love thee well,
Thou art a friend of ancient days;
Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise;—
Far—to remotest infancy—

My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
I watch'd to earth your mazy track—

And upward look'd, with wondering eyes,
To see the heavens with motion teem,
And butterflies, a thousand ways,
Down flaking in an endless stream;
The roofs around all clothed with white,
And leafless trees with feathery claws,
And horses black with drapery bright—
'Oh, what a glorious sight it was!

Each season had its joys in store,
From out whose treasury boyhood chose:
What though blue Summer's reign was o'er,
Had winter not its storms and snows?
The Giant then aloft was piled,
And balls in mimic war were toss'd,
And thumps dealt round in trickery wild,
As felt the passer, to his cost.

The wintry day was as a spell
Unto the Spirit—'twas delight
To note its varying aspects well,
From dawn to noon, from noon to night,
Pale morning on the hills afar—
The low sun's ineffectual gleam—
The twinkling of the Evening star
Reflected in the frozen stream:

And when the silver moon shone forth
O'er lands and lakes, in white array'd,
And dancing in the stormy North
The red electric streamers play'd;

'Twas extacy, 'neath tinkling trees,
All low-born thoughts and cares exiled,
To listen to the Polar breeze,
And look upon "the winter wild."

Hollo! make way along the line—
Hark how the peasant scuds along—
His iron heels, in concord fine,
Brattling afar their under-song:
And see, that urchin, ho-ieroe!
His truant legs they sink from under,
And to the quaking sheet below,
Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

The skater there, with motion nice,
In semicirque and graceful wheel,
Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
His chart of voyage with his heel;
Now skimming underneath the boughs—
Amid the crowd now gliding lone—
Where down the rink the curler throws,
With dext'rous arm, his booming stone.

Behold! upon the lapsing stream
The frost-work of the night appears—
Beleagur'd castles round which gleam
A thousand glittering crystal spears;
Here galleys sail of shape grotesque;
There hills o'er-spread with palmy trees;
And, mix'd with temples Arabesque—
Bridges and pillar'd towers Chinese.

Ever doth winter bring to me
Deep reminiscence of the past:
The opening flower, the leafing tree—
The sky without a cloud o'er-cast—
Themselves of beauty speak, and throw
A gleam of present joy around,
But, at each silent fall of snow,
The heart of boyhood's pulses bound—

To boyhood turns reflection back,
With mournful pleasure to behold
Life's early morn, the sunny track
Of feet, now mingled with the mould:
Where are the playmates of those years?
Hills rise and oceans roll between:
We call—but scarcely one appears—
No more shall be what once hath been.

Yes! gazing o'er the bleak, green sea,
The snow-clad peaks and desert plain,
Mirror'd in thought, methinks to me
The spectral Past comes back again:
Once more in Retrospection's eyes,
As 'twere to second life restor'd,
The perish'd and the past arise,
The early lost, and long deplor'd!

From the Athenæum.

THE SONGS OF JAMES HOGG, THE ET-TRICK SHEPHERD. Edinburgh. 1831.

WE thank thee, William Blackwood—these loose sheets of the songs of our bard of Ettrick, are dearer in our sight than if they had been the identical leaves scattered by a Cumean Sibyl in her best moments of inspiration. We said but the other week, that James Hogg, a poet of God's own making, was bred in no school, but educated by the muse in that great academy which nature keeps on Yarrow, and that his works bore, therefore, the impress of a free and original mind. The volume which we are now about to introduce to our readers—

were such an attestation necessary---would fully sustain our high notion of his powers: it contains, in all, some hundred and twenty songs, selected from a mass amounting to more than five hundred; and the poet, we conceive, considers them the *élite* of his lyrics. They are chiefly distinguished for images of pastoral beauty, domestic tenderness, and pure and genuine affection: nor are they without passages of great humour and elevation of thought. They have no affinity whatever to those polished and pretty verses which pass for songs in the polite world, but resemble the spontaneous lyrics of the pastoral muse of old Scotland---the breathings of a heart warm and pure, in strict keeping with the scenes wherein they are laid, by pleasant Tweedside and the Lake of St. Mary. Now, those who expect that the simple muse of the north keeps her wild flowers in such trim array as a city gardener keeps his forced bed of competition tulips or pinks, are much mistaken. She is guilty of no such weakness. She walks in gladness among her favourite hills and dales, and whatever her foot touches, or her dark eyes look upon, there flowers spring up, and there she leaves them growing---not choked, but sheltered by the sweet herba, which the unwise of the world call weeds. As this muse was Mr. Hogg's instructress, his songs seem the echo of her own, and, like hers too, are distinguished by that kind of natural ease, unsolicited happiness, and simplicity of thought and expression, which scholars distinguish by the name of Doric.

These songs are accompanied by notes---some of which are humorous---some instructive---some explanatory, some satiric, and some superfluous; all more or less marked by the singularities of their original-minded author. He everywhere gives us pleasant glimpses of himself or of his friends, nor has he spared those whom he considers his enemies. Amongst the latter, it seems he numbers his brother lyrist, Moore, and accuses him of having caused the omission of many of his best songs in some public collection. He can imagine, he says, no other reason for this sort of hostility, than that the bard of Ireland disliked to see verses which ran counter to his own---but let the poet of Ettrick speak for himself. "The Minstrel Boy, was written as a *per contra* to Mr. Moore's song to the same air. But either he or his publishers, or both, set up their bristles, and caused it and a great many more to be cancelled---the most ridiculous of all things, in my opinion, I ever knew. It was manifestly because they saw mine were the best. Let them take that, as Gideon Laidlaw said when the man died who cheated him." Well said, Shepherd! In another note he renews the charge: "It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim the copy-right of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, how-

ever, seems to be the case in the London law; for, true it is, that my songs were cancelled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force him to cancel 'Lalla Rookh,' for stealing it wholly from the 'Queen's Wake.' He had better have let my few trivial songs alone." We cannot calculate the amount of the wrongs which the Scottish Bard has suffered from the hostility of the Bard of Erin, because we are unacquainted with the transaction to which he alludes; we suppose, however, that it can be explained---we love them both too well to desire to see the cloud continue between them.

Those---and there may be some such---who accuse the Ettrick Shepherd of vanity, in comparing his own lyrics with the famed ones of Moore, should consider the different schools in which these favourites of the muses were educated. The one is all nature, and the other all refinement---the one desires but to express in the language of his native hills, the emotions which he feels, whether of jealousy or love, of social glee or domestic affection; and the other wishes to give language to the thoughts of high dames and lofty earls---exquisitely polished, and worthy of the lips of men and women nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. The bard of the north degenerates sometimes into rudeness, and him of the sister isle, into petty conceits, and points which men call epigrammatic. They are both excellent in their kinds---but these kinds are as dissimilar as a country girl with her kilted coats and her clustering locks, hastening along a bank of blossomed broom to a fair or a preaching, compared to a high-born lady rustling in satins, sparkling with gems and diffusing perfumes, moving gracefully over a Persian carpet, in the court of our good king. Whoever imagines that rustic life is all rudeness, and that the language of shepherds---not the imaginary shepherds of pastoral verse---is necessarily unimpassioned and inelegant, will find enough in the lyrics of James Hogg, to induce him to think better of humble-born bards---let us take one at random.*

In all the wide compass of song, there is nothing more affecting, or more poetically sad, than these four verses. One of the songs, to which, it seems, Moore objected, is not without such merit as would ensure it a place in any collection, if poetry were the sole rule of admission: it is not, however, one of the poet's best, and we only quote it because we have alluded to it in the earlier part of our criticism:

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that around him hover,
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,

*See page 340.

And trifles that tell the lover.
How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For ah! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the song he's singing!
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely:
But unless there be love in the heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparsely.

We shall return to this beautiful little volume again; but we cannot leave it now without calling on every Scotchman who desires to have his own green hills, and all their kindly tenants, brought back to his fancy, to get it upon his table;—we also call upon all Englishmen who desire to succour genius, to do so in the way most grateful to the poet's feelings—namely, by buying his book: they will find enough of genius to vindicate double the price. James Hogg is distinguished as a poet in an age unusually prolific in eminent ones; and we are grieved to discover that fortune has not smiled upon him, and that he is not an exception to the proverb, which assigns poverty as a handmaid to the muse. To be sure, as we starved Burns, we may think ourselves justified in doing the same for his successor; and, indeed, if such experiments are to be made on men of genius, it may be as well to try them on him of Ettrick: he is sixty years old—has a wife and some four or five children, and must, of course, soon give in. We hope, however, that this volume—which the press of Blackwood has spared no pains in rendering acceptable—will do him a good turn, and that we shall soon hear of his growing prosperity.

From the Athenæum.

AN ODE PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE
INHABITANTS OF BOSTON, 17th Sept.,
1830, at the Centennial Celebration of the
Settlement of the City. By Charles Sprague.
Boston, U. S., 1830.

This little poem has come rather unexpectedly into our hands, and we are well pleased to find it deserving sincere commendation. American literature has never yet had fair play in England. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were and are essentially political engines—for years they carried on hostilities against American literature, in a spirit quite as angry and fierce as the one nation warred against the other, and they have hardly yet learned that peace has been proclaimed. This, however, the Americans might have endured—these reviews were known to be state engines; it was known, even in England, that they were influenced by what was felt to be political interests: but it was not to be endured that "little dogs and all" should come yelping after—that critics without political bias, and hardly affecting a critical judgment, should quietly pour out their affected scorn on American literature, and expect Jonathan humbly to defer to their no-judgment;—Jonathan has no such spaniel blood in him—he

kicked the curs in scorn, and characterized trading, time-serving and ignorance, as it justly merited.

What, we would ask, could have been rationally expected from America, that she has not done and exceeded? Are we to compare her infancy with our manhood? Are we to register against her, and to our own glory, the names of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and the constellation of genius that has shed its lustre over our early literature—and forget that these men were the associates and the countrymen of the forefathers of the Americans, and that the fame of such names is as much their birthright and inheritance as ours? From the day of the declaration of her independence, America has done great and glorious things: she fought for liberty and triumphed—she devoted the whole of her young energies to the best purposes, the permanent happiness and well-being of her people; and they are thriving and happy—she took her armed station amidst the nations of the world, and maintained it—with peace she has advanced *pari passu* in the great march of human improvement—and the names of Irving, and Cooper, and Leslie, and Newton, and others, are second only to the greatest in modern literature and art. But this is hardly a fitting occasion to enter on so comprehensive a subject, and therefore for the present we defer it.

This Ode, as will be seen by the title-page, was pronounced; it is therefore oratorical, rather than poetical, and must, we think, have been powerfully felt by the assembled company. To judge it comparatively, we should contrast it with anniversary odes in England—with addresses to Literary Fund Meetings, and the small weak stuff with which we are favoured upon such occasions; but in truth, such comparison would do us no credit, and therefore, we shall give our readers some specimens of the poem without comparison. The address opens with an invocation to the forefathers of the assembled people:—

And You! ye bright ascended dead,
Who scorned the bigot's yoke,
Come, round this place your influence shed;
Your spirits I invoke!
Come, as ye came of yore,
When on an unknown shore,
Your daring hands the flag of faith unfurled,
To float sublime,
Through future time,
The beacon banner of another world.

Behold they come—those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down
And earth puts on her rudest frown;
But colder, ruder was the hand,
That drove them from their own fair land,
Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat;
By valour guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all but gentle charity renowned.

With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie;
Haunts, where their sunny youth was pass-
ed;
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die;
Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned,
Their fathers' hallowed graves;
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

But not alone, not all unblest,
The exile sought a place of rest;
One dared with him to burst the knot,
That bound her to her native spot;
Her low sweet voice in comfort spoke,
As round their bark the billows broke;
She through the midnight watch was there;
With him to bend her knees in prayer;
She trod the shore with girded heart,
Through good and ill to claim her part;
In life, in death, with him to seal
Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

They come—that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.

We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings;
The swelling triumph all would share,
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and woe,
That wait the unsuccessful blow!

It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
When we are in the tomb;
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,
And tread a shore of gloom—

Knew we those waves, through coming
time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand our memory to adore;—
But no glad vision burst in light,
Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight:
Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;

Deep shadows veiled the way they held:
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.

In the progress of the address, Mr. Sprague suddenly and beautifully breaks in upon the immediate subject, with mention of those wild children of the desert, whom their forefathers drove from the native wilderness; and still more delicately does he weave into this digression honoured mention of that revolution, the first notice of which had just reached America, coupled with the loved name of La Fayette:—

Yet while by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise

The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas! alas! for them—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad,
green lands;

Our Fathers called them savage—they, whose
bread,

In the dark hour, those famished Fathers fed:

We call them savage, we,
Who hail the struggling free,
Of every clime and hue;

We, who would save
The branded slave,

And give him liberty he never knew:
We, who but now have caught the tale,
That turns each listening tyrant pale,
And blessed the winds and waves that bore

The tidings to our kindred shore;
The triumph-tidings pealing from that land,
Where up in arms insulted legions stand;

There, gathering round his bold compeers,
Where He, our own, our welcomed One,
Riper in glory than in years,

Down from his forfeit throne,
A craven monarch hurl'd,
And spurned him forth, a proverb to the world!

And ye, this holy place who throng,

The annual theme to hear,
And bid the exulting song

Sound their great names from year to year;
Ye, who invoke the chisel's breathing grace,
In marble majesty their forms to trace;

Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise,
To guard their dust and speak their praise;

Ye, who, should some other band
With hostile foot defile the land,
Feel that ye, like them would wake—

Like them the yoke of bondage break,
Nor leave a battle-blade undrawn,

Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn:

Say, have not ye one line for those,

One brother line to spare,
Who rose but as your Fathers rose,

And dared as ye would dare?

Alas! for them their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;

No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds;

The pale man's axe rings through their
woods,

The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry;

Their children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,

Their children go—to die.

O doubly lost! oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes,

On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet;

There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night

There time-crowned columns star on high,
To tell of them who cannot die.

One more short extract and we have done.

After just tribute to the suffering and endur-
ance of their pilgrim forefathers—to the patri-
ot virtue of their fathers—the poet comes to
the present generation, and asks what record
of their virtues shall they leave to their chil-
dren:—

And when our children turn the page,
To ask what triumphs marked our age,

What we achieved to challenge praise—
Through the long line of future days,

This let them read, and hence instruction draw:

"Here were the many blessed,
 Here found the virtues rest,
 Faith linked with love and liberty with law;
 Here industry to comfort led,
 Her book of light here learning spread;
 Here the warm heart of youth
 Was wooed to temperance and to truth;
 Here hoary age was found,
 By wisdom and by reverence crown'd.
 No great, but guilty fame
 Here kindled pride, that should have kindled
 shame;
 THESE chose the better, happier part,
 That poured its sunlight o'er the heart;
 That crowned their homes with peace and
 health,
 And weighed Heaven's smile beyond earth's
 wealth
 Far from the thorny paths of life
 They stood, a living lesson to their race,
 Rich in the charities of life,
 Man in his strength, and Woman in her grace;
 In purity and love THEIR pilgrim road they trod,
 And when they served their neighbour felt they
 served their God."

Now there may be, and there are, critical objections to some of the passages we have extracted, but, as a whole, they are full of vigour and deep feeling—there is little of that maudlin, slip-slop, conventional nonsense, that so often passes current for poetry; and a great deal of manly and original thought.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE UNITED STATES.*

WE have been singularly unfortunate in the class of travellers, who have professed to give the English public information on the subject of America. While our Clarkes, Burckhardts, and our Denhams, men on whose candour and powers of observation we could implicitly rely, have explored every other part of the globe with the minutest attention, we are not aware that any traveller of unimpeached character for impartiality and accuracy has yet published a volume on the United States, which has the slightest pretensions to be called philosophical. Perhaps, however, it is less necessary that we should have any direct or minute account of the state of affairs in that country. An acute observer of human affairs would arrive at a knowledge of the state of the people without them. He has only to consider (a difficult task we allow) what would be the condition of man in a highly civilized state, untouched by the corruptions of fashion, unbiassed by a veneration for antiquity, his faculties allowed to ex-

pand free from those checks which the mannerism of long established governments and the despotism of opinion impose among ourselves, excepting such as are absolutely necessary to the security of his person and property. This possibility of duly appreciating the American character and condition, by means of a simple knowledge of the fundamental principles on which their government is founded, seems to have struck Talleyrand in a letter to Madame de Stael from the United States.

"J'avois envie," he observes, "d'écrire quelque chose sur l'Amérique et de vous l'envoyer; mais je me suis aperçu que c'étoit un projet insensé. Je renvoie le peu d'observations que j'ai faites aux conversations que j'espère avoir quelque jour dans les longues soirées avec vous. L'Amérique est comme tous les autres pays: il y a quelques grands faits que tout le monde connaît, et avec lesquels on peut d'un cabinet de Copenhague deviner l'Amérique tout entière. Vous savez quelle est la forme du gouvernement; vous savez qu'il y a de grands et immenses terrains inhabités, ou chacun peut acquérir une propriété à un prix qui n'a aucun rapport avec les terres d'Europe: vous connaissez la nouveauté du pays, point de capitaux, et beaucoup d'ardeur pour faire fortune, point de manufactures, parce que la main-d'œuvre y est et y sera encore long-temps trop chère. Combinez tout cela, et vous savez l'Amérique mieux que la majorité des voyageurs."

We would not have it supposed that it is our intention or recommendation to discard or under-rate the accounts of travellers, in estimating the social and political condition of the United States, but we think that this principle may be safely opposed to the assertions of the Americans themselves, that they are the most difficult people in the world to understand. On the contrary we consider them the most easy. They have none of the artificial distinctions of rank, none of the multifarious restrictions which, in the Old World, warp and oppose the developments of the human mind, and which form the chief obstacles to all *a priori* reasonings on political subjects. The Americans are left by their government in a state of nature, or nearly so: we do not use the phrase in an offensive sense, but on the contrary as implying the highest praise to their rulers: our definition of a good government being, that it is one that leaves its subjects in a state of natural

* I wished to write and send you something about America, but it was a foolish project. I shall therefore postpone the few observations which I have made, till we meet again. America is like all other countries: there are a few striking facts known to every one, and by means of which one may, from his closet in Copenhagen, form some idea of the whole country. You are acquainted with the form of government, you know that the population is spread over an immense surface, and that land may be purchased at a price which bears no proportion to its value in Europe; you know the newness of the country, the want of capital, the desire of fortune, the want of manufactures, because labour is, and will long be, too high. Put all these things together, and you are better acquainted with America, than the majority of travellers.

*1. Lafayette en Amérique, en 1824 et 1825, ou Journal d'un Voyage aux États Unis. Par M. Lavasseur, Secrétaire du General Lafayette.—Paris, 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

*2. Lafayette in America in 1824 and 1825, or Journal of a Voyage to the United States. By M. Lavasseur, Secretary to General Lafayette during his Journey. Translated by J. D. Godman, M. D. Philadelphia, 1829. 8vo.

*3. Lettres sur les États Unis. Par le Prince Achille Murat. Paris, 1830. 12mo.

and uncontrolled freedom, so far as is consistent with the preservation of peace and the maintenance of justice. Such is, or we ought rather perhaps to say, such *was*, with some exceptions, the condition of the American people, for they have lately begun to sweep from that wise course which had hitherto marked their conduct.

Captain Basil Hall is the latest of our own travellers in the United States, who has favoured us with his observations. Captain Hall is an able and accomplished man, who, we have no doubt, wrote in perfect sincerity, and believed himself to be as free from prejudice as he says he was; but an impartial reader can hardly rise from a perusal of his work, without concurring in the opinion of one of his American reviewers, that "he was under the influence of a feeling, which utterly incapacitated him from seeing the country as it is." He has consequently been led into innumerable errors, which have been exposed in detail, though in a spirit far removed from that of fairness or impartiality, in a pamphlet lately published in this country.* We trust that the observations which we shall have occasion to make in the course of this article, will be such as not to lay us open to similar imputations. We do not mean to limit ourselves to the topics suggested by the two works whose titles we have prefixed, but shall draw freely from other sources, and also endeavour to account the opportunities derived from some personal acquaintance with the subject. But we must first say a word or two on the books before us.

M. Lavasseur accompanied General Lafayette in the capacity of secretary, in the visit which the General paid to the United States, in the years 1824 and 1825, at the invitation of the Congress. On his return he wrote an account of this interesting expedition, of which the original, and a translation, published at Philadelphia are now before us. We cannot conceive a more heart-stirring sight than the spectacle of the friend of Washington and Franklin visiting in his old age, the scenes of his early renown, and, as one risen from the dead, beholding the splendid maturity of a nation, in establishing whose liberties he had played so conspicuous a part. It is seldom given to man to witness such a magnificent realisation of his hopes. Lafayette had fought for the United States when they contained but three millions of inhabitants, when they were engaged in a war, the success of which appeared almost hopeless, and which, when their independence was secured, left them in a state of poverty and impotence, with no other resources but in the genius of the people. Now, when he returned to visit them after the lapse of nearly half a century, the three millions had increased to twelve, they possessed a territory equal in extent to two thirds of Europe, their poverty was a revenue of five millions sterling without

internal taxes, and their flag was known and respected in every quarter of the globe.

Of course the General was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm; his journey was a triumphal progress from one end of the Union to the other, and his whole time was taken up in receiving addresses, and attending meetings, balls and dinners, given in honour of his visit. Amidst such continued scenes of festivity, it was of course impossible for M. Lavasseur to take an impartial view of the condition of the country, and his book is consequently tinged with the agreeable feelings, which he must have experienced at so hospitable a reception. His account must therefore be received with caution, except in those points where he criticises what he saw; for precisely the same reasons we put confidence in these statements, as we do in the few laudatory paragraphs with which Captain Hall has interspersed his travels: in both cases they are the evidence of an unwilling witness. The Emperor Alexander, when he visited England, surprised at the number of well-dressed persons that crowded his steps wherever he went, asked where were the *canaille*? M. Lavasseur, less shrewd than the autocrat, seems to have almost persuaded himself that there really were none in America. The quantity of unappropriated land must doubtless cause their number to be infinitely fewer than in old countries, but the fact that in the city of New York alone, which reckons under two hundred thousand inhabitants, thirty-one thousand pound is sometimes expended in a single year for the support of the poor, ought to make us hesitate in believing in the non-existence of pauperism among our Transatlantic brethren.*

The unpretending letters of M. Achille Murat, son of the celebrated King of Naples, are written in an amusing style, with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and with a fair mixture of candour and impartiality. Having lost all hopes of succeeding to his father's crown he collected the scattered remains of his fortune, naturalized himself in America, and is now a slave-holding proprietor in the state of Florida.

There is not a little to excite the *amour propre* of England in the contemplation of the United States, particularly when we compare their condition with that of the ill-starred colonies of Spain. In the former case, we see the seeds of liberty, which ourselves have sown, flourishing with unrivalled luxuriance, and the tide of civilization, to which we have given the first impulse, rolling on with continually increasing force, carrying our name and language over the almost boundless regions of the New World. In the Spanish part of America, since the inhabitants have thrown off the yoke of the mother country, revolution has succeeded revolution with awful rapidity; the state of ignorance and debasement in which they were

* A Review of Capt. Basil Hall's Travels in North America. By an American. London, 1830.

* M'Vickar's Introductory Lecture on Political Economy, delivered in Columbia College, New York.

kept is now visited on the unhappy colonists themselves as well as on Spain, who, by obstinately refusing to recognise their independence, deprives herself of those advantages which she might derive from their commerce, small as those advantages are to what they might have been, had she acted from the beginning in the liberal spirit of England. We are far, however, from joining in those anticipations which the prognosticators of evil and abettors of despotism are for ever ringing in our ears. It is difficult to collect authentic accounts of the state of Spanish America before the revolutions, but from the slight grounds we have for forming an opinion, we should doubt whether the disturbances that ensue from their present anarchical liberty are greater than the miseries which were inflicted by the murders, robberies, legal confiscations and exactions, which resulted from the *protection* of Spain.*

Unlimited toleration of religious opinions is so generally the rule in the United States, that it would be perhaps invidious to remark the few exceptions that exist, were it not for noting the anomalous fact, that our Parliament was, last session, on the point of passing a bill, which would have granted to a religious sect political privileges, of which that sect is still deprived on account of their opinions in some sections of the Union. In Maryland, the Jews, as well as all persons who deny the truth of the Christian religion, are prohibited from holding all offices of trust or profit; while in North Carolina the exclusion is extended to all who do not hold the Protestant faith. In no other States are there any political disabilities on account of religious belief; the last named State may still take example from us on the subject of toleration.

The publication of *newspapers* is carried in the United States to an extent unparalleled in any other quarter of the globe. A settlement is no sooner made in any of the back woods than a newspaper is instantly established; indeed a vehicle for the communication of ideas, by which the inhabitants may, as it were, hold converse with the remotest parts of the Union, is deemed almost as indispensable to a village as houses; and, we imagine, this fact may serve to account for the universality with which education is extended throughout the Union. In many, we believe we may say in most, parts, it is impossible to meet with a person in any rank of life who is unable to read and write; such being the case, it is evident, that so powerful an instrument of civilization, unless perverted to a bad end, must bring into play a mass of intelligence which we might expect would produce the happiest effects.

But is it perverted to a bad end? We regret we cannot answer this question so satisfactorily

* We could not find room for the republication entire of the above article, and have therefore given those parts only, which we thought most likely to interest our readers. Ed. Mus.

as we could wish. Jefferson, whom we love to quote whenever his testimony can be made available, gives a harsh opinion on this point.

"It is a melancholy truth," he says, "that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle."

Again, writing to Dr. Jones:—

"I deplore with you the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, and vulgarity, and mendacious spirit of those who write for them; and I enclose you a recent example, the production of a New England judge, as a proof of the abyss of degradation into which we have fallen. These ordures are rapidly depraving the public taste, and lessening the relish for sound food. As vehicles for information and a curb on our functionaries, they have rendered themselves useless, by forfeiting all title to belief."

This is a lamentable picture, which happily could not be drawn in the first thirty years of their independence; for it is fearful to think what would have been the result if Washington had been driven from his post, which Jefferson states he certainly would have been, had he been assailed with the degree of abandoned licentiousness afterwards practised "which," he writes in 1805, "is confounding all vice and virtue, all truth and falsehood, in the United States."

Let it not, however, be concluded that the freedom of the press is the cause of its licentiousness. The French press, which is much freer, is, at the same time, infinitely less open to the imputation of slander than our own, which seems to hold a middle station between the American and the French, being as much superior to the former as it is inferior to the latter. The abusive tone of the American press is to be sought for in other causes. Mr. de Witt Clinton, the late Governor of New York, attributes it, in a great measure, to the injudicious provisions relative to the office of the President. The election of this office engenders party spirit to so violent a degree, that, says the Governor, "it has violated the sanctity of female character, invaded the tranquillity of private life, and visited with severe inflictions the peace of families." This cause, doubtless, has some share in the result complained of; but we imagine that a more fertile source of the evil is to be found in the unintellectual character of the population, arising from the non-existence of any means of advancement in knowledge beyond the merest elements. In support of this fact, the unimpeachable testimony of Dr. Channing may be adduced. He says—

"That there are gross deficiencies in our common schools, and that the amount of knowledge which they communicate, when compared with the time spent in its acquisition, is la-

* Jefferson's Memoirs, vol. iv., 83.

mentably small, the community begin to feel. There is a crying need for a higher and more quickening kind of instruction than the labouring part of society have yet received; and we rejoice that the cry begins to be heard. We do and must lament, that however we surpass other nations in providing for and spreading elementary instructions, we fall behind many in provision for the liberal training of the intellect, for forming great scholars, for communicating that profound knowledge, and that thirst for higher truths, which can alone originate a commanding literature. The truth ought to be known. There is among us much superficial knowledge, but little severe, persevering research; little of that consuming passion for new truth, which makes outward things worthless; little resolute devotion to a high intellectual culture. There is no where a literary atmosphere, or such an accumulation of literary influence, as determines the whole strength of the mind to its own enlargement and to the manifestation of itself in enduring forms.*

This is confirmed, if, indeed, the statement of such a writer requires confirmation, by the accounts of most travellers. In fact, it is the natural effect of the situation of the country. When such a quantity of land remains unappropriated, it is not to be supposed that the college student will prefer the intellectual toils and uncertain gains of a literary life to the easy independence that is offered in the back woods; and, accordingly, he leaves the university or school long before he has acquired that degree of knowledge which is considered indispensable in European society. It would be as impossible to find readers as editors for publications which should discuss subjects with any degree of learning or profundity; consequently, light reading, which is too apt to degenerate into slander, is the prevailing taste, and we have been assured that novels alone return any considerable profit to the publishers.

This evil is, however, doubtless, only transient, and as America becomes more peopled, and intercourse more easy and rapid, must progressively diminish. Though while we ascribe this effect, in great measure, to natural causes, we cannot but think that the growth of literature might be considerably hastened, if government would co-operate in removing some obstacles which prevent its expansion. One of these is the utter want of good public libraries, than which there cannot be a greater drawback to literary exertion. Philadelphia, one of the largest and most literary cities in the Union, is said to contain 65,000 volumes in its public institutions. This, at first sight, looks considerable; but when we learn that sixteen public libraries make up this number, giving much under 5,000 volumes to each, it is evident that there must be many duplicates, and its literary treasures very small. The absurdity of imposing a duty of 15*d.* per pound on imported books must be a great impediment

to the formation of libraries; what reason there can be for keeping up this duty we cannot conceive; it seems to be the determination of the Americans to cause the blasting effects of their tariff policy to be felt by every interest. But that spirit of pride, which leads us to condemn what we do not possess, has unhappily had its effect on the Americans, and induced them to undervalue the advantage of public libraries, as well as of many other European institutions, which might have been usefully introduced among them. Mr. Dwight, a traveller from the United States, who published a tour in Germany, makes some laudatory observations on the splendid libraries in that country, and laments their want in his own, as placing a great impediment to the advancement of its literature. For this he is taken to task by his American reviewer, who assures him that discoveries will not be made, or the taste of foreign literature promoted, by "the facility of accumulating quotations by means of huge libraries," and that the taste of the Republic will not be dictated to, a strain of remark, which also forms the burden of some of Mr. Cooper's observations, in that mass of conceit and self-complacency, *Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor*. Dr. Channing, who possesses a mind superior to these vulgar prejudices, boldly acknowledges that they "want universities worthy of the name, where a man of genius and literary zeal may possess himself of all that is yet known," and that "intellectual labour, devoted to a thorough investigation and a full development of great subjects, is almost unknown among us."† Jefferson also makes continual complaint, in his memoirs, of the parsimonious spirit and utter disregard of the interests of literature evinced by the Virginian legislature, in refusing all aid to the university he was struggling to found.

The removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia, in 1800, and its establishment in a city which even now does not contain more than thirteen thousand inhabitants, we cannot but consider as having been, in many respects, highly injurious to the country. The small increase of their capital in thirty years must have convinced the Americans of the error they have committed; had it been situated in any of the great lines of commercial intercourse, as it ought to have been, it would long since have attained a respectable rank among cities. The various good effects that result from establishing the government in a populous city are almost too obvious to require mentioning. There, men of science, of business, and of pleasure, naturally resort; there, all that the wealth, the talent, the industry of the country can produce, is, in a great measure, condensed; far greater facilities are given to the executive for obtaining intelligence and sounding the wishes and

* North American Review, No. 65.

* The Importance and Means of a National Literature, by W. E. Channing, D. D. London, 1830.

† Importance and Means of a National Literature, p. 36.

feelings of the people; while the presence of the representatives, and the excitement of constant political discussion diffuses juster notions of the wants and situation of the country, which diverge from this point as from a focus to every corner of the empire. The establishment of the government in a comparatively uninhabited spot must also deprive it in a great degree of that weight and influence which it ought to possess and would exercise, if situated in a populous neighbourhood. An incidental effect of this is also seen in the non-existence of leading newspapers in the United States; for there is no city which possesses all the requisites combined for furnishing a daily journal with information on those important topics which are constantly agitating the public mind. A stranger, wishing to know the state of France or England, refers to a newspaper published in their respective capitals, and would never think of consulting any other. If the United States are the object of his inquiries, is he to read a journal published at Washington, the seat of government, at Philadelphia or Boston, the seats of literature, or at New York, the most populous and mercantile town in the Union? In Paris and London these requisites are all combined; the Americans have it in their power to cause at least two of them to be found in the same place; besides, we should think, convenience would require that the seat of government should be fixed, not in the centre of the territory, but in the centre of the population; the disadvantage under which a few of the deputies would lie, by having a greater distance to travel, being more than counterbalanced by the much smaller space which the great majority would have to traverse. The establishment of some leading newspapers might also have the effect of banishing the piebald English and the general want of talent which characterize their journals, and of introducing a better tone of discussion among them. At present, the most ably conducted American newspaper does not sell more than two thousand copies, a number to which very few attain, while half that quantity is considered to constitute a very respectable circulation. With the small profits which so limited a sale can produce, it is evidently impossible to induce a person of high intellectual attainments to devote his time and talents to the drudgery of daily composition; in fact, the greatest part of their journals are merely vehicles for advertisements, like many of the English provincial ones, whose small sale is the cause of similar results.

We cannot close this article without making some observations on the mutual dispositions of England and America. With respect to the latter country, were we to take the tone of the newspapers as the test of public opinion, the conclusion, as far as our observation goes, would be any thing but flattering to England. But, for the reasons above given, we are unwilling to take these as authorities on the subject;

though as periodical literature, from its very nature, must always afford some index to the state of public feeling, and as the Americans have several Reviews, which, in point of general talent, will stand a comparison with the best of our own, we may refer to these as indicating, in some slight measure, the disposition of well-informed Americans towards this country. An examination of them, we regret to say, leaves a very disagreeable impression on our minds, such, at least, as convinces us that the Americans cannot with any degree of propriety complain of that illiberality of sentiment, which, they maintain, always pervades one or two of our Reviews when treating of the affairs of their country. As an instance of this, we give the following quotation from the last number of the *American Quarterly Review*, edited by Dr. Walsh,* a work which bears the highest character in the United States. In it, England is thus described:—

“A haughty and interested nation, long since arrived at that state which makes it indispensable for her to sacrifice all the obligations of national reciprocity to that great monopoly of commerce, without which she must become bankrupt. In such a contest, whether of enactments of congress and orders in council, or by a resort to arms, it ought never to be forgotten that we can expect nothing but what is conceded to our strength and resources, to our means of offence and defence, to our courage and skill. The present calm with England is, we think, destined to be of short duration; nor will she ever sincerely seek our friendship, until admonished, perhaps at no distant period, by her waning influence in the Old, she shall feel herself obliged to link her sinking fortune to the rising strength and glories of the New World. It is far from our will or intention to revive or strengthen the recollection of ancient grievances or recent struggles, with a view to perpetuate or aggravate them. But, at the same time, we feel it our duty to indicate to this young nation, apt as it is to forget the lessons of experience and adversity, the danger and the folly of being cajoled by Mr. Canning's lullaby of ‘Mother and Daughter,’ or the time-serving praises lavished on the Message of our present distinguished Chief Magistrate. Every thing indicates that the popular feeling is hourly acquiring force and influence in England, and, in proportion as it operates upon the government, will be the impracticability of establishing any thing like a reciprocity in their commercial relations with the United States. The great mass of the people of England dislike the Americans, and certainly the Americans are no way backward in this species of reciprocity. No administration in England will gain popularity by concessions to the United States, nor

* This gentleman resided some years in Europe during the earlier part of his life, and it is understood, (though we are bound to disbelieve all reports of articles in Reviews being written by single individuals,) that he contributed one remarkable article at least, (if not more,) to the *Edinburgh Review*; we allude to that on the *French Conscription*, which appeared in the 26th Number of that Journal.

will the government of the United States ever probably much strengthen itself with the people, by toying with England. Even the people of England have been taught by a system of exaggerated falsehoods, unquestionably countenanced and encouraged as a matter of policy by the government, to look upon us with feelings of mingled contempt, hatred, and jealousy."

We would fain hope that the writer of this passage has made as false an estimate of the feelings of Americans as he certainly has of those of Englishmen. The ignorance which seems to prevail in America with respect to this point is perfectly astonishing, and we have a strong belief, which we most ardently hope is well founded, that their misapprehensions on this subject have contributed in no slight degree to cherish those feelings of dislike, which are described above as existing in America. In two parties, the existence, or supposed existence, of hate on one side, quickly engenders a similar disposition in the other: may we not then hope that some advantage will be gained to the cause of peace and mutual good will, by denying in the most unqualified manner the truth of the assertion in the above paragraph, that "the great mass of the people of England dislike the Americans?" That the preceding extract rightly describes the sentiments of the Americans towards this country cannot, we are afraid, though we should be happy to find ourselves in error, be so easily denied. We have seen similar assertions repeated, and their correctness assumed, in numerous Transatlantic publications. *The North American Review*, a periodical which enjoys, with the one above named, the highest credit in the United States, writes in an exactly similar strain. In one of its latest numbers we read: "In England, generally speaking, the government party, inheriting the feeling of the year 1775, has not only retained the soreness and irritation of that period, but through the literary organs under its influence, has libelled America, its institutions, its manners, and its citizens atrociously and systematically, and still does it." Captain Hall also states that in a debate, which he attended in the Congress, every speaker seemed determined in some way or other to drag in England for the sake of abusing it. We have diligently searched the American reviews of his *Travels*, in the hope of finding a refutation of this assertion, and should not have quoted it, had it not received a negative confirmation in the silence of his critics, who have ransacked the Captain's *Travels* for the purpose of exposing his misstatements with the minutest attention. To the complaint, which the Americans are perpetually making, that our government has instigated and sanctioned the attacks that have been made upon them, we can give no other answer than by expressing our utter disbelief of the fact. We cannot credit that any set of ministers has ever incurred the disgrace of thus en-

deavouring to excite animosities between the two nations; at any rate the present ones cannot be liable to this imputation, and we trust the calumny will never be repeated. We do not deny that there is a party, or rather the remnant of a party in this country, to whom abuse of America as well as of every other nation where a free and liberal government is established, is always palatable. There are also some persons among us (as there are in America)—Mr. Cooper is a signal instance) who are affected with that feeling of ultra-nationality, which can see no merit in that which is foreign, no fault in that which is at home. But the publications which lay themselves out for catering to the appetites of these two classes, are few in number, and we may safely assert, that their feelings are in no degree general or even common in England. By far the greatest part of our newspapers, magazines, and other periodical literature, not only are wholly free from the reproach which the Americans cast on them, but are generally disposed to treat with more than ordinary favour and goodwill America and her institutions. Let the people of the United States look at our parliamentary debates which relate to them, particularly on the sore subject of their tariff, or the still sorer one of the duty they imposed on rolled iron, in direct contravention of the spirit of a treaty, being in fact a discriminating duty in favour of a Russian and Prussian manufacture against an English one.—Throughout the numerous speeches, not a sentence, not a word will they find in the least degree indicative of that deeply-rooted spirit of hostility or dislike, that malignant feeling, which they charge us with entertaining towards them.

But the real truth is, there is very little known or thought of in England concerning America. We do not profess to account for this utter indifference—we simply assert the undoubted fact, that Englishmen seldom bestow a moment's attention on Transatlantic institutions, manners, literature, or government; whatever the Americans do, or think, or propose, seems to be looked upon by us with the most listless disregard. Hence they are continually committing errors from ignorance of this fact. The 68th number of the *North American Review* contains a petulant article in reply to a British critic, who had asserted that not more than three or four American authors enjoy any reputation among us. Now we are confident that nineteen-twentieths of our readers would be puzzled to mention half-a-dozen American writers, whose works they were acquainted with. The Transatlantic reviewer, endeavouring to make out a list of writers, exclaims in a tone of indignant reproach, "Did our critic never hear of Fisher Ames?" We ask, have a dozen of our readers read his works? Another American genius is thus described by the reviewer.

"The beloved, admired, the lamented Buckminster, a miracle of genius, cut off indeed in

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"the early morning of his brilliant promise, but not till he had produced works, which may be compared with the mature efforts of the highest talents in the same departments of learning. His discourses are among the most elegant, finished and really valuable productions of their class to be found in the English language . . . considered simply as written sermons, they are undoubtedly superior to any that have appeared in England since the beginning of the present century."

Critics are supposed to know every thing, and we shall doubtless astonish our brethren by our boldness, when we confess that this is the first time the name of Buckminster has reached our ears. Have any of our readers heard of this writer, whose sermons are "superior to any that have appeared in England since the beginning of the present century?" On inquiry we find his works have been reprinted at Liverpool, and this is literally all the additional information we have been able to obtain concerning him. A book is advertised to be published in London, entitled "Specimens of American Poetry," which of course contains extracts from American writers of the greatest reputation. From the published list of the authors, whose works have contributed to form the selection, we take the following in the order in which they are given, "Sigourney, Pierpont, Pickering, Ware, Bryan, Haven, Doane, Hillhouse." Have any of our readers ever even heard before of a single name among these? For aught we know, there may be Miltons, and Popes, and Byrons in the list, but unread they have been and will remain in England until some unexpected revolution takes place in the public mind. We trust it will not be supposed by the Americans that this indifference towards them arises from a feeling in any degree approaching to contempt; we do not profess to account for it, but we certainly share it in common with the inhabitants of the European continent. The "Biographie Universelle," which is by far the completest biographical dictionary that has yet appeared, and the standard work on the subject, is almost bare of American names. Neither "Fisher Ames," nor "Patrick Henry," who is considered the first of American orators, and who, according to Jefferson, spoke as Homer wrote, have a place in it, though they both died long before the volumes in which they should have appeared were published.

Perhaps the greater proximity of the civilized nations of the Old World to each other causes them to fill so large a space in the public eye, that there is no room to take in what is worth observing on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps it is supposed that so lately formed a nation can present nothing worthy of remark. We give no opinion on this question, because, in truth, we have none to give. Certain it is, that we are infinitely more engaged in watching what is going forward in France and Germany, and the literature of those countries is infinitely better known to us than that of America. We

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are far from wishing to excuse this ignorance and apathy: we allow that both reason and interest should induce us to become better acquainted with the Americans, and utterly reject Captain Hall's theory, that it would be a "foolish wisdom" to extend our knowledge of their writings. At the same time we cannot but remark, that they would do well to improve their acquaintance with England, superior as it no doubt is to ours of America. An American review just published uses as an argument against the dissolution of the Union, (a question to which the impolitic enactment of their tariff has given rise,) that the separated parts would soon fall into the power of England. Little do they know the opinions prevalent here, if they imagine we think we have not colonies enough, or that we would not infinitely sooner have them as allies than as subjects. This is a branch of the same system of error, which leads them to suppose that the remembrance of their successful rebellion still rankles in our breasts, and that we view their growing prosperity with malignant dissatisfaction. It can never be too often repeated, that such is not the feeling or the spirit of Englishmen. If we have spoken harshly of the Americans in this article, the commendations which we have unsparingly intermingled will show that our minds are unbiassed by prejudice, and capable of duly appreciating whatever may seem worthy of praise; and in our strictures, we have been particularly careful to take as authorities only such writers as every American could not but allow are wholly free from what they call British hatred or prepossessions against America. We look upon the course they have run—and in this we are sure we speak the sentiments of every thinking Englishman—with wonder, admiration, and pleasure; and we can assure them, that it is no less our wish than our interest, a wish which we hope to see re-echoed from beyond the Atlantic, that the ties of the sincerest friendship, and the mutual benefits of a continually increasing intercourse, may bind together England and the United States in the bonds of a never-ending alliance.

From the Athenæum.

THE ALDINE POETS.—COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, one of the great restorers of English poetry to truth and nature, has been called a Calvinistic driveller, and the market-gardener of versifiers, by Lord Byron: had the author of the 'Task' lived in these, our latter days, he would doubtless have numbered the noble bard with the graceless and the profane, and lamented loudly that he had bestowed immortality on scoundrels, cut-throats, and libertines. The estimate of the one, would likely have been as erroneous as that of the other, for in truth, they were both a little mad; but then the madness of Cowper was not allowed to flow into his verse, whereas the madness of Byron is not a little visible in both his poetry and conduct. With the exception of a pu-

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ritanic touch or two—not more—the religion of Cowper is that of God and nature—he labours anxiously in the service of virtue and truth—he is a warm lover of his country too, and has recorded his love of her worth and sorrow for her follies in poems, which are composed in the most manly and vigorous English. The mind of the noble Byron was tainted deeply with much of the evil of his day. In his poetry he scorns every thing—he loves nothing;—his chief hero, Childe Buron, afterwards disguised into Childe Harold, is a decided impersonation of himself, with all his evil and not much of his good about him—he wanders over the earth crying out like the false spies in scripture, “The water is nought, and the ground barren,” and sings a hymn worthy of an angel of darkness, to make mankind unhappy. In ‘Don Juan,’ we have still the old man with his deeds—the clever young reprobate laughs at everything, and believes in nothing, and exhibits the utter heartlessness of his great creator, in a way which makes us fear and loathe him. No wonder, therefore, that the disliked Cowper, who had little in common with him, but genius and high descent. As they differed in their lives, so will they in their fame. Byron, with all his loftiness of thought and burning vigour of language, has notwithstanding less sympathy with his fellow-mortals than Cowper, and must, we apprehend, be satisfied with fewer worshippers.

We have said that Cowper was a little mad: he was only so for a season, and that, chiefly, when he was stung and goaded by his friends to undertakings above his strength; or had his sensitive mind plagued and pestered with captious queries and scruples in religion. Of those who pressed sorest in these latter matters, the most tenacious and troublesome was a reverend divine: in the eyes of that over-righteous person, a ride in a coach was a thing in itself sinful—keeping of social company, was a denying of Christ—and the harmless or necessary indulgence in easy chairs at home, and cushions in the church, was a backsliding, meriting wholesome admonition and spiritual stripes. In addition to that ghostly monitor, his weakness had admitted a couple of ladies into his household—between whom disunion, as might have been foreseen, broke out; and the remotest rafter in his habitation rang with their shrill clamour and unremitting hostility. One of these—a woman, whose fine taste and originality of mind suggested ‘The Task,’ as well as ‘John Gilpin’—had acquired an importance in the eyes of the poet displeasing to her companion, whose humbler talents were powerful in the kitchen, and in all household things. Discord cannot dwell with poetry, any more than it did in Eden: the grosser spirit prevailed in this contest; and the consequence was, that the cleverest, if not the kindest one, was expelled. When this broil was over and order restored, demons of another kind came upon the stage, and invaded the repose of the unfor-

tunate bard. If we can rely upon a letter, published in the correspondence of Pinkerton, which professes to derive its information from one of the relatives of the poet, Cowper imagined that evil spirits, in the shape of women, haunted his house, and forced their way into his chamber: nay, that such was their malice, that they actually appeared in the person and dress of the worthy lady who ruled in his household. We do not marvel greatly at the mistake which the poet made, but we cannot but smile to think that he declared it needed no little scrutiny to convince him sometimes of the earthly origin of the worthy dame. We have not been informed if the shape ever came in the likeness of a priest.

The demon who appeared next, we think, was the darkest of all—he came in the shape of a critic,

Abhorred by men, and dreadful even to Gods
When Cowper had written his glorious ‘Task,’ and other poems of great and singular merit, he supposed he had nearly said all he had to say, and looked round for some employment to keep the fiends, who came in the semblance of ladies, at bay. An accomplished scholar—a ripe and mature one, he doubtless was—more conversant with the divine father of song in his own tongue than any poet who had tried to translate him, and moreover little disposed to admire the glittering version of Pope—once and still so popular—he therefore conceived the idea of translating Homer into the vigorous language of ‘The Task,’ and as he was an ardent man, he made rapid progress. Now, when the translation began to pass through the press, Fuseli, the painter, who abounded as much in vanity as he did in Greek, began to take its accuracy to task. This man spent a long life endeavouring to paint like Michael Angelo, and say witty things worthy of Butler; and imagined himself at once the best scholar and genius and wit of the age. Without question, he alarmed Cowper at first; but the poet rallied in time, and soon perceived that the Swiss was one of those dreamers, who looked for things unequalled yet in prose or rhyme, and whose admiration of Greek was so boundless, that he believed the English of Shakespeare and Milton to be utterly unworthy of being named beside it. He adopted some of his emendations—dismissed others to empty air, and gave the world his ‘Iliad’ and ‘Odyssey’ in English.

We hold that the melodious and sparkling version of Pope has so much charmed our ears and dazzled our eyes, that we are in a manner become incapable of relishing the nobler translation of Cowper. His Homer is nervous and moving, and everywhere written in the most sinewy English, and, moreover, gives us an idea of a truly original poet, in which the labours of Pope utterly fail. It is true, that Cowper is sometimes flat and unelevated—often harsh and literal—makes frequent use of common words, and expresses himself in the

simplicity of the old bard, over some of whose images his courtly brother threw a veil as resplendent and invulnerable as that with which Venus covered *Aeneas*. But then he never wiredraws or dilates—he generally gives line for line—disdains to hide a homely simile under general expressions; and, in short, differs so much in matter and in manner, that the Homer of Cowper and the Homer of Pope are two distinct poems. Nor is it in passages of masculine vigour alone that he excels. His description of the cestus of Venus, for instance, transcends that of all other translators:—

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whispered sounds,
Which from the wisest win their beat resolves.

The version of Pope, much as it has been praised, fades away before it: it is neither so simple, so poetic, nor so like Homer:

In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

We shall transcribe one brief passage in another style. Achilles, having obtained armour from Vulcan, arms himself in the midst of his myrmidons, to revenge the fall of Patroclus:—
He gnashed his teeth, fire glimmered in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, whilst he put on
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god.

Cowper has less of the fire and impetuosity of Homer than could be wished; but it will be difficult to surpass him in accuracy and graphic simplicity. Agamemnon throws his spear at an enemy, whom he could not otherwise reach—we see it as it flies and strikes:

The Pelian ash

Started right through the buckler, and it rang.
Let this short specimen suffice of the vigour
and homeliness of his style.

We have a word or two to say of the three handsome volumes before us. The printer has done his duty; and much praise is also due to the person who compiled the memoir: he has made a conscientious use of his materials, and been kind and indulgent to failings over which the illustrious poet had no control. The truth must, however, be told—this great moral poet of the people demands a better memoir—one which gives us a fuller view of the man—exhibits a more graphic image of his household—deals more boldly with his companions, male and female—and enters more largely into the spirit and genius of his poetry. In all this Hayley comparatively failed; nor has the writer before us succeeded. We know that such a work would be no easy task; that the mental infirmities of Cowper, at once changeable, and partaking of the very inspiration which dictated his verse, together with the delicacy to be observed towards the living, as well as the

dead, would require a master's hand. A memoir of this high character may be prayed for, but hardly expected; yet, till such is done, the country is without a fitting life of one of the worthiest of our latter poets.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FLOWERS IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

"I desire as I look on these, the ornaments and children of Earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype in the world in which my future home is to be cast? or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould."—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health.*

Bear them not from grassy dells,
Where wild bees have honey-cells;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the green wood to its bounds;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death!

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird, whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree:
Oh! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to Earth again!

Spread them not before the eyes,
Closing fast on summer skies!
Woo thou not the spirit back,
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured Earth!

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves:

Hush! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is her gentle heart.
Yes! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gush'd her love;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,
In their fragile mould she sees;
Shadows of yet richer things,
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought!

Therefore, in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell! farewell!
And her dim, yet speaking eye,
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain;
From her chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom:
So should one depart, who goes
Where no Death can touch the Rose!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MEMOIR OF WEBER.*

WEBER was born at Eutin, in Holstein, on the 18th Dec. 1786. Like almost every other great composer, his father was a musician. He was an accomplished violinist, and at an early period anxiously devoted himself to the education of his son. The retired habits of his family, his early intercourse with persons older than himself, and his seclusion from the society of rude and boisterous playmates, soon excited in his mind a disposition to thought, and taught him to live in a world of his own imagination. "I heated my fancy," says Weber in a letter to a friend, written long afterwards, "with the reading of romances, and pictured to myself models of ideal excellence." These sedentary pursuits and early wanderings of imagination, while they matured his intellectual faculties, not improbably laid the foundation of that physical weakness which too soon terminated in disease. His occupations were incessant. Music at first only shared his attention with painting and drawing. He wrought in crayons, in oil, in water-colours; he etched very tolerably; every thing, in short, indicated that restless activity of mind, which, whether it be spread over the whole field of art, or poured into a single channel, seems to be the inseparable concomitant of genius. Gradually the master-feeling of his soul assumed the preponderance, and banished its rivals from the scene; painting and etching dropt silently into abeyance, and music engrossed the whole energies of his youthful mind.

His studies in this art were not a little retarded by his father's frequent change of residence, and the consequent alteration which took place in the systems and modes of tuition to which he was subjected. On the other hand, these changes, by leading him to reflect, and compare, and analyse, probably developed and assisted the constitution of an enlarged musical taste. To Haushkel of Hildburghausen, in particular, Weber, in a little fragment of autobiography which he began at Dresden, expresses his high obligations for the acquisition of whatever skill he professed as a piano-forte player; particularly in rendering him equally adroit in the use of both hands. His father, who witnessed his progress with pleasure, took him when about eleven years old to Saltsburgh, and placed him under the care of Michael Haydn. "But there was too awful a distance," says Weber, "between the old man and the child. I learnt little with him and with great difficulty." To encourage him, however, his father printed, in 1798, six fugues which he had composed, and the end of that year took him to Munich, where

he received instructions in singing from Valensi, and in harmony from the court-organist Kälcher, to whose clear, progressive and unwearied instructions, particularly in regard to the grand elements of composition, the treatment of subjects in four parts, he expresses himself as greatly indebted. Weber's inclination towards dramatic music soon began to display itself. Under the eye of his master he now wrote an opera entitled "The Power of Love and Wine," besides a mass, numerous sonatas for the piano-forte, violin trios, &c., all of which, however, he afterwards committed to the flames. Even the field of music, it seemed, was not wide enough for him. Senefelder's discovery of lithographic printing all at once inspired him with the resolution of turning lithographer. He thought he had discovered an improved process in lithography, and forthwith set about reducing his invention to practice, by removing to Freyberg and actually commencing the practice of the art. But the mechanical, "spirit-killing" drudgery, as he calls it, of this employment, soon became repulsive, and throwing away his alkalies and his dabbers, he returned with a warmer and now unalterable attachment to his former studies.

In 1800, he composed the music of the Chevalier Steinberg's opera, "The Maid of the Woods," (*Das Waldmädchen*), which though he himself characterizes it "as a very immature production, only not entirely destitute of occasional invention," appears to have been received with approbation even in Berlin and Petersburg, no trifling distinction for the work of a boy of fourteen. An article in the *Musical Gazette* about this time, (1801,) suggested to him the idea of composing a piece in a different style, in which old and forgotten instruments should be introduced. To this archaeological opera he gave the name of "Peter Schmoll and his Neighbours," (*Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbarn*.) It was played in Augsburg, as he himself drily and significantly observes, "without any remarkable consequences;" the most agreeable circumstance attending this antiquarian capriccio being, that it procured him the following kind notice from his old master, Michael Haydn:—"As far as I may pretend to judge, (says he,) I most truly and candidly say, that this opera not only possesses great power and effect, but is composed according to the strict rules of counterpoint. To spirit and liveliness, the composer has added a high degree of delicacy, and the music is moreover perfectly suited to the words." Another of his masters, in alluding to the same opera, with respect to its author, made use of the remarkable and prophetic expression "erit mature ut Mozart;" and even Weber himself seems to have thought some portions of it deserving of preservation, for he afterwards retouched the overture, and had it printed by Gumbard.

In 1802 he accompanied his father on a musical tour through Leipzig, Hamburg and Hol-

*1. *Hinterlassene Schriften von Carl Maria von Weber*, herausgegeben von Theodore Hell. (Posthumous works of Carl Maria von Weber, published by Theodore Hell.) Dresden und Leipzig, 1828. 5 vols. 18mo.

2. *Lebensbeschreibung von Carl Maria von Weber*. (Life of ditto.) Gotha. 1829. 4to.

stein, in the course of which he collected and studied various theoretical works on music, with the greatest assiduity, but, as would appear from his own confession, with no other result than that of filling his mind with conflicting and undigested theories. While in this bewildered state, he seems to have been grievously annoyed by an unlucky physician, who with the perplexing question "Why?" used to assail and generally overturn the principles, such as they were, which he had gathered in the course of his reading. "A confounded Doctor of Medicine," says he, "to whom I was giving instructions in thorough bass, pestered me so with his queries, had so little respect for the authority of names, and was so determined to get to the bottom of every thing, that with all my omniscience, I felt myself now and then fairly nonplused. I resolved at last to treat music as other studies are treated, to be able to assign a reason for every progressive step." By these means, proceeding in his investigations with the most undaunted perseverance, and, as nearly as possible, upon the same method to which modern research has been indebted for its success in the physical sciences, after a time Weber not only emerged from the limbo of doubt, into which the faulty and hypothetical systems of his predecessors had cast him, but brought with him a more philosophical system of his own, based upon experience and the observation of nature. Having thoroughly grounded himself in the principles of his art, he now sought a proper field for its display.

Vienna is, in Germany, the Holy Land to which all musical devotees make their pilgrimage, and Weber also turned his face to the east. His reception was kind and cordial. Musicians, in general, are not conspicuous for the harmony of their intercourse with each other; but Weber was received with generous sympathy by those in whose minds his rising genius and boundless application might have excited envy. The Abbe Vogler, the most distinguished of his new acquaintances, advised him at once to lay aside all premature attempts to acquire distinction, and to devote himself silently and steadily for two years more to the critical study of the works of the great masters, a course which he rigidly followed out under the Abbe's personal superintendence, though he admits that the effort which it cost him, was at first, a painful one.

Anxious to perfect his education by a more complete acquaintance with dramatic and musical effect, he about this time accepted of the situation of music director in Breslau. Here he formed a new orchestra and chorus, remodelled several of his earlier works, and composed the greater part of Rhode's opera of *Rubezahl*. His numerous duties left him little time for original composition, but the contrasted nature of those works which, in his official situation, he had to bring out and superintend, served to exercise his mind, as he says, in discriminating musical effects, and in exhibiting the practical

application of those views which his theories had suggested, while it prevented him from falling into the beaten track of any one composer.

For a short time, in 1806, he took the direction of the theatre at Carlsruhe, at the request of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, but his employment, and the neat little theatre itself, were soon put an end to by the ravages of war. Music he found for a time to be an unprofitable servant: a *march* was the only movement which was popular, and the only instruments which were heard were the drum and the trumpet. During these evil times Weber found an asylum in the house of the Duke Louis of Wirtemberg, at Stuttgard where he rewrote his opera of the *Wood Girl*, and composed various smaller pieces, including *Der erste Ton* (The First Sound,) till the political atmosphere began to clear in 1810, and restored him again to his profession. "From this time," says he, (writing afterwards in 1817,) "I may consider my opinions as pretty much made up on the subject of music, and all that time has since done, or can do, is merely the rounding-off of sharp angles, and the imparting additional clearness and comprehensibility to principles which were already firmly established in my mind." He now travelled through Germany in various directions, and his opera's were played with success in Frankfort, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. In conjunction with Meyerbeer and Gansbacher, he enjoyed (and with more beneficial results than before) all the advantages which the fine taste, profound knowledge, and great experience of Vogler could impart. The abbe was on the verge of the tomb, and Weber seems to have received his last instructions as a sacred legacy. "Once more only," says he, "I saw him in Vienna, fully sympathizing with my success: Peace be to his ashes!" The opera of Abon Hassan was the composition of this period.

In January, 1813, he undertook (with some reluctance, for he foresaw the Augean nature of the task which awaited him,) the direction of the opera at Prague. Every thing had to be reorganized, and his efforts at reform were retarded by intrigues and obstacles of every kind. He wrote to Liebich, the stage-manager at Prague, on the subject of these annoyances, with feeling, but with that calm and dignified sense of his own uprightness and superiority which was blended in his mind with a singular modesty. He mentions that he had at last come to the resolution of giving up his obnoxious situation at Prague. "Think not, however," he observes in conclusion, "that this resolution is founded on any feelings of irritation or pride, but in the firm conviction that I can no longer remain here for good. While I continue to hold the helm, my management will always afford me the same pleasure and be distinguished by the same exertions." Accordingly with unpretending patience, he laboured for months before laying down the direction to complete and simplify all the arrangements of the opera for

his successor to fill up catalogues, inventories, and so forth, so as to reduce the operative chaos into order and regularity. Having done so as well as he could, almost at the sacrifice of any attempt at composition of his own, (for his residence at Prague is hardly distinguished by any work of consequence, save his cantata of "Kampf und Sieg," and his music to Körner's "Leyer und Schwert,") he resigned his office.

"I now," says he, (March 26, 1818,) "set out on my pilgrimage through the world, calmly waiting for that sphere of operation which fate might assign to me. Numerous and tempting offers reached me from all sides; but an invitation to assist in the formation of a German opera in Dresden was the only one sufficiently attractive to decide me. And here I am labouring with might and main at the duties assigned to me; and when they shall lay a stone upon my grave, I trust they will be able to write on it—
HERE LIES ONE WHO MEANT HONESTLY TOWARDS MUSIC, AND TOWARDS MEN."

Well might Weber describe himself as working with might and main during his residence at Dresden. He had come thither in January, 1817, and though his residence was on the whole a happy one, it was the contentment derived from successful, but unceasing and laborious exertion—varied only by the occasional society of a few congenial minds, and the constant and well-merited tribute of "respect from the respected." Even if Weber could have eaten the bread of idleness, it was not in his nature to sit down in indolence. The same activity of mind, which in early youth engaged him in painting, etching, and even the more mechanical labour of lithography, made him devote the *hora intercessiva* which he could spare from his professional avocations (and these intervals were not many) to the cultivation of poetry and general literature. He published from time to time short criticisms on professional subjects, new operas, concerts, or elementary works on music generally, anonymously or under the signature of Melos, Simon Knaster, or some such pseudonym, most of them distinguished by acuteness and depth, often by force and happiness of expression, and uniformly by a noble candour and sensibility to the merit of others. Many little poems and copies of verses, epigrams, and translations from the Italian, also dropped from his pen at these times, though in general they were communicated only to some of his friends, or left to repose in his desk. They indicate, as might be anticipated, a fine ear for versification, and a considerable turn for humour. This quality appears a little overstrained in the longest of his productions, which he did not live to complete, entitled "Tonkünstler's Leben," ("the Life of a Musical Artist,") a humorous arabesque, in which scenes from Weber's own musical life, or that of others, criticisms upon existing notions in the art, or in dramatic literature, are worked up into a Shandean kind of romance, of which some specimens appeared in various German periodicals,

and are re-printed in the present work. His humour, there is reason to believe, appeared to more advantage in his conversation in society, where his good-natured playful satire and variety of conception are spoken of by his friends in high terms. Often in those quiet evening circles where Weber used to unbend after the fatigues of a laborious day, and where each of the company was called on alternately to contribute some poem or tale, or perhaps to take up and carry on a story begun by another, his readiness of invention and command of language rendered him a delightful visitor.

These *symposia*, however, exhibit the bright side of the composer's life; "the weariness, the fever, and the fret," of incessant occupation and wavering health, to which he was exposed during this his residence at Dresden, as he describes it himself in a letter written in 1818, must be taken into view, to complete the picture. Weber had been rash enough, in an unguarded moment, to promise to review some musical production of a brother artist, and had been prevented by his multifarious avocations from fulfilling his promise. He had in the meantime received a most impertinent and vexatious letter from the brother of the musician, to which he thus replied:

"I was indebted, when I left Prague, to my publisher, in a variety of works already begun and paid for. I went to Berlin. I gave no concerts that I might lose no time. I worked day and night, and had almost completed my task, when I was invited to Dresden to assist in the formation of a German opera there. I came and found prejudices to contend with, obstacles of every kind to overcome, engagements to form, correspondence to carry on with all quarters of Germany, a corps to organise from the foundation, for an opera, which, with all its limited means, has since obtained the approbation of the court and the public. It was a hard time of restlessness and care, and my health was broken by it. The pressure of employment on all sides was so great, that I had no time to think of composition. I had been deprived of all social intercourse with my friends, some of whom had scarcely received a token of my existence for a twelvemonth. I had hoped to carry through my arrangements for my marriage in the end of August, when the task was suddenly imposed upon me of composing an Italian cantata for the nuptial ceremony of our Princess Maria Anne, to be completed at the very moment when I was in the midst of my arrangements for my new residence. The ceremony was put off from day to day, and this period of uncertainty, night and day, I shall never forget. At last, on the 30th of October, I was allowed to set out. I completed my marriage at Prague on the 4th of November, and paid a visit on family matters to Mannheim. I had taken your brother's work with me in the carriage, that I might avail myself of any moment I could find, but it was impossible. In the end of December I returned, when a fearful heap of arrears awaited me. I had pledged myself to the king to prepare a mass for his birth-day, which was to be my greatest work. It was completed on the 8th of March, 1818, being the fruit of nocturnal la-

hour, at a time when I was on the point of taking leave of this world altogether. My colleague Morlacchi had been travelling in Italy on leave ever since the end of August, 1817, and thus every thing lay on my shoulders * * * * Can a man, who has been conducting the opera for the last three years and a half, without playing a single piece of his own, though he had every facility for so doing—who is still indebted to his publisher in the completion of works begun a year before—who has been for the same time, in a manner, dead to his friends, who has been unable to complete the opera which was expected at Berlin, be accused of thinking only of himself, or of wishing to suppress the talents of others? Both here and in Prague I have purposely represented nothing of my own, in order to convince the world that there may be such beings in it as directors who can foster the talents of others, and can be contented without listening eternally to their own music. I have not succeeded, it would seem, and it grieves me to the heart."

His marriage, to which he alludes in the above letter, was a happy one. His wife was the celebrated actress, Caroline Brand, with whom he had formed an acquaintance when at Prague. Weber had, in his extreme love of simplicity, and fear of display, forbidden all music on the occasion; but, to his surprise and emotion, no sooner had the priest concluded the ceremony, than a burst of music from the organ, and the voices of his scholars, who had been anxious thus to express their sympathy, greeted the newly-married pair.

These proofs of sympathy from his scholars were not undeserved. The task of instruction, even amidst his numerous and distracting avocations, had always been discharged by Weber with that zeal and conscientiousness which pervaded his conduct in all the relations of life. Young as he was, his distinguished talent and enthusiasm for the art had early attracted towards him many pupils, and he seems to have mingled with his musical tuitions an almost parental regard and anxiety for their success in life, and the general formation of their character. He censured their moral errors with the same readiness as their musical, he harmonized their whole mental constitution, and endeavoured to impress upon it that piety, charity, and unshaken but unpretending rectitude of purpose, which distinguished his own.—Some passages, in a farewell letter addressed by him to a pupil who was about to leave him to commence his career in the world, indicate a remarkable union of tenderness and good sense.

"I feel myself called on, dear Emilius, before our parting, to repeat to you in writing what I have so often verbally endeavoured to impress upon your heart. When you became my scholar, I felt myself charged with the care of your whole being, for I cannot separate the artist from the man. You know how thoroughly I despise that misnamed 'geniality,' which considers the life of an artist as a license to all excesses, and a permission to violate all the restraints of modesty and decorum. True, an

indulgence in the dreams of fancy is but too apt to infect our intercourse with real life; it is pleasant to feel ourselves so carried away.—But here it is that a man must preserve his strength of mind, and make his choice, whether by governing his feelings he shall move at once freely and steadily along the path which is pointed out for him; or whether, not possessing, but possessed by his feelings, he shall be whirled giddily about like an insane Fakir in the worship of a wretched idol.

"Persevering diligence is the true spell by which these mischievous influences on the heart are to be counteracted. How absurd to suppose that the mind is cramped by the serious study of means? Free creative power is the result of habits of self-control alone; the mind must be content to move along beaten paths, if it would finally reach the region of novelty. * * * *"

Dear Emilius, with your acuteness, ambition, and talent, you sin against heaven, your parents, your art, and your instructor, if you abandon yourself any longer to idle dreams and extravagant excesses; if you do not study with firm perseverance, and with that order and method which alone can teach a man how to live in and for the world. Your unsteadiness, your disregard of promises and appointments have become a bye-word among your friends. It is the proud distinction of a man to be the slave of his word. Do not flatter yourself with the illusion that you may be careless in such matters, and not in things of greater importance. It is little matters that make up the mass of life, and the fearful power of custom will soon prevent the best intentions from being reduced to action. I trust, however, in Him who directs all things for good. In the life of all of us there are turning points which are decisive of our future existence for good or evil. Let it be your care to enter on the right path; keep before your eyes the duties of your art; learn to be true to yourself, and your own feelings will richly reward you for any sacrifices which the effort may cost."

It is gratifying to learn, that the individual to whom this paternal remonstrance was addressed, justified by his after conduct the hopes of his instructor. He died early, but not without manifesting in the subsequent part of his conduct the impression which Weber's advice had left upon his mind.

In these laborious duties, Weber's time had passed down to 1818. The absence of Morlacchi, to which he alludes in the letter already quoted, had thrown upon him the whole duties of the opera. In May, 1818, after finishing the Grand Mass for the birth-day of the King, the state of his health was such that he received permission to return to the country. Until about the close of 1819, he had been in the habit of furnishing a series of regular criticisms on dramatic music. These he now abandoned, partly from the state of his health, partly from an invidious attack upon him in a Dresden newspaper, where he was accused of labouring to suppress all talent but his own and that of his flatterers and proteges. These observations were on occasion of the announcement of Meyerbeer's "*Emma di Rodrigo*," and "*Alime-*

lee," which had been played at the Royal Theatre that spring, and their object was to produce the impression that Weber had been unjust to the merit of his old friend. This consideration alone induced the former to notice the attack, which he did in a most conclusive reply. But perceiving by experience the thousand vexations to which the most honest reviewer is exposed, he in a great measure abandoned his musical criticisms. During his tranquillity in the country, however, he composed part of his *Preciosa*, the story of which is taken from one of Cervantes' "Novelas Exemplares;" and commenced another opera which had been long before commissioned for the Berlin Theatre, the well-known "Frey-schutz," founded on a romance of Apel's. His friend Kind, by whom the text of the opera was to be framed, had at first given it the name of the "Jager's Bride," which was afterwards changed for the more striking title (to a German ear) of "The Enchanted Bullets." These labours were for a time interrupted by the sickness of his wife; but in the spring, 1820, the *Preciosa* was, for the first time, played at Berlin; and in 1821, the newly-erected royal opera there was opened with "Der Freyschutz."

The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and every where with the same success. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos," never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale:

"Dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth," breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was, notwithstanding, received by all judges of music on its first representation in Vienna (10th Oct. 1823) sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his *Euryanthe*, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Frey-schutz." His tour resem-

bled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards—"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow mining of the hectic fire" within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany, (where his Freyschutz was played in 1823,) to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planche's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planche's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his *Euryanthe* there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the Freyschutz, the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a near and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him. He left Dresden early in 1826, ac-

accompanied by his friend Furstenau, a celebrated performer on the flute, travelling in a comfortable carriage, which his health rendered indispensable. His cough was less troublesome on the journey than it had latterly been. He reached Paris on the 25th of February, where he was received in the most flattering manner by all the musicians and composers of eminence, among others by Rossini, who was so anxious to see him that he had called before his arrival, that he might ascertain the exact moment of his coming. On the 27th he was present at the first representation of Spontini's "Olympia;" and though no great admirer of the composer, the way in which the opera was performed elicited his warmest approbation. "How splendid a spectacle," says he, "is the opera here! The noble building, the masses upon the stage, and in the orchestra, are imposing, almost awful. The orchestra in particular has a strength and a fire such as I never before witnessed." The longer he remained in Paris, the more the number of his visitors increased. "I cannot venture to describe to you," he writes to his wife, "how I am received here. It would be the excess of vanity. The very paper would blush for me, were I to write down half of what the greatest living artists here tell me. If I don't die of pride now, I am ensured against that fate for ever." Though thus breathing an atmosphere of flattery, and feeling his health and spirit improving amidst the novelty of the scene, his letters betray his longing to revisit his domestic circle and his resolution never again to undertake so long a journey without the comfort of their society.

On the 2d of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London.

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes, (among others the largest ship of the line, of 148 guns,) the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where every thing that could add to his comfort or soothe his illness had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid piano forte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine until five, then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon.) I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the third, (of March,) a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God will.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here! and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschutz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely. Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to

overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he "in another of his confidential letters of his wife, (29th March, 1826) 'begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle."

"So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was indeed nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

"12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted by huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause."

"So much for this night, dear life: from your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of heaven. Good night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

"17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark, yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless,

like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience—patience—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it.

"To-morrow is the first representation of my (so called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin.' I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

"30th May.

"DEAREST LINN, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already, too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfurt—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfurt—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms."

"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if heaven will only vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way—once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father, Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th June he was to be present at the Freyschutz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the second of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all, and keep you well! O were I only among you. I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschutz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock

in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm, placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

To characterise such a man as Weber is not an easy task, though we may now approach it with more chance of impartiality than amidst the excitement and regret which followed his early death. When "Science" self destroys her favourite son," and a great and good man drops suddenly into the grave from the very earnestness of his pursuit after immortality; dies too—far from his home and friends—in a land "where other voices speak, and other sights surround," our feelings are so mixed up and blended with our judgment, that we are at first inclined to overrate his services, or to exaggerate the range and compass of his ability. Something perhaps analogous took place in the case of Weber. Much vague and unmeaning compliment, much idle declamation, and many false views, would require to be cleared away before the man himself could be seen and appreciated in his simplicity. But Weber is, fortunately, one who, even when deprived of these trappings, retains the dignity and the honours of a great artist; nay, perhaps, like the Sybilline books, he loses little or nothing of his value by their abridgement.

As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is perhaps less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes' bed, to which all

themes whatever are forcibly subjected and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject, possess all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him with the most perfect justice the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being "less an imitator than an instrument of nature," and adds "that it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her as that *she* speaks through him."

With regard to the melody of Weber, it may be said to be laid out in the most captivating and beautiful variety, at one time resembling a rich and luxuriant garden, at another a tangled wilderness—now opening to us, in Oberon, glimpses of fairy land, or surrounding us with the associations of the east—now suddenly recalling us to the darker sources of northern superstition, and

"Wonders wild of Arabesque combin'd
With Gothic imagery of darker shade."

Like *Salvator*, he gloried in delineating the wild and savage aspects of nature, and in wandering, like Beethoven, in her sullen and more gloomy recesses. The romantic turn of his mind, inspired by his early studies, rendered the wild legend of the Freyschütz, perhaps, the most suitable subject on which he could have employed his talents. In depicting, or rather in aggravating the horrors of the wolf's glen, with its fearful omens, and all its unearthly sights and sounds, in painting the grief and despair of his hero and the gloomy demoniacal spirit of the lost and abandoned Casper, he found full scope for his peculiar talent. Were we to compare him with any of our romance writers we would say that he possessed, though mingled with and controlled by a finer taste and far greater discretion, a congeniality of soul with Monk Lewis, or Mrs. Radcliffe; and rich as the dramatic literature of his country is in tales of superstition and diablerie, we think it is to be regretted that he did not, at least, furnish us with another romantic opera from that prolific source. His forte certainly lay in the treatment of this description of subjects.

To have formed a full and complete estimate of Weber's talent as a composer, it would have

been necessary to have entered into a minute analysis of his works, but our readers must be aware that to have done so would of itself have exhausted all the space which we have devoted to this article. We have accordingly been obliged to confine ourselves to a brief and general survey of some of those more prominent traits which appear to us in an especial manner to have contributed to his exalted reputation. We rise from the task as much impressed with the sterling worth of his musical compositions as with the excellence of his private character. Both were masculine and nervous, disdaining trick and hating all vulgar appeals to popularity; as an artist and a man, Weber reposed in the consciousness of his own strength and a confidence that in due time his merits would be appreciated by those whose approbation alone he was anxious to obtain. Although a national composer, in so far as he followed up the course in which his compatriots have so nobly set the example, the great success of his productions in other countries, particularly in our own, sufficiently attests their universal character, and leads us to hope, that, like the works of all truly great and inspired genius, they will form the delight of future ages as they have done of this, and obtain a hearing when the more ephemeral productions of the day are forgotten.

From the Edinburgh Review.

DR. BOWRING'S POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

THE translator is to poetry what the adventurous merchant is to commerce. He circulates the produce of thought, varies our intellectual banquets, teaches us that some accession to our stores may be derived even from those quarters which we had regarded as the most sterile and unpromising, and thus adds another link to the chain of social and kindly feelings which should bind man to his fellows. In this commerce of mind few have laboured more assiduously than Dr. Bowring. At one time 'he hath an argosy bound for Tripoli, another for the Indies, a third for Mexico, a fourth for England'—ventures, in short, 'enough to bear a royal merchant down'—and yet, with the exception of one cargo under Dutch colours, where he appears to have had a partner, he seems to trust entirely to his own taste and research in the selection of his commodities. His varied and almost Mithridatic acquaintance

*1. *Specimens of the Russian Poets*. Translated by John Bowring, L.L.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1821—3.

2. *Batavian Anthology, or Specimen of the Dutch Poets*. By John Bowring, L.L.D. 12mo. London, 1824.

3. *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*. Selected and translated by John Bowring, L.L.D. and H. S. Van Dyk. 8vo. London, 1824.

4. *Specimens of the Polish Poets*. By John Bowring, L.L.D. 12mo. London, 1827.

5. *Servian Popular Poetry*. Translated by John Bowring, L.L.D. 12mo. London, 1827.

6. *Poetry of the Magyars*. By John Bowring, L.L.D. 8vo. London, 1829.

with the languages of modern Europe, extending even to their less classical or almost forgotten dialects, and that liberal spirit in literature, which so extensive a field of enquiry is sure to produce, seemed peculiarly to mark him out as one fitted to transfer to his country those strains which had conferred celebrity on their authors in their own; or which, though their origin and authorship are lost in the darkness of antiquity, had long cheered the peasant in his sledge amidst the frozen snow, or been associated with the jollity of the harvest and the vintage, or the more tranquil mirth of the cottage fire.

It is true, it may be said that no very accurate idea of the poetry of a foreign nation, separated from ourselves by seas and continents, and still farther separated in mind by diversity of habits and feelings, can be gained by the labours of any one translator; and the observation is well-founded to a certain extent. The edifice he seeks to illuminate is no doubt too vast to be fully enlightened by a solitary torch, but at least it is probable that in moving with him along its vast halls and long arches, the light he carries will strike occasionally on objects of splendour or value; that our eyes will catch dim glimpses of treasures in its inner recesses—sudden openings into far-off gardens, the trees of which, like those which dazzled Aladdin in the cave, seem bright with the tints of the diamond, the ruby, and the emerald; and that the result of this hasty glance may be a desire to return and to investigate for ourselves, and with more leisure and minuteness, the scenes of which we have caught these dim but pleasing outlines. He who transfers a single strain of true and natural poetry, however simple, however brief, from another language to ours, performs no mean service to literature, and, it may be, to the interests of civilization in general. He has thrown, as it were, the first plank over the gulf which separated two nations—has taught them that they have feelings, 'eyes, organs, dimensions, affections, passions,' in common—has awakened a spirit of literary enterprise, and pointed out, if he cannot guide us through, the promised land. Other adventurers will soon throng after him; a broader bridge will be thrown over the channel that divided them; an exchange of feelings and associations may take place; the old may impart to the new some portion of the polish which long civilization has produced, while it receives in return a new infusion of the freshness, rapidity, and wild vigour which characterise an infant literature, thus bartering its Persian ornaments of gold and silver to receive repayment in a Spartan coinage of iron.

The interest of Dr. Bowring's earliest work, his *Specimens of the Russian Poets*—was in a great measure that arising from surprise; from discovering that, in the country which, until the days of Peter the Great, had never made its voice heard among the dynasties of Europe, there had grown up, almost with the sudden-

ness of an exhalation, a poetical literature betraying no marks of its barbaric origin; possessing, in fact, the very qualities which are most commonly found associated with a long-established literature; light, graceful, equable, rather than startling, either by its beauties or its faults; moral, didactic, tender, or satirical rather than narrative, martial, or mystical: in short, so little hyperborean in its general aspect, that but for some occasional traits of nationality which give it a certain distinctive and original character, we had great difficulty in believing that any thing so trim and so polished could have been imported from the rough shores of the Don and the Volga. Perhaps, however, there was but little room for surprise when the peculiar circumstances of Russia were adverted to. Called into existence as a European power, by the genius of one man, she had to borrow every thing from civilized Europe—arts, arms, philosophy, learning—and it was but natural she should borrow her poetry with the rest. Being as it were, at the time, almost in a state of poetical nudity, it was far more easy for her to step into the ready-made, though somewhat faded, habiliments which France, England and Germany, politely pressed upon her acceptance, than to construct a national costume for herself out of the coarse and scanty materials which had constituted her wardrobe in former and ruder centuries; and so, slipping his person unceremoniously into English pantaloons, and a French *robe de chambre*, the Russian poet went sidling up the walks of Parnassus with a meershaum in his mouth, Young's Night Thoughts in his hand, and Voltaire in his pocket, all unconscious that the Monmouth Street air of his habiliments was visible to every myrmidon that guarded that quarter of Apollo's domain.

Let us not, however, be unjust to the high merit of some of the specimens of Russian poetry, to which we were introduced by Dr. Bowring. We cannot certainly sympathise with him to the full extent of his admiration, for it is an infallible effect of translation, that the translator acquires an undue attachment to the authors on whom he has exercised his powers; and as in general we are apt to estimate the merit of our own works according to the labour which we have bestowed upon them, it may frequently happen that pieces of inferior merit may be rated higher than the works of greater poets in the scale of the translator; simply because it has required a greater exertion of his own skill and ingenuity to bring them into shape and to present them in an attractive dress to an English reader. We cannot, therefore, but regret, that Russia, in borrowing from other countries, did not labour to impart to the materials she imported, a stronger air of nationality—to efface more completely the former die from the coin, and to stamp on it her own image and superscription, and that more use was not made on the whole of her national traditions and historical annals: but we admit,

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at the same time, that many causes have existed, and do exist, in Russia, calculated to narrow the field on which originality can be displayed, and to contract the sphere of feeling and thought; and we willingly do justice to the merits of such men as Derzhaven, Lomonosov, and Zhukovsky. The ballad of 'Catherine,' in particular, by the latter, wild and spectral like Burger's 'Lenore,' but national in all its pictures and allusions, scarcely loses by a comparison with its Teutonic prototype; and some of the national songs which close the second volume, brief, artless, tender, and picturesque, seem deserving of the high eulogiums bestowed upon them by the translator. 'They are no subjects for criticism,' observes Dr. Bowring; 'for criticism cannot reach them—it cannot abstract one voice from the chorus, nor persuade the village youth and maidens that the measure is false, or the music is discordant.' 'The rude melody, often gentle and plaintive, in which they find utterance, still vibrates in my ear. I ask for them no admiration—they are the delight of millions.'

A different object from that which he had in view in his Russian selections was to be effected by the *Bataian Anthology* of Dr. Bowring—not to introduce to our notice a nation, in the infancy of literature and civilization, making her first timid essay in the paths of poetry; but one long celebrated in learning, science, philosophy, and arms, where hard-won liberty had early made her cradle and home, and still dwelt, though in a more splendid mansion, and amidst the modern luxuries and refinements spread around her by an abundant commerce. It was to dispel the prejudices supposed to exist among ourselves as to the poetry of Holland, and to satisfy the critic by experiment that the country of William I., of Grotius, Erasmus, and Rembrandt, could not be without its poets, as well as its painters, philosophers, and statesmen. This attempt, however, we cannot help thinking, was less successful than its predecessor; not through any fault on the part of Dr. Bowring, (for its execution was, on the whole, more skilful,) but that, in truth, the opinion which had been formed of the poets of Holland, though exaggerated, was in the main correct;—that although occasional magnificence and constant purity of taste characterise the choruses of Vendel; though Cats be nervous, simple, and sententious; though Decker, Brederode, and Westerbain are often touching and natural—a great number of the specimens exhibited by him rather sunk beneath than rose above mediocrity; and that, consequently, the general aspect of the Dutch Parnassus, even as placed by him in its best point of view, too much resembled that of their own gardens—all very smooth and pleasing, and irreproachable in point of neatness, with here and there, too, some stately and umbrageous trees, but seldom varying from a dead level, and with a temperature, on the whole, rising but little above freezing. Dr. Bowring will, perhaps,

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think we do injustice to his favourites, and we are willing to hope that his supplementary volume may exhibit the beauties of Batavia in a more favourable light. Meantime, we willingly acknowledge the skill with which many of his own translations are executed. The following stanzas from one of Brederode's songs will remind the reader of the manner of Herrick:—

'Should they display unbounded sway
O'er all these kingly regions,
And give to me dominion free
O'er lands and mighty legions;
My heart the gift would treasure,
To rule them all at pleasure.
Not for riches, not for land,
Not for station nor command,
Not for sceptres, crowns, or power,
Not for all the world's worth;
But that I on thee might shower
Every gift from heaven and earth.

'I would decree that all should be
Observant to revere thee,
With bended knee, submissively,
Though princes, kings, stood near thee.
Courts should their glories lend thee,
And empresses attend thee,
And queens upon thy steps should wait,
And pay their tribute to thy state,
In low and humble duty;
And place thee on a royal seat,
Deck'd, as becomes thy beauty,
With splendour and adornment meet.

'An ivory throne should be thine own,
With ornaments the rarest,
A cloth of red thy floor o'erspread
To kiss thy footsteps, fairest!
And sweetest flowers be wreathing,
And round thee fondly breathing;
And by thy influence I would prove
How I esteem thy virtuous love!
How thy truth and goodness sway'd me,
More than all my store of gold,
More than thousands that obey'd me,
More than the giant world could hold.

'But these, I know, thou canst forego,
For pride has never found thee;
And I possess more wealthiness
Than all the courtiers round me.
If riches they inherit,
I have them too—in spirit;
And thou dost know as well as I
That truer greatness deigns to lie
'Neath a garment worn and tatter'd,
Than e'er adorn'd a narrow mind,
And that treasures oft are scatter'd
To the basest of our kind.

From the amphibious world of Holland—

'The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, and gliding sail'—

Dr. Bowring turned suddenly to a more striking region of song—to the deep valleys and sunburnt sierras, the vineyards, the Moorish palaces, and Gothic ruins of Spain; to the romantic chronicles of her ancient kings, so rich in eventful changes and picturesque details; to the magic names of the Cid, of Bernardo del Carpio, and of that train of heroes

who hold an equivocal position on the debate, able land between truth and fiction; to Granada with its Alhambra, Albaycin, and Generalife, its Zegris and Abencerrages, its chivalry, its learning and its splendour; to those heroic ballads, where the light and graceful Arabesque wreathes itself, like a vine, round the massive solidity of the Gothic fabric which it decorates; and to that vast collection of national songs, nameless themselves, and touching the imagination and the heart with a nameless but powerful spell. His object now was neither to awaken our interest for an infant literature, nor to disabuse us of prejudice against an old one; but rather to justify to ourselves the prepossessions of which we were conscious towards the literature of the Peninsula. He wished to afford evidence that there was a reality in the dreams which we connected with these shores of old romance, and to make us acquainted with that peculiar anonymous ballad literature, the glory of Spain, which, more than even her laboured productions, evinces the diffusion of a high tone of poetical feeling among her inhabitants, and much of which had fortunately been rescued from oblivion, and collected so early as 1510. In this field, no doubt, the translator could not, as in the case of his Russian and Batavian anthologies, boast of having led the way. He had been preceded by Mr. Lockhart, who had translated, with great vigour, and with a fine vein of chivalrous feeling, many of the best of the historical romances. But Dr. Bowring's work, from its variety, and, in particular, from the numerous, and sometimes extremely happy, translations it contained of those little fragments and snatches of song, which had been, in a great measure, overlooked by his predecessor, must be regarded as a valuable supplement to the *Ancient Spanish Ballads*.

Scarcely has this peninsular pageant of chivalry passed by, when the scene is changed to the banks of the Sava and the Danube—to Servia and Hungary. The poetical literature of Servia seems even more singular than that of Spain itself. Much of the Spanish poetry was traditional, till collected in the *Cancionero* and *Romancero General*; but that of Servia is entirely so. Bequeathed from mouth to mouth, without the aid of manuscripts or printing, the same songs that celebrated the exploits of Marco, or lamented the fatal battle of Kosova, (the Servian Xeres de la Frontera,) which delivered over the country to the tyranny of Amurath, are still, with slender variations, the popular poetry of the country. Simple and unpretending, they scarcely appear to the natives deserving of the name of poetry—a title which they seem to think can only be claimed by longer and more ambitious effusions. Goethe, who has devoted considerable attention to the poetry of Servia, observes, that when some Servians, who had visited Vienna, were requested to write down the songs they had sung, they expressed the greatest surprise that such simple poetry and music as theirs should

possess any interest for intelligent and cultivated minds. They apprehended, they said, that the artless compositions of their country would be the subject of scorn or ridicule to those whose poetry was so polished and sublime.

Simple, however, and unadorned as it is, we have no hesitation in saying, that it appears to us the most interesting and original to which Dr. Bowring has yet directed his attention. The language of Servia, a derivative from the old Church Slavonic, modified by the vicinity of Greece and Italy, seems early to have been softened down into a perfect instrument for poetry and music. From the Turks, too, their ancient foes, and latterly their conquerors, the Servians borrowed many additions to their vocabulary, while even the hostile relations subsisting between the two countries tended strongly to impress upon its literature an Oriental character. In this, in fact, it resembled, to a certain extent, that of Spain, though the intercourse between the two countries was of a far less intimate and kindly nature, and the Turks, with whom they maintained the struggle, a very different race from the polished Moors of Granada. Enough remained to impart an Oriental colouring to many of its pictures, and to vary and extend the field of its allusions.

Till within these few years, when a large mass of the national songs and ballads of Servia was collected by Vuck, and committed to paper, either from early recollections, or from the repetition of Servian minstrels, no part of these national compositions had been given to the public. The part which has thus been collected and published, we are informed, forms but a very small portion of the stores which still exist unrecorded among the peasantry. The historical ballads are written in lines of five trochees, and are always sung to the accompaniment of a simple three-stringed instrument called the *guzla*, as the Spanish ballads generally were to that of the guitar. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. 'I cannot describe,' says Wessely, who has translated, with great fidelity, a selection of their nuptial songs into German, 'the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding an old blind singer, and every cheek was wet with tears.' Often, like the Arabian story-tellers, they stop in their ballads at the most interesting point, till they have appealed to the generosity of their audience; wisely thinking that they have quite as much to expect from their curiosity as their compassion. The ballads which form their stock in trade, possess some features which distinguished them from those of other countries. They are more condensed and straight forward than the Spanish, telling their story with more rapidity of movement, and less of ornament; while they are almost free of

these unmeaning repetitions and lines inserted for the mere purpose of eking out the rhyme, which deform so many of the most pathetic of our own ballads. In one respect, however, they assimilate but too closely with our own: in those savage atrocities, and sometimes almost meaningless cruelties, which they recount with a calm apathy; and in instances of treachery, which reflect no great credit on 'the goodly usance of those antique times.' The influence of a very peculiar mythology breathes over them all; in which the most remarkable agent is a spirit called the *Vila*—a beautiful but terrible being, of vast powers, which she employs capriciously or malevolently—who haunts the mountains, caves, and forests, and utters her mandates and denunciations from their recesses. Their most celebrated hero is Marco, a Scythian likeness of the Grecian Hercules; a name, like Conrade's, 'linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes;' for he murders in cold blood the Moorish maiden who had been his deliverer, for no better reason than that he was frightened at her ebony visage and ivory teeth. This savage warrior, who is represented as endowed with supernatural strength, rides a steed (*Sharaz*) a century and a half old, and dies himself at the age of three hundred, apparently of nothing at all. These extravagant conceptions, however, afford no fair specimen of the Servian ballads. A better instance of their narrative powers, as exerted upon a supernatural groundwork will be found in the ballad entitled

JELITZA AND HER BROTHERS.

'Nine fair sons possess'd a happy mother,
And the tenth, the loveliest and the latest,
Was Jelitza, a beloved daughter.
They had grown together up to manhood,
Till the sons were ripe for bridal altars,
And the maid was ready for betrothing.
Many a lover ask'd the maid in marriage,
First, a Ban; a chieftain was the other;
And the third a neighbour from the village.
So her mother for the neighbour pleaded;
For the far-off dwelling of Ban, her brothers.
Thus they urged it to their lovely sister:—
"Go, we pray thee, our beloved sister,
With Ban, across the distant waters.
Go, thy brothers oft will hasten to thee;
Every month of every year, will seek thee,
Every week of every month, will seek thee."
So the maiden listened to her brothers,
With the Ban she cross'd the distant waters.
But behold, O! melancholy marvel!
God sent down the plague, and all the brothers,
All the nine were swept away, and lonely
Stood their miserable sonless mother.
'Three long years had past away unheeded;
Often had Jelitza sigh'd in silence,
"Heaven of mercy, 'tis indeed a marvel.
Have I turn'd against them, that my brothers,
Spite of all their vows, come never near me?"
Then did her step-sisters scorn and jeer her:
"Castaway, thy brothers must despise thee,
Never have they come to greet their sister."
'Bitter was the sorrow of Jelitza—
Bitter from the morning to the evening,

Till the God of Heaven took pity on her,
And he summon'd two celestial angels.
"Hasten down to earth," he said, "my angels:
To the white grave, where Jovan is sleeping,
Young Jovan, the maiden's youngest brother,
Breath your spirit into him, and fashion,
From the white grave-stone, a steed to bear him,
From the mouldering earth, his food prepare him,
Let him take his grave-shroud for a present,
Then equip and send him to his sister."

'Swiftly hasten'd God's celestial angels
To the white grave, where Jovan was sleeping.
From the white grave-stone a steed they fash-
ion'd,

Into his dead corpse they breathed their spirit,
From the ready earth the bread they moulded,
For a present, his grave-shroud they folded,
And equipp'd, and bade him seek his sister.

'Swiftly rode Jovan to greet his sister.
Long before he had approach'd her dwelling,
Far, far off his sister saw and hail'd him;
Hasten'd to him, threw her on his bosom,
Loosed his vest, and stamp'd his cheek with
kisses.

Then she sobb'd with bitterness and anguish,
Then she wept, and thus address'd her brother:
"O! Jovan! to me, to me, a maiden,
Thou'rt all my brothers; all of ye promised,
Oft and oft, to seek your distant sister—
Every month in every year to seek her,
Every week in every month to seek her.
Three long years have sped away unheeded,
And ye have not sought me." For a moment
She was silent, and then said, "My brother,
Thou art deadly pale; why look so deadly
Pale, as if in death thou hadst been sleeping?"
But Jovan thus check'd his sister: "Silence,
Silence, sister! as in God thou trustest;
For a heavy sorrow has o'erta'en me.
When eight brothers had prepared their nup-
tials,

Eight step-sisters already to espouse them,
Hardly was the marriage service ended
When we built us eight white dwellings, sister;
Therefore do I look so dark, Jelitzka."
Three whole days had pass'd away unheeded
And the maid equipp'd her for a journey.
Many a costly present she provided
For her brothers and her bridal sisters;
For her brothers, fairest silken vestments—
For her bridal sisters, rings and jewels.
But Jovan would fain detain her;—"Go not,
Go not now, I pray thee, my Jelitzka;
Wait until thy brothers come and seek thee."

But she would not listen to her brother;
She prepared the costliest, fairest presents.
So the young Jovan began his journey,
And his sister travell'd patient by him.

'So as they approached their mother's dwelling,
Near the house a tall white church was stand-
ing.

Young Jovan he whisper'd to his sister—
"Stop! I pray thee, my beloved sister;
Let me enter the white church an instant;
When my middle brother here was married,
Lo, I lost a golden ring, my sister;—
Let me go an instant—I shall find it."
Jovan went; into his grave he glided,

And Jelitzka stood.—She stood impatient,
Wondering—wondering; but in vain she
waited.

Then she left the spot to seek her brother.
Many and many a grave was in the churchyard,
Newly made;—Jovan was nowhere. Sighing,
On she hasten'd, hasten'd to the city;
Saw her mother's dwelling, and press'd forward
Eager to that old white dwelling.

'Listen
To that cuckoo's cry within the dwelling.
Lo, it was not the grey cuckoo's crying;
'Twas her aged, her gray-headed mother.
To the door Jelitzka press'd; outstretching
Her white neck, she called, "Make ope, my
mother,

Hasten to make ope the door, my mother."
But her mother to her cries made answer—
"Plague of God, avaunt! my sons have pe-
rish'd;

All, all now have perish'd. Wilt thou also
Take their aged mother?" Then Jelitzka
Shriek'd, "O, open, open, dearest mother!
I am not God's plague; I am thy daughter—
Thine own daughter—thy Jelitzka, mother!"
Then the mother push'd the door wide open,
And she scream'd aloud, and groan'd, and flung
her

Old arms round her daughter.—All was silent.
Stiff and dead they fell to earth together!

On the amatory poems of the Servians,
Goethe has bestowed a strong and merited tri-
bute of admiration. He observes, that 'when
taken as a whole, they cannot but be deemed
of singular beauty: they exhibit the expressions
of passionate, overflowing, and contented af-
fection; they are full of shrewdness and spirit;
delight and surprise are admirably portrayed,
and there is in all a marvellous sagacity in sub-
duing difficulties, and in obtaining an end; a
natural, but, at the same time, vigorous and
energetic tone; sympathies, and sensibilities,
without wordy exaggeration, but which, not-
withstanding, are decorated with poetical ima-
ginary, and imaginative beauty; a correct pic-
ture of Servian life and manners. Every thing,
in short, which gives to passion the force of
truth, and to external scenery the character of
reality. We regret that we can make room
only for one of the shortest and simplest of
these compositions.

'O! if I were a mountain streamlet,
I know where I would flow:
I'd spring into the crystal sea,
Where the gay vessels go,
That I might look upon my lover;
For fain my heart would know
If, where he holds the helm, he ever
Looks on my rose, and thinks
Of her who gave it; if the nosegay
I made of sweetest pinks
Is faded yet, and if he wear it.
On Saturday I eull,
To give him for a Sabbath present
All that is beautiful.'

The latest of Dr. Bowring's contributions to
his European Anthology is his *Poetry of the
Magyars*. For this volume he seems to think
it more necessary, than on any previous occa-

sion, to bespeak the forbearance and candour of his readers; and, perhaps, as compared either with its Servian predecessor, or the *Ancient Poetry of Spain*, its effect will be felt to be comparatively monotonous; though this result is unquestionably owing to no fault of the translator. On the contrary, his skill in the mechanism of translation has, as might have been expected, increased by practice; the propensity to ornament the original by epithet or antithesis, which is the besetting sin of translations, he seems to have in a great measure weaned himself from, and to have adhered as closely as the analogy of the languages and the difficulties of versification would permit to the grand principle of exhibiting the author—as he is. But, though Hungary is associated with some interesting historical recollections, and though a certain interest must always be awakened in favour of the literature of a language now almost extinct, and which it seems the wish of its Austrian masters to abolish altogether, Dr. Bowring himself seems hardly to claim for them any very exalted station upon his *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Even before the liberties and energies of Hungary were overthrown by the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, though the Bohemian language appears to have been in a state of high cultivation, and the number of its pure writers considerable, its poets are undeserving of much note; nor do their collections of fugitive and anonymous poetry ever appear to have been either interesting or numerous. With that fatal battle, every thing in literature, politics, or church government, which could give to Hungary an independent national character, was at an end; the charter of its liberties, contained in the famous letter of his majesty, was cancelled, and the pest blood of Bohemia poured upon the scaffold. Since the day, says the old cellar master in the Piccolomini,

‘When Palsgrave Frederick lost his crown and kingdom,
Its faith was shorn of chancel and of altar;
Its banish’d brethren look’d upon their homes
From other shores; and even the Imperial letter,
With his own hand the Emperor cut in two.’

Amidst these scenes of banishment, proscription, and blood, and this prostration of national spirit and independence, the poetical genius of Hungary was little likely to display itself in any lofty or enduring monument of taste and skill, or even in the preservation or adaptation of those brief, but energetic and spirit-stirring traditions, which form so important an element in the national poetry of Spain. And at last the extinction of the Transylvanian court, and the transference of the *élite* of society to Vienna, completed that desolation which the early subjugation of Bohemia had begun.

The greater part of the Hungarian poetry, therefore, as might be expected, is of an imitative cast. Many of their best poets wrote in Latin; but even in those who still used the neglected Magyar language, the influence of

foreign literature is sufficiently obvious. Sweetness and polish, rather than strength, are its characteristics; their verses reflect that fine ear for music and harmony, which seem to be a distinguishing quality in the Bohemian character. Their thoughts, though seldom grand, are generally natural and unexaggerated; their imagery appropriate, though confined in its range. In the elegiac and Anacreontic, many of their poets appear to have been extremely successful; and not a few of them have used the difficult Sapphic stanza with a grace and mastery of which we know scarcely any parallel, except in some of the Rimas of Villegas. In the sonnet, also, they have been no unworthy followers of the classic neatness, compression, and melody, of their Italian prototypes. In short, whatever could be done by care, by polish, by good taste and good feeling, they have done well; though, in the loftier walks of poetry, they have not been very enterprising or successful adventurers.

With these views of the poetry of Hungary, our extracts from this volume must, of course, be brief.

The following sonnet is from Kazinczi, who was born in 1759, and is still alive. It seems to us to possess all the requisites of a good one:

‘My little bark of life is gently speeding
Adown the stream, midst rocks, and sands, and eddies,
And gathering storms, and darkening clouds,
Unheeding,
Its quiet course through waves and winds it steadies.
My love is with me, and my babes, whose kisses
Sweep sorrow’s trace from off my brow as fast
As gathering there, and hung upon the mast
Are harp, and myrtle flowers that shed their blisses

On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path?
There beams bright radiance from a star that hath
Its temple in the heaven. As firm as youth
I urge my onward way. There is no fear
For honest spirits. Even the fates reverse
And recompense love, minstrelsy, and truth.’

The following canzonet is from Alexander Kerfaludy, (born 1772,) the Hungarian Petrarch:—

‘Now another century, blended
With past centuries, rolls away;
When another century’s ended,
All that lives will be but clay.
Thou and I—a pair so joyous—
Spite of dance and song, must die;
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death-piles shall we lie.
Dost thou mourn? O, mourn no longer,
Death is strong, but Love is stronger,
And where’er we go—shall go,
Sheltering us from lonely woe.’

Beizsenyi, who is still alive, has gained a high reputation in his own country, by the originality and fervency of his national compositions. He has been not less successful in adapting to the Hungarian language the clas-

sical metres; and we must do Dr. Bowring the justice to say, that his translations of these metres into English, are among the very best we have met with. The following, from the ode entitled 'My Portion,' flow with all the grace of Villegas's '*Dolce vicino de la viride selva*':—

'Peace has return'd, I drop my quiet anchor,
Beautiful visions have no power to charm me;
Welcome the wanderer to thy native bosom,
Land of retirement.

'Are not my meadows verdant as Tarentum?
Are not my fields as lovely as Larissa?
Flows not the Tiber, with majestic bearing,
Through my dark forest?

'Fate may indulge its infinite caprices,
Shelter'd from want, unconquerable courage
Train me to look secure, serene, contented
Up to the heavens.

'Place me among th' eternal snows of Greenland;
Place me among the burning sands of Zaara;

*Thereshall your bosoms warra me, gentle muses,
Here your breath freshen.'*

We can make room only for one specimen of four lines from Vitkovies, who died in 1829. The thought seems to us to be original, and well expressed:—

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

'Love, my sweet Lida! resembles the fugitive shadows of morning,
Shorter and shorter they grow, and at length disappear:
Friendship, *our* friendship, is like the beautiful shadows of evening,
Spreading and growing, till life and its light pass way.'

In conclusion, we cannot but congratulate Dr. Bowring upon the accessions which he has made to our information as to the poetical literature of other countries, and acknowledge the pleasure we have derived from many of the specimens which he has introduced to our notice. To himself, we doubt not, the work has been a labour of love. 'I have never,' says he, 'left the ark of my country, but with the wish to return to it, bearing fresh olive-branches of peace, and fresh garlands of poetry. I never yet visited the land where I found not much to love, to learn, to imitate, to honour. I never yet saw man utterly despoiled of his humanities. In Europe, at least, there are no moral nor intellectual wilderness.' He has done much by his exertions to impress others with the same conviction; to awaken our sympathies for nations who are endeavouring to form to themselves a future poetical literature, or to preserve the wrecks of a past; and to correct those errors or prejudices with which older and more established literatures have been regarded. To one, too, who himself possesses a poetical imagination, there is a gratification of no common kind, in endeavouring to save from forgetfulness, the names of so many poets, '*immeritis mori*.' When Xorxes reviewed his army from

the top of Mount Athos, he is said to have wept at the reflection how few of all that vast multitude would, in the course of a short time, be in existence. A feeling of the same kind must often occur to the minds of those who contemplate from that elevated point of view which Dr. Bowring has occupied, the wide field of European poetry. How small the number of those labourers in the vineyard, who are now seen instinct with activity and gay hope, will survive the lapse of a few years! how many, even in their own lifetime, are doomed to follow the funeral of their fame! how very few can even hope to make their way beyond the limited sphere of their own country! But the poet sympathizes with the poet; and though his single efforts may not be able to save many from that oblivion which is overtaking them, it will still be to him a proud reflection, if he has succeeded in rescuing from forgetfulness one strain which should have been bequeathed to immortality, or even in reviving to a second short course of posthumous existence, some names over which that dark and silent tide seemed to have closed for ever.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Russian manifesto has at length been published, and it is as ferocious a declaration as ever issued from the councils of a despot. The Czar threatens vengeance of all kinds; but their may be a long interval between the threat and the power to execute it. His force is immense, and probably the Poles will not be able to meet him in the field; but an united people has been often shewn to be a hazardous antagonist; and if injuries could make a nation united, what people can have a larger or gloomier retrospect than the unfortunate Poles? There have been no fewer than three partitions of Poland. The first was in 1772, when a small portion of her territory only was taken. The next in 1793, and the final partition in 1795, which was not, however, accomplished until after the infliction of the most inhuman atrocities on the part of the Russian army, under Suwarrow. In 1815 the allies erected a portion of the territory, of which Warsaw was made the capital, into a nominal kingdom, under the sovereignty of Russia. The independence thus pretended to be given was, in every sense, illusory. What could be the independence of Poland, when it was merely a Russian viceroyalty, a place where such a fellow as the Archduke Constantine was left to play his furious vagaries? We have lately seen an account of this Tartar's ordering, at a moment's notice, every person newly arrived in Warsaw to be summoned from his bed at four in the morning, in November, and, no matter what their country or condition, their health or their merits might be, all marched side by side, gentlemen and criminals, merchants and deserters—side by side through the streets in

the depth of a Polish winter!—to the anti-chamber of this man, there to be asked half a dozen insolent questions, and then turned out; some with ridicule, some with orders to leave the realm within twenty-four hours, and some sent under arrest. And who can wonder that any nation, with the hearts of men in their bosoms, should be indignant at these furious caprices, and long for security of person and property?

So far as public privileges are concerned, the Poles have been subjected to the treatment of an enslaved people. The public voice has, upon all occasions, been stifled—in the senate, in the theatres, and at every place of public congregation, this course has been pursued. From Alexander they received a constitution, the provisions of which they were not allowed, however, to put in force. Thus, dispossessed of the substance of liberty, the shadow only remained, to perplex and embitter the national feelings. As serfs and bond-slaves, they would have been happier.

Some of our contemporaries are predicting that France will subside into quietness, and be a model of good government, and so forth. On this point we are thoroughly sceptical. The matter may go on plausibly for a while; but there are circumstances in the French position, which, by the course of nature, must make France revolutionary in a few years.

In the first place, whatever religion the people had, is gone. Even the feeble display of it that was to be found among the gewgaw-exhibitions of popery, is gone. The religion of the state is abolished. The government are no longer pledged to provide any worship for the people; and now every man may worship any whim that comes into his head in any way he likes, and be discharged from any support of any regular place of worship. Of course, in a few years the buildings for national worship must go to decay; and if a few spruce chapels be raised by a few speculators or devotees, they will not contain a thousandth part of the population, even if they were willing to go to church, which they will not be. In a few years, the young generation will start into manhood; and as they have been educated without the decent habits of religious observance they will not begin to learn them then. Even for the last ten years, scarcely any men went to church: the seats were occupied by women, and the men went whistling about the streets, or went to their regular weekly labours, on the Sunday. The preachers sent by the government through the provinces to recal the peasantry to their former habits, were generally a mere matter of scoffing and insult, though many of the "missionaries," as they were termed, were able men, and some, of singular eloquence. In the course of a few years, if those feelings continue, France will be a nation of atheists, which, by all accounts, it very nearly is already; and as the atheist acknowledges no restraint of conscience, and can have

no fear of a superior power, or of a future, the only question will be of force against force: in other words, civil war, terminating in convulsions of all kinds.

The French themselves tell us that Paris teems with disaffection, which marshals itself under five different banners. The old royalist, the old jacobin, the Buonapartist, the idealist, the polytechnic and school party. It is true, that out of this multitude of parties may proceed the security of government; which would doubtless be more endangered by one strong coalition. Still, here is the material of mischief to any extent, and there is nothing in the character of France to resist the mischief in any shape that it may assume. There is no peerage of any weight whatever, there is no established religion, and there is no force at the direct command of government; for it would be a burlesque to call the present French king the master of any thing, either military or civil; his dominion is during pleasure, and his kingdom is the Palais Royal.

The last year has been unusually marked by the deaths of Sovereigns. Europe has lost George the Fourth; the King of Naples; Pope Pius VII.; the Grand Duke of Baden; and the Queen of Portugal. No man of remarkable science has died in this country but Major Rennel. Nor do we know of any distinguished scientific deaths on the continent. Among a crowd of women of rank, none of distinguished beauty or public merit, have died, and among the leading artists, but one, Lawrence, the leader of them all.

There must have been some extraordinary mismanagement, or some extraordinary influence busy in the Sierra Leone matters. The settlement is now announced to be on the point of being dissolved, by order of ministers. Yet for the last twenty years the loudest outcry on the mortality, waste, and utter hopelessness of this settlement has been unattended to. At length, without any additional facts, and in the teeth of a declaration of a few months old, the Colony is to be left to the wild beasts. The recent change of ministers is not sufficient to account for this: for the business of Colonies and remote dependencies, is generally left as it is found; and in the present instance, the principal ministers have long since exhibited as Sierra Leonists, or protectors of the kingdom of Macauley, as some of the wits term this sepulchral region.

The Colonists, and the machinery of government, are to be removed to Fernando Po. But this new empire labours under a bad name already. One of the papers tells us, with the aid of a comparison, more expressive than poetical:—

"Accounts from Fernando Po describe the mortality there to be dreadful. The removal from Sierra Leone to that island is like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

By all accounts, there never was a finer spot for terminating all the crimes and troubles of our criminal and troubled world. There conspiracy conspires no more; but is reconciled to all things within a week, or, at the farthest, ten days. There ambition burns in no man's breast, longer than he has time to write his will. There litigation loses its chief terror, its length—for all the parties are out of court before the proceedings can be indorsed. There war is unheard of, or never flourishes beyond the first half-dozen drills; there corn-laws, excisemen, assessed-taxes, vested interests, and the other plagues of a long-lived community perplex no man, but life escapes from the fangs of all, and the dweller of Fernando Po soon defies alike the taxman, the judge, and the jail.

But why, we must ask, unless such settlements are reserved for the younger sons of nobility, half-pay subalterns of the Guards, or ex-members of Parliament, should Fernando Po be settled at all? Have we not the West Indies? The name is enough. The only intelligible purpose would be the discovery of some entrance into Central Africa, by some great river. For this, possibly, Fernando Po might be a favourable point. But we see no attempt made towards such discovery. From time to time, some beggarly German, or half-mad Frenchman, or English rambler, eager for employment at all chances, makes the attempt by land; thus setting out alone for a walk of five thousand miles a head, through countries of savages, epidemics, tigers, slave-traders, and sand as hot as a baker's oven. He begs his way a few hundred miles, writes a journal, to tell the world that he has been buffeted, dungeoned, detected, in his mispronunciation of the Moorish, is starved, and is dying. The next post, in the shape of some grim son of blackness, who had run him through with his lance, and robbed him of his rescript and rags, comes to say that he is dead; and claims the reward for his news. Thus have gone, and thus will go all the African travellers: all of whom might with equal profit to the nation, and much more comfortably for themselves, have jumped off the centre arch of London Bridge, at high water, and so have gone straight to the mermaids.

But the only discovery worth making would be that of a great river from the interior to the coast; and the only mode by which that discovery will ever be made, will be by the steam-boat. Of the half dozen rivers which fall into the great Bay of Bennis, how many have been ever explored by us half a dozen leagues up? The old Portuguese mariners talked of having sailed up some of them for slaves three hundred miles, and found them still navigable. The steamboat would make the trials swiftly, securely, and effectually. And Africa, brutal and burning as it is, may be well worth the trial. Its principal region is still altogether untraversed by an European foot. We know even the coasts but imperfectly, but the centre of this

singular Continent is one mighty table-land temperate in its climate, and probably abounding in vegetable and mineral wealth and wonders.

We may shew what a field is open for discovery, when we state that this table-land contains not less than two millions and a half of square geographical miles. It is bordered by immense acclivities, supporting ranges of mountains, towards the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, and the country of Nigritia. With what beds of minerals may not those mountains be expected to abound, when the plains at their feet are the sands from which a large portion of the gold of Europe is gathered? Of the variety of valuable woods, and healing plants, to be found in so vast a region, we can form a conception only from the prodigality of nature in all climates where sun and water combine to fertilize the soil. It is to reach this enormous region that our efforts should be directed; and the attempt should be made from the Bight of Bennis by water, and the Cape of Good Hope by land. In South Africa, the natives are gentler, and the difficulties to a traveller would be fewer, from the ease of procuring attendants, from the known power of the English settlement, and the respect for the English name; and from the mere circumstance of starting at once, without the delay of a voyage from England, and without the hazards of an unhealthy coast. But the attempt should in neither direction be made by a solitary traveller, nor by any half-dozen. An expedition complete in all its parts; consisting of scientific men, interpreters, and soldiers enough to protect them from any, at least, of the roving bands of the Desert, should be sent from the Cape; and the whole power of the government there should be exerted to provide for their safe conduct, and their ultimate success. The steam-boat, on the Atlantic-side would, of course, have a company strong enough for all the purposes of discovery.

There must be something which we cannot comprehend, in our negotiations with America. Either Jonathan has the *organ* of bargaining developed to a degree that throws our diplomatic bumps into eclipse, or we are peculiarly unlucky in our envoys across the Atlantic. We never remember a negotiation, in which it was not declared by all sorts of persons, from the London capitalist to the Canadian backwoodsman, that Jonathan had outwitted his fathers on this side of the Atlantic. There is always a discovery, *after* the treaty has been signed and sealed, that we have been hoodwinked out of some millions of acres of barren land, that a swamp of a hundred square miles has been cruelly extorted from us, or that a measurable range of rocks, on which a goat would not find enough for a day's browsing, has been swindled away from the supremacy of Britain. How all this comes, we know not. Nor are the Canadians, who are eye-witnesses

of the transaction, at all likely to help us to the elucidation. With the dweller on the north of the St. Lawrence, Jonathan is the perfection of craft; and he couches his fear and his wonder under an apologue worthy of *Æsop* himself.

"The beavers on a certain stream are said to have once proposed, in a treaty with the fish, that the beavers on their part should have free liberty to enter and use the waters; and the fish on theirs, to come on shore. Nothing could appear more reciprocal. Some old sea-fish indeed had got an idea that it might intercept the communication between them and their young fry, in the lakes above; but all the gudgeons, boobies, noddies, to a great majority, were in favour of the bargain, being principally directed by certain flat-fish, who, having always been in the habit of creeping to the bottom, which they justly said was a mere continuation of the shore, possessed some experience of the measure and declared that by such a treaty food would be obtained cheaper and better, and more abundant. The treaty was accepted. The beavers entered, dammed the stream, and preyed upon the fish. But whether the fish derived much advantage from the reciprocity on their part, remains yet to be discovered."

Yet with all this hoodwinking Canada thrives. England has more land than she can sell even with the help of their joint-stock companies; and we may make Jonathan a present of the swamps, the rocks, and the pine-barrens, for a thousand years to come.

The universal argument for the increase of public salaries within the last few years, has been the rise of price in the articles of life, &c., &c. But whatever may have been that rise, the rise in the value of the circulation, or the difference between the value of the war paper, and the peace coin, is much more than an equivalent. Notwithstanding which, amounting as it does to little less than four per cent. on every guinea, the rise of salaries must be seen to be believed. It has been shewn from official returns, that in 1797 the whole expense of the Treasury was £14,000, and that in 1828 it was £80,000; that at the former period the Foreign-office cost £34,000, and in the latter £64,000; the Colonial office, at the same periods, respectively, £9,000, and £39,000. The half-pay and salaries in all our public departments (the pay of army, navy, and ordnance, of course, not included,) was in 1797 £1,260,000, and in 1827 £2,780,000—as nearly as possible two to one; while the number of persons employed in the said departments had increased from 16,000 to 22,000 only, or in the proportion of 11 to 8. Having disposed of the question of value given, the next is, that of value received. Have our Statesmen within the last ten years, been wiser, or more active, personages than in 1797? or have they had weightier interests to manage, or a more formidable enemy to combat? We had then War; France in hostility, and Napoleon at its head. We have since had peace, and nothing to contend with except the

Hunts, Watsons, and other mob-leaders. Captain Swing has at last entered the lists; and he has been a tough antagonist. But still, we think Napoleon's opposers and conquerors as well deserved their pay as the Peels or Dawsons, let their prowess be what it might.—But those things have had their day, and must have their conclusion.

There has been a great deal of ill-blood lately, about the state of the Peerage, which is described to be degenerating as fast as possible; and certainly the late exposures of the Pension-list are not qualified to make us wonder at the vehemence of the grumbling. Some noble lords, notoriously supported solely by the government five hundred a year, and a multitude of them living on sinecures, pensions, and offices, afford but a disheartening sketch of the proud peerage. But it is going to have a powerful reinforcement. A contemporary tells us—

"Mr. Baring, we hear, is to be raised to the peerage. We do not know why Mr. Baring should not be made a peer; but what we want to know is, where this lord-making is to end? There may be room for Lord Rothschild, Lord Cohen, Lord Ricardo, Lord Heseltine, and a few more; but where are we to sit, when we are all lords together?"

We cannot answer this question, and we must leave it to Sir George Naylor, or any of those useful individuals who provide blue spirits and white, black spirits and grey, green dragons, blue boars, and bloody hands, for the coach panels of prosperous aldermen, and other rising characters of this world. But in the case of men like the bankers, we think that nothing but the most stubborn prejudice could be blind to their claims to the peerage. What can be more dignified than the perpetual putting up of money in one till, and taking out of another, spending twelve hours out of every twenty-four in calculating how many pence discount are to be deducted from a country bill, or keeping five hundred Tom O'Styleses and John O'Nokeses, in palpitating over the rise or fall of stocks a farthing per cent., and dabbling with both hands, and all the soul, in ink, arithmetic, money-broking, and bill dealing, for fifty years together. If all this will not qualify a man to be a Noble, to regulate the national affairs, to display personal dignity, and be capable of the large views and manly conceptions essential to the guidance of states, we do not know what will.

To Mr. Baring we can have no objection. But one point is worth remembering. A good deal of the national displeasure at some of these hasty promotions has arisen from finding, that after giving the honour, we have to pay for it ourselves; in other words, that besides making a Peer, we have been performing the supererogatory work of making a Pensioner. Now it becomes a matter of some import to ascertain the means of any new candidate to support his title. Of the opulence of the individuals in

question far be it from us to hint a doubt. The truth is, we know nothing about it, and he may be either as rich as Cræsus, or not worth Sir George Naylor's fee, for any thing that concerns us; but, must confess, that we have a general mistrust of the money of trade. We can look at the salt-pans of a Duke of Devonshire; the Duke of Bedford can show us a Covent Garden Market; Lord Grosvenor can exhibit a vista of brick-kilns poisoning the air of half a province; Lord Gwydir can defy fate, as long as there is virtue in mooring-chains. All those substantialities, if not altogether of the most chivalric nature, are yet something tangible. But where are we to look for the substance of a race of men who carry their wealth in a Bill of Exchange? Whose ledger is their gold mine; and whose desk is their goods and chattels? What was Monsieur Lafitte a month ago? The Plutus of France, commanding, with a touch of his pen, a flood of gold to flow wherever this more than magician willed; striking one dynasty out of the land, and fixing another. Yet, if the stories from Paris are true, Monsieur Lafitte is now fit only "to point a moral and adorn a tale." M. Rothschild is our Plutus—his throne too is declared to be founded on a rock of gold; and we have no objection to its being as solid as the poles, but we would not pledge our smallest coin that there is any thing like solidity in bank paper under the moon; and have we not peers enough, when we have four hundred and twenty?

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A MORNING IN SPAIN.

"*Levántate gloria mía; levántate psalterio y cithara: me levántate de madrugada.*"—*El libro de los Psalmos.*

Wake, while the mists on blue Sierras sleeping,
Like crowns of glory in the distance lie;
When, breathing from the South o'er blossoms
sweeping,

The gale bears music through the sunny sky;
While fount and garden, olive-grove and
stream,
Wear the calm beauty of an Eden-dream.

Wake, while unfettered thoughts, in freshness
springing,

Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell;
While birds and brooks on the pure air are
flinging

The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;
While earliest winds their anthems have be-
gun,
And, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, Psalter and Harp, a tone awaken
Where to the echoing bosom shall reply,
As Earth's rich scenes, by shadowy night for-
saken,

Unfold their beauty to the filling eye:
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-birds
lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake thou, too, man! when from refreshing
slumber

On thy luxurious couch thou dost arise,
Thanks for Life's golden gifts—a countless
number—

Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and sum-
mer skies:

Wake! let thy heart's fine chords be touch'd in
praise,

While the glad sunbeams tremble in thy ways!
W. G. C.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

STANZAS.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night.

Oh! ask me not to sing to-night,
Dejection chills my feeble powers,
I own thy halls of glittering light
Are festive as in former hours.
But when I last amid them moved,
I sung for friends beloved and dear,
Their smiles inspired, their lips approved,
Now all is changed—they are not here.

I gaze around—I view a throng,
The radiant slaves of pride and art,
Oh! can they prize my simple song,
The soft low breathings of the heart?
Take back the lute, its tuneful string
Is moisten'd by a sorrowing tear,
To-night, I may not, cannot sing,
The friends that love me are not here!

From the United Service Journal.

LIKE A SEA-BIRD O'ER THE OCEAN.

BY MISS PARDOE.

LIKE a sea-bird o'er the ocean,
Proudly does our vessel glide;
While her keel, with steady motion,
Parts the smooth and silver tide.
On her sails the Moon is sleeping,
As her canvass woos the breeze;
Gallantly her course she's keeping,
O'er the wide and pathless seas.

On, and on, in beauty riding,
Swift she answers to the helm,
O'er the waves in safety gliding,
Which so soon may overwhelm.
In the breeze her pennant streaming—
Mirth and music on her deck—
Sad the heart which would be dreaming
In this hour—of storm and wreck.

Thus doth Youth, Joy's anchor weighing,
Gaily put his bark to sea;
Gentle gales around it playing,
Canvass spread, and helm a-lee.
But manhood comes—Life's darker hour
Brings care and sorrow on its wave;
And 'mid his dreams of pride and pow'r
MAN wakes to tempest, and a grave!

VARIETIES.

Count Gondomar's Opinion of Queen Elizabeth and the Reformers.—In the castle of Simancas, in Spain, where the ancient records of the Spanish monarchy are kept, there are some letters written by the Count of Gondomar, a Spanish nobleman, who was with Philip II. in England, to his first cousin the Archbishop of Seville. Amongst them there is an answer to one from that Prelate, in which, as it would appear, he had asked if the Count was of opinion that Protestantism would again prevail in England after Queen Mary's death. The Count answered, "About what you ask, whether our religion will prevail after our Queen's death, I'll tell you, that if God helps the thing, it will be possible, because to him everything is possible; but I assure you that only the Almighty can do it. In the first place, the nobility are sighing for the property of the convents, of which they were very justly deprived by our Queen, and I firmly believe that to possess it again they would turn Jews, if that were necessary. As for the middle classes, they are so fond of reading the Bible, that no good, *you know*, can be expected from them; and as to the lower orders, they have found out that it is considerably cheaper to be Protestants, and they consider the thing quite in a trading point of view. It is possible that they might go on as before, if the new Queen were like her late sister; but no two people were ever less alike. I was acquainted with Elizabeth in England, and either I am very much mistaken, or she will never be ruled by anybody: she will not be a Catholic, if it were only to prevent our Holy Father from commanding her; she looks as she were born to rule not only states but churches; and I am sure that, were she not a Protestant already, she would become one, that she might be the head of every thing in the kingdom."

Algiers.—The French have conquered a kingdom as large as Spain, with as fine a climate, and commanding the entrance to that land of terrors and treasures, the central region of Africa. They are going on *a la Francaise* in all points. They have compelled the Moors to clean their streets, and do not despair of making them wash their shirts and faces in time. They have run up a central avenue through Algiers, and ventilated the town. They have slain the mongrels that infested the streets, and reduced an establishment of dunghills as venerable as Mahomet. They have built an Opera-house, ordering the wealthy Moors to put down their names on the box-list, and subscribe, as becomes patrons of the fine arts. They have arranged a circle of private boxes in the theatre, to which the ladies of the several harems have keys, and where they listen to Italian songs, learn to be delighted with the romantic loves of Europe, and turn over a leaf in human nature, which no Algerine Houris ever turned before. A detachment of dancing-masters has been brigaded for the service, and *modistes* "from Paris" are rapidly opening shops in the "Grand Rue Royale." The ladies are, as might be expected, in raptures with the change, and go out shopping with the air of an *elegante* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Galigiani daily communicates to the Algerine coffee-houses the news of a world of which they hitherto knew no more than of the news of the dog-star. All is gaiety, gesticulation, and the march of intellect. If a great three-tailed bashaw feels disposed to express the slightest dislike of the new regime, they order him to be shaved, dispossess him of his turban, pipe, and seymetar, and send him to learn the manual exercise under one of their sergeants. The remedy is infallible. In twelve hours a revolution is effected in all his opinions; he learns the French art

of looking delighted under all circumstances, and returns from the drill a changed man. The offending Mauritanian is disciplined out of him, and the parade has inducted him into the march of mind for the rest of his days. The French are distilling brandy from sea-weed; are teaching buffaloes to draw their cabriolets, have already formed a subscription pack of tiger hounds; and, except that they are scorched to a cinder, with the more serious evils that they must wait a week for the Paris news, and have not yet been able to prevail on Potier and Mademoiselle Du Fay to join their theatre, are as happy as sultans.

African Policy.—The Africans are not celebrated for their brains, yet they have a touch of acuteness, that sometimes serves them just as well. The European kings send the Emperor of Morocco envoys and consuls. The Emperor of Morocco never returns any thing of the kind. He sends back birds and beasts in exchange. A large cargo of those elective royal representatives, which touched at Gibraltar, on their mission to their respective courts, consisted of a hyena, for the Emperor of Austria; a brown wolf from Mount Atlas, for Nicholas; a royal tiger from the Zahara, for the Sultan; a blue-rumped baboon for Don Miguel; an urus, or bull from the Berber country, for William of England; a Fezzan calf, of the largest size, for William of Holland; a bubo, or great-horned owl, for the king of Spain; a grey panther for the king of Prussia; an Arab charger for Louis Philip; an antelope for Charles Dix; and a whole wilderness of monkeys, to be distributed impartially among the minor princes of Germany.

The Alps.—The word *Alp* or *Alps*, denoting an elevated site, on which flocks are used to feed in summer, has descended to us from the remotest antiquity, and conveys one and the same signification in the living dialects of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Savoy. In the Celtic, *alp* signifies white, and *pen*, summit. The general name of Alps is, however, peculiarly attached to the extensive chain of mountains which runs from the banks of the Rhone in the South of France, to the borders of Hungary, and incorporates itself with the *Hæmus*, which declines into the Euxine. The Romans borrowed this appellation from the Gauls.

Gallorum lingua alti montes alpes vocantur.—*Sorvius*. and marked the various branches of the Alps by distinct names, such as the Alpes Maritimæ, Cozie, Graie, Somme, Apennine, Rhetie, &c. Some of these names existed before the Romans had extended their conquests to those regions; thus Hercules is reported to have crossed the "Graian" mountains in ancient times, according to Pliny:

Hic Graiis Herculem transisse memorant.

Now, *gray* or *grey* in several northern tongues implies *white*: and hence probably sprung the appellation bestowed on this portion of the snow-capped Alps, which extends from Mount Cenis, where the Cozian branch terminates, to the Colle del buon Uomo, where the Apennines commence.

Intellectual State of Russia, &c.—At the present moment, the following information may interest many. The number of journals, which at present issue from the Russian press, is seventy-three, and of these the "Northern Bee," "The Patriot," and "The Invalid," enjoy the most extensive circulation: they are written in no less than *twelve* different languages. The number of elementary schools is 1411: they are frequented by 70,000 pupils; so that, on a comparison of the total num-

ber of children capable of instruction in the Russian dominions, with those who are actually educated there does not appear to be more than one in 367, whose mind is even superficially cultivated. There are seven universities in Russia, at which 3100 youth are educating under the care of three hundred professors. The ecclesiastical nursery is well attended to, inasmuch as the four academies of theology at Kiev, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kasan, together with the seven and thirty upper, and eighteen lower seminaries, appertaining to the Greek church, contain 26,000 pupils, in charge of 427 professors. The Roman Catholic church possesses fourteen seminaries, of which one is of a superior class, in which above two hundred and fifty youths are educated for the priesthood.

Mr. Holman, the Blind Traveller.—This gentleman, after visiting Ceylon, Madras, and other parts of India, where he experienced the utmost attention, left Calcutta in August, for China. On his return from China, he proposes to visit New South Wales, and to continue his travels for two years longer.

Coffee.—All the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung from two plants taken thither by a French botanist from the botanic garden at Paris. On the voyage the supply of water became nearly exhausted: but so anxious was the Frenchman to preserve the plants, that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water the coffee-plants. Formerly coffee could only be got at great expense from Mocha in Arabia.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A volume has recently appeared at Paris, containing some hitherto unpublished documents relative to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which throw considerable light on the leading points in the controversy which was revived about four years since between Dr. Lingard and the Edinburgh Reviewers. The theory of Dr. Lingard, it will be recollected, was founded on the story told by the Duke of Anjou (afterwards Henry III. of France,) when he was in Poland, of the circumstances of the massacre. According to this the St. Bartholomew arose out of an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Admiral Coligny, undertaken by direction of the Queen-mother and her son the Duke of Anjou, without the concurrence or knowledge of the King; on the failure of which the Queen and her Catholic councillors, partly by insinuation and partly by threats, obtained an order from the King to put the admiral and his principal adherents to death. By this tale the odium of a preconcerted plot, concealed for many months, and disguised with infinite art and dissimulation, is avoided; and the guilt of the original authors of the massacre is reduced to the intended commission of a single murder, which by accident was extended to a greater number, and by the fury of an exasperated and fanatical populace was converted into a general massacre of all the Huguenots in Paris. The publication we allude to, entitled "Monumens Inédits de l'Histoire de France: 1. Correspondence de Charles IX. et de Mandelot, Gouverneur de Lyon, pendant l'année 1572; 2. Lettre des Seize au Roi d'Espagne Philippe II." shows the entire fallacy of this theory. The letters of Charles IX. and of Catherine de Medicis, here published, with the answer of Mandelot, prove that on the 13th of August, several days prior to the attempt to assassinate the admiral, and eleven days before the massacre, Catherine and her son had ordered the Governor of Lyons to intercept all communication between France and Italy, thus preparing beforehand for the night of the 24th of August, and arranging the means of preventing the flight of their victims and the arrival of any letters from Italy (where the plan had been no doubt submitted to the approbation of some superior power) which might serve to put the Protestants on their guard. Other letters of the King and Mandelot throw additional light on a matter which has been too long controverted. The other documents which the book contains are curious.

Professor Drigobsky has commenced a work that has long been a desideratum, and which cannot fail to add many important contributions to the study of zoology, namely a "Description of all the Animals of the Russian Empire." It is computed that the whole will extend to about eight fasciculi, two of which appear in the course of a twelve month; and it will be illustrated by about 1000 figures of the most remarkable species. The first portion contains the Mammalia, and in point of execution leaves little to be desired, except its references to the works of such naturalists as have previously noticed the same species. The descriptions are drawn up with precision and judgment; without being diffuse they are satisfactory and evince great industry and observation.

Dr. Brand, Professor at Bonn, has just published, in 2 vols. 8vo., a General Repository of the whole science of Herakly, with critical and other remarks, and directions relative to the books and literary history connected with it. The work contains 331 articles arranged according to countries, with appendices, indexes, &c. It seems to be a most laborious production, and entitles the compiler to the thanks of every heresitic student.

The first volume of a Collection of celebrated Criminal Trials, by the Chevalier de Fourbach, has recently appeared at Giesen.

The second volume of the second edition of Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History has lately been published. Contrary to the intention which the author had expressed in the preface to the first volume, it has been greatly enlarged and remodelled throughout, so as to be almost as much a new work as the previous part. The internal history is brought down to 374, A. U. C.; the military history to 384, A. U. C. The account of the Licinian negotiations, with which the first edition of the second volume closed, and which form a great epoch in Roman history, is not, therefore, included in the new edition. The hopes which the author expresses in its preface of continuing his labours on Roman history can now no longer be realized.

"A greater Power than we can contradict
Has thwarted his intents."

It seldom happens that a man of a comprehensive and vigorous mind, of great acquirements, of unwearied industry, and of honest and upright character, is cut off in the midst of his useful and honourable career, without such a loss suggesting a painful regret that the hand of death should fall there, while it spares the ignorant, the indolent, and the mischievous. But it is no less unwise than it is impious to cherish such an involuntary feeling, and to cavil at one out of the numerous forms of evil which surround us: we must in this, as in other like cases, bow, without repining or inquiry, to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

Mr. Niebuhr states, in his preface, that the manuscript of his history is nearly completed up to the first Punic war. We trust that this remaining part of his labours will be given to the public as a posthumous work. But we despair of this history being continued in a style worthy of its beginner; there is no one left who can bend the bow of Ulysses.

The Russian Government has offered a prize of 25,000 rubles, (about 1000L sterling) for the best "Treatise on the Cholera Morbus," a disease which has lately made dreadful ravages throughout the empire, and threatens, it is said to overspread all Europe.

Few works of more general interest have lately issued from the Dutch press than Olivier's *Land en Zeegeten in Nederlands Indie*. These volumes give the result of the author's travels in Java and the Molucca islands, in the years from 1817 to 1826 inclusive, and contain a variety of important details relative to the geography and political state of that portion of the eastern world. His descriptions are frequently very animated and graphic. He depicts Amboyna as quite an earthly paradise, combining the advantages of extreme healthiness of climate, the most luxuriant vegetation, and scenery rivalling that of Switzerland.* Of a very different description is his account of an eruption of Mount Tomboro, on the island of Sumbawa, which seems to have exceeded in horrors all that the imagination can conceive. The shock was felt within a circumference of more than twelve geographical miles, and produced in its vicinity the most terrible convulsions. The relation the author gives us of the Alfoereses, one of the native tribes inhabiting the island of Banda, is exceedingly curious. From a most inhuman law, requiring a human head to be delivered to their priests, before any one may marry, it might be concluded that this race were the most barbarous savages; whereas they are remarkable for chastity, honesty, temperance, gratitude, and fidelity, and the revolting, sanguinary custom just mentioned, only shows how far a degrading superstition can triumph over nature and humanity, even in a virtuous people. A work so full of information as the present will hardly be confined to its original language.

* One half of the population are now Protestant Christians; a proof that the Dutch government have not been indifferent to the spiritual concerns of the natives.

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